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POP SMEAR MAGAZINE

SEX.DRUGS.ROCKNROLL.ISSUE#15.0.NC17

William S. Burroughs

Shots from The Bunker

ISSUE#15.0.MAY/JUNE
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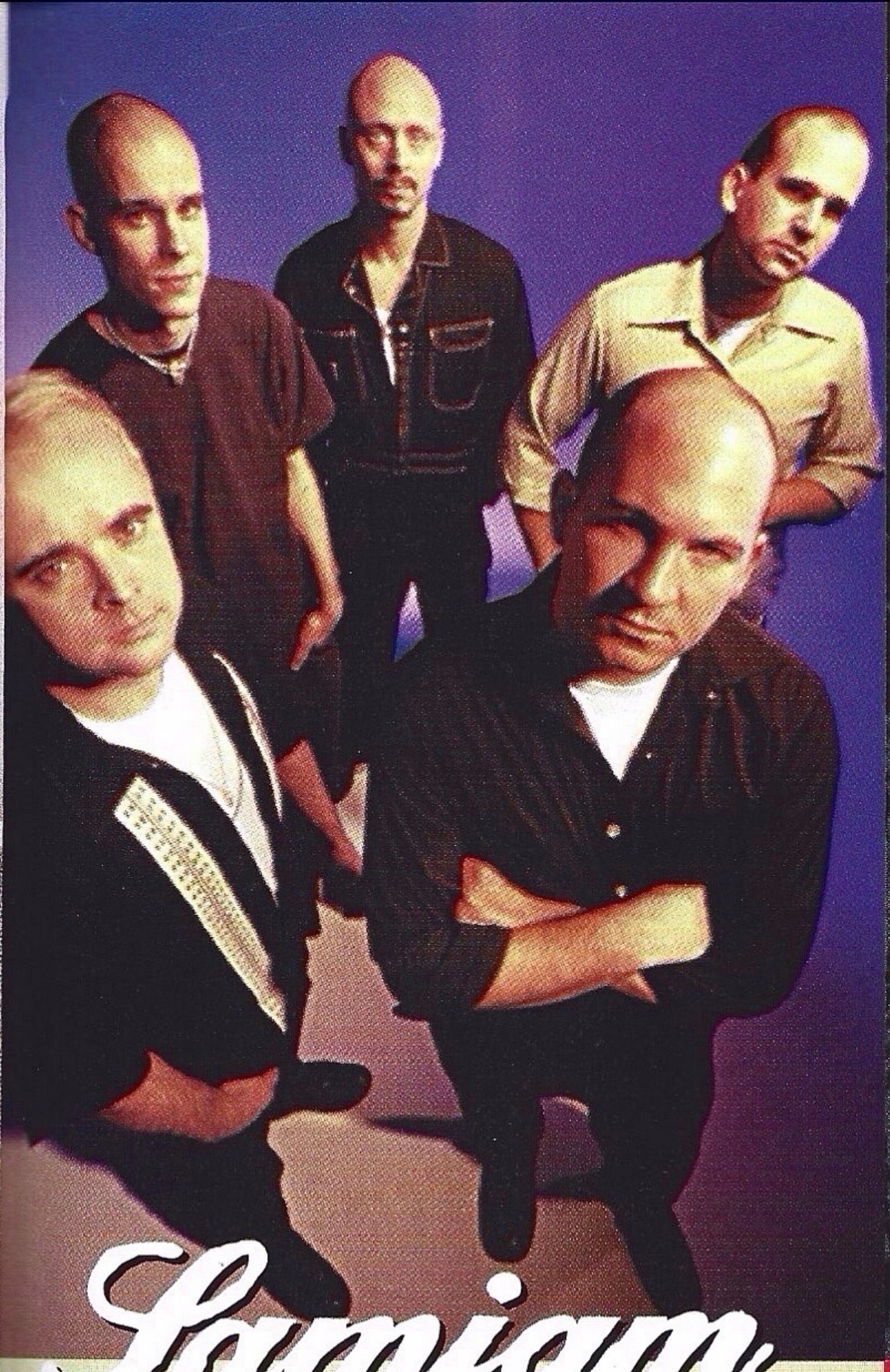

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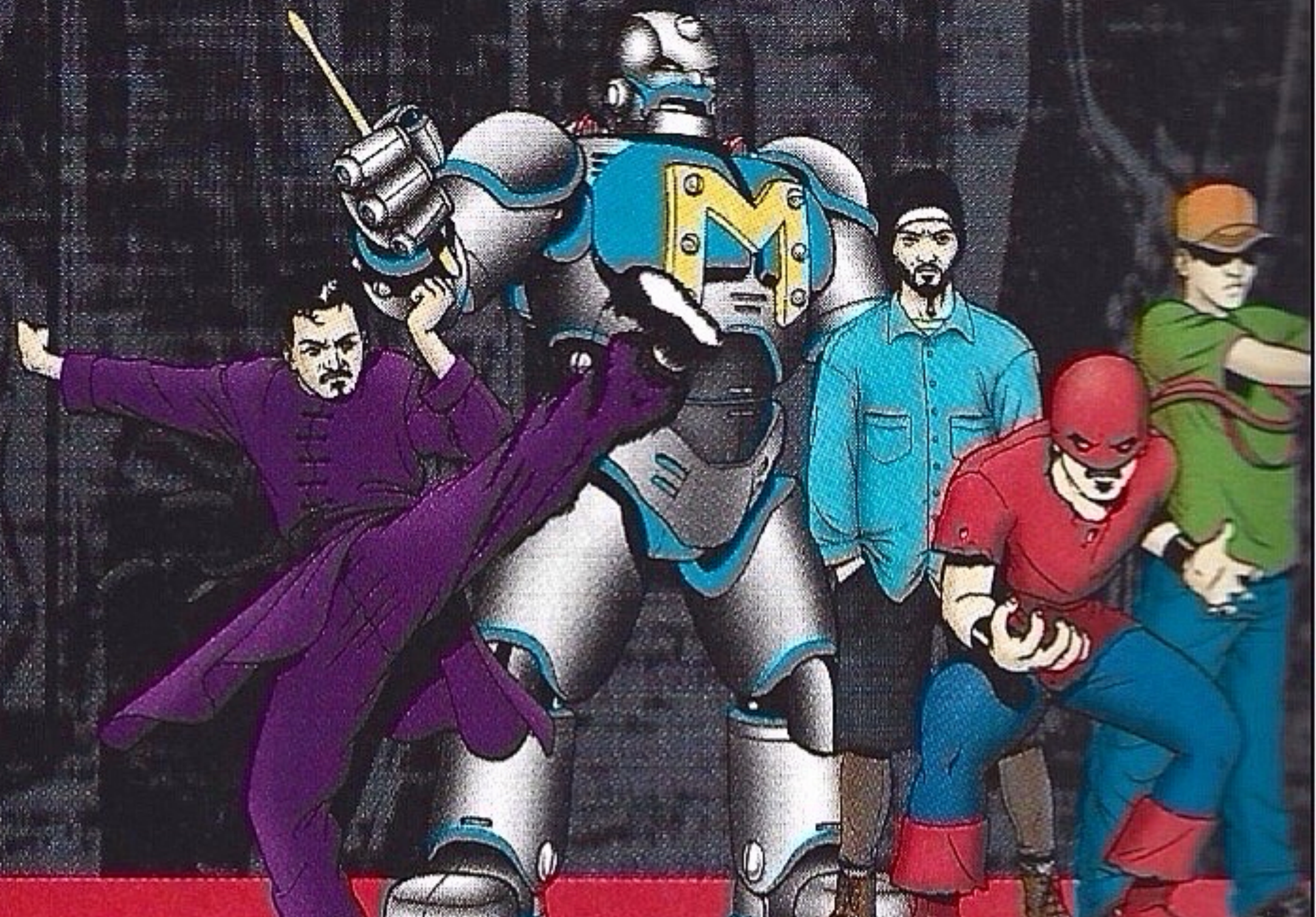

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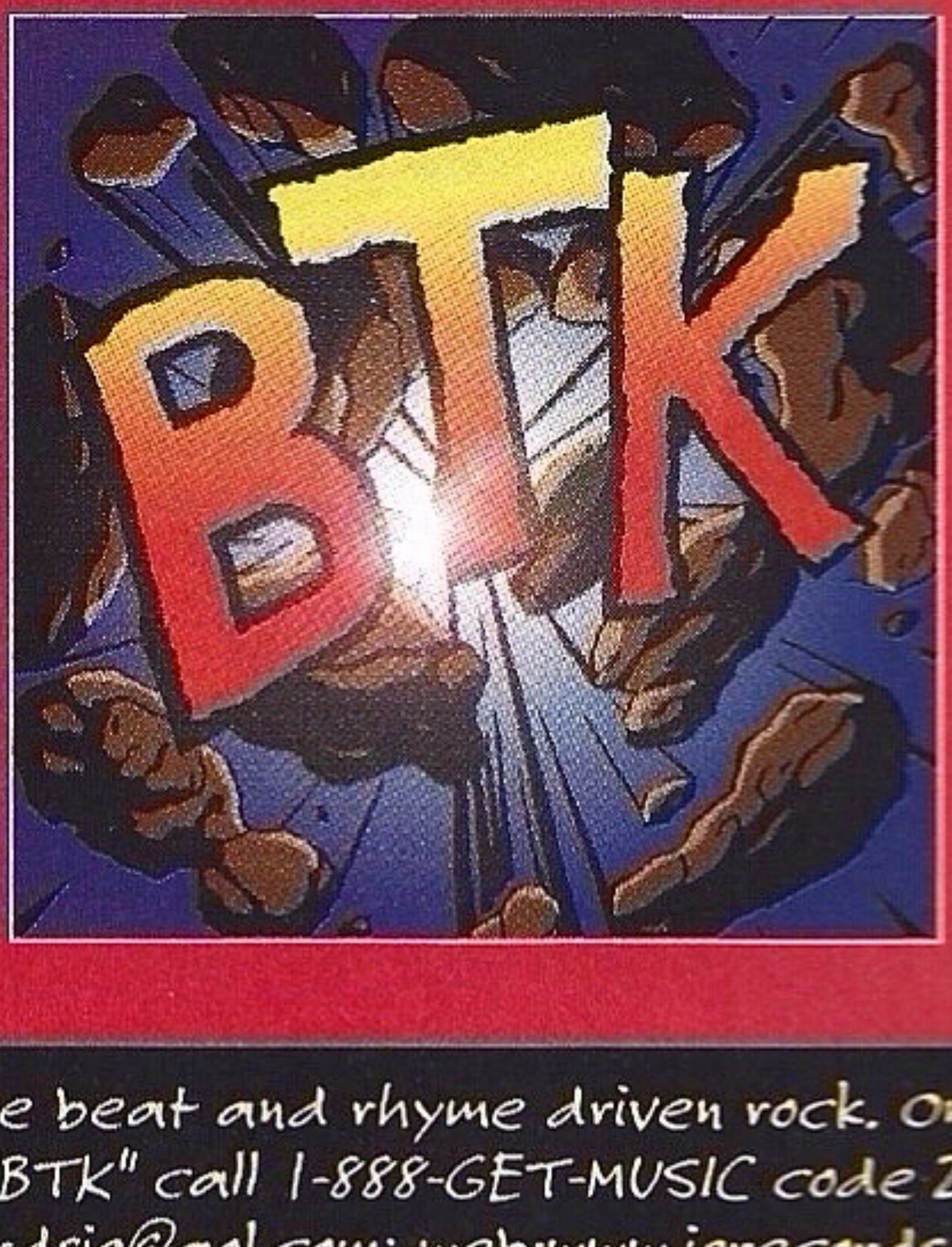

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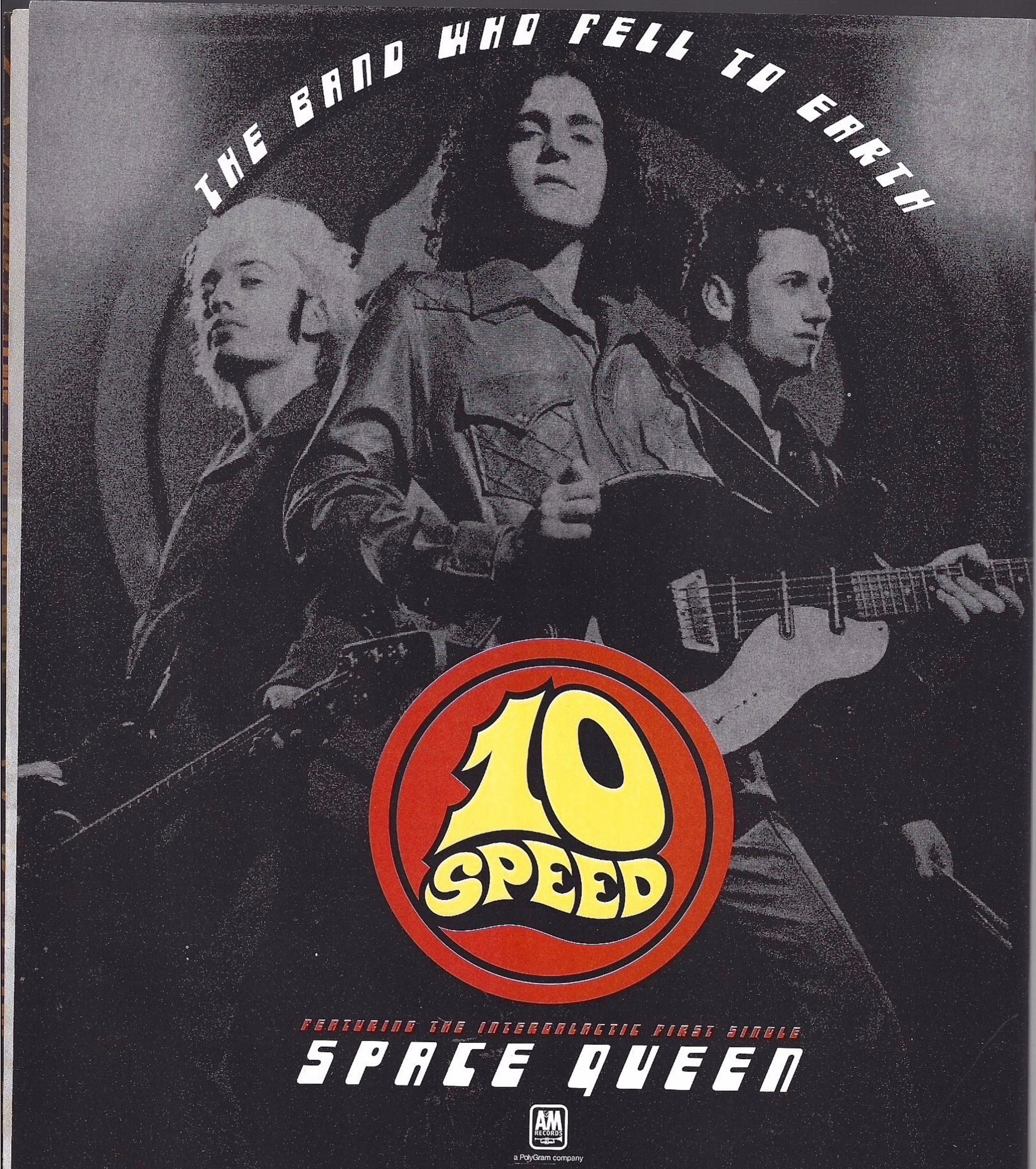
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15.0

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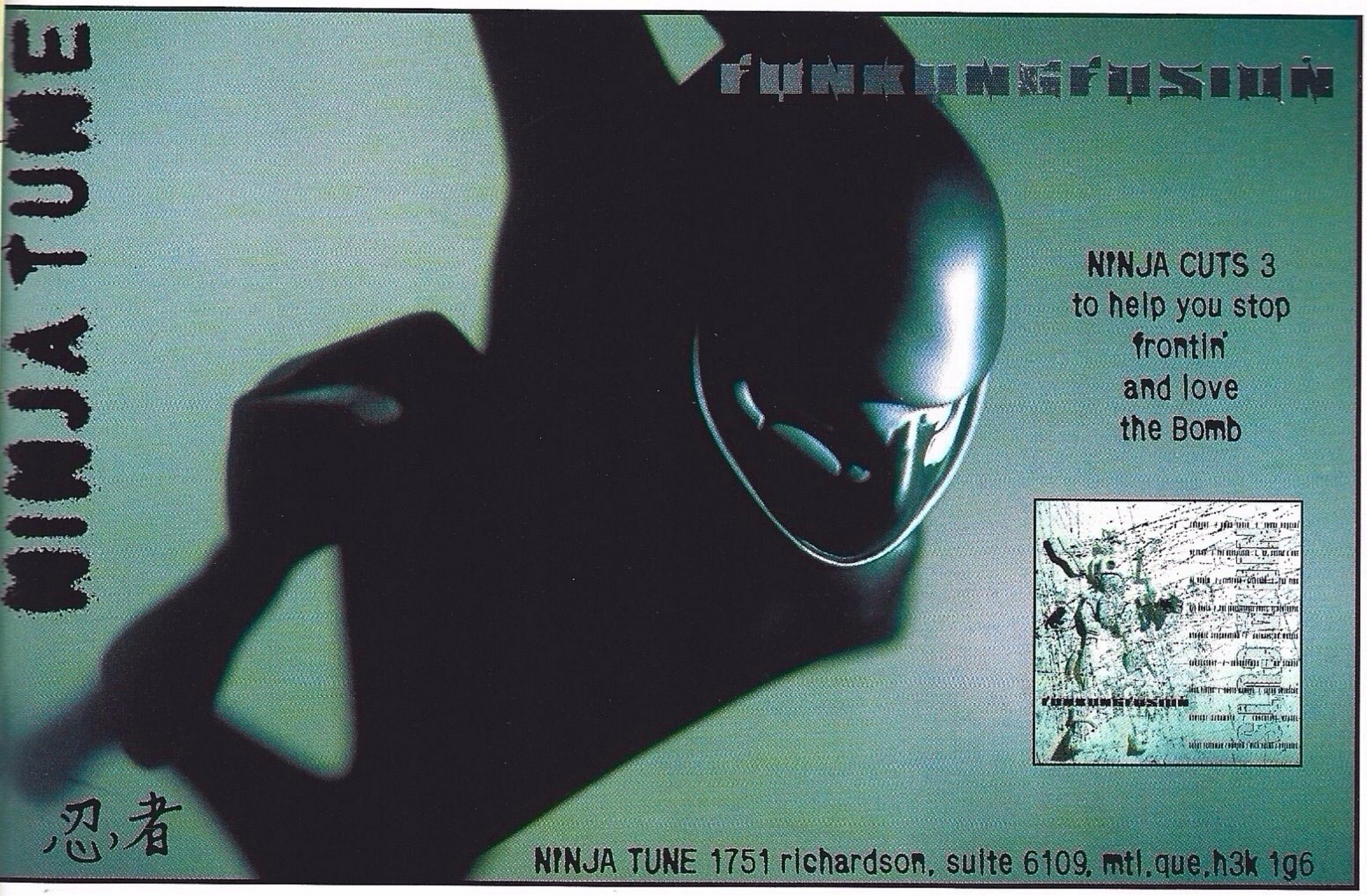
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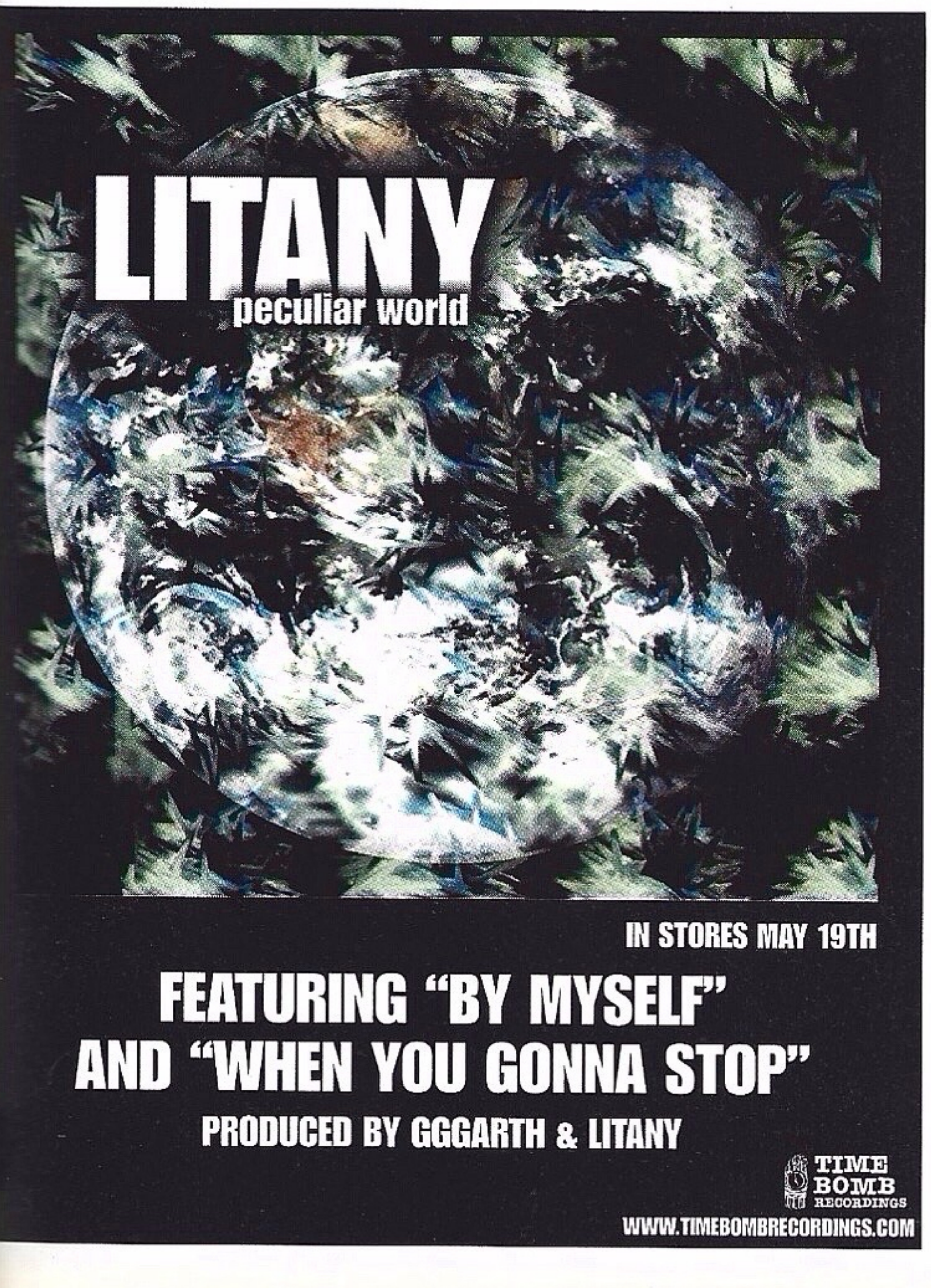
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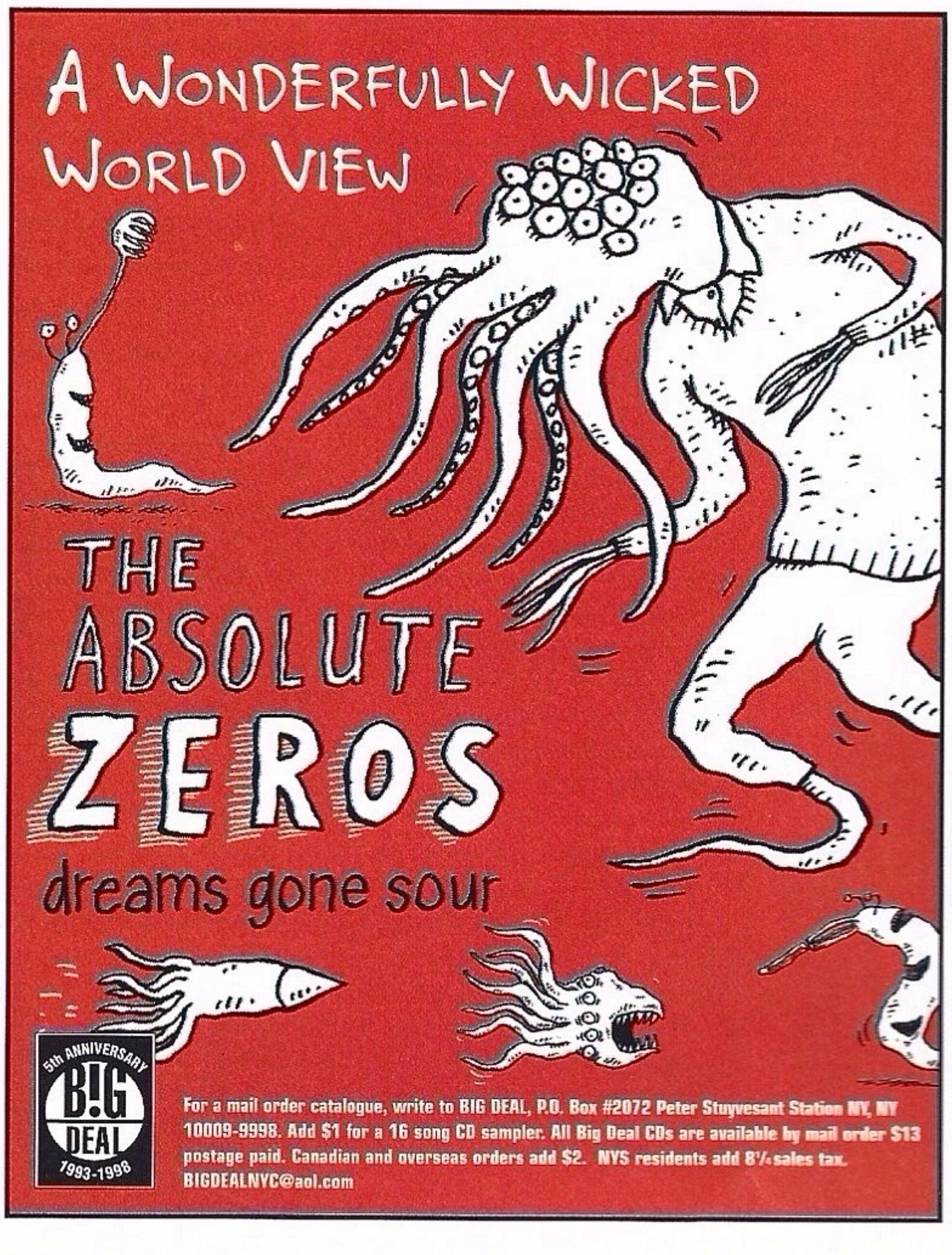
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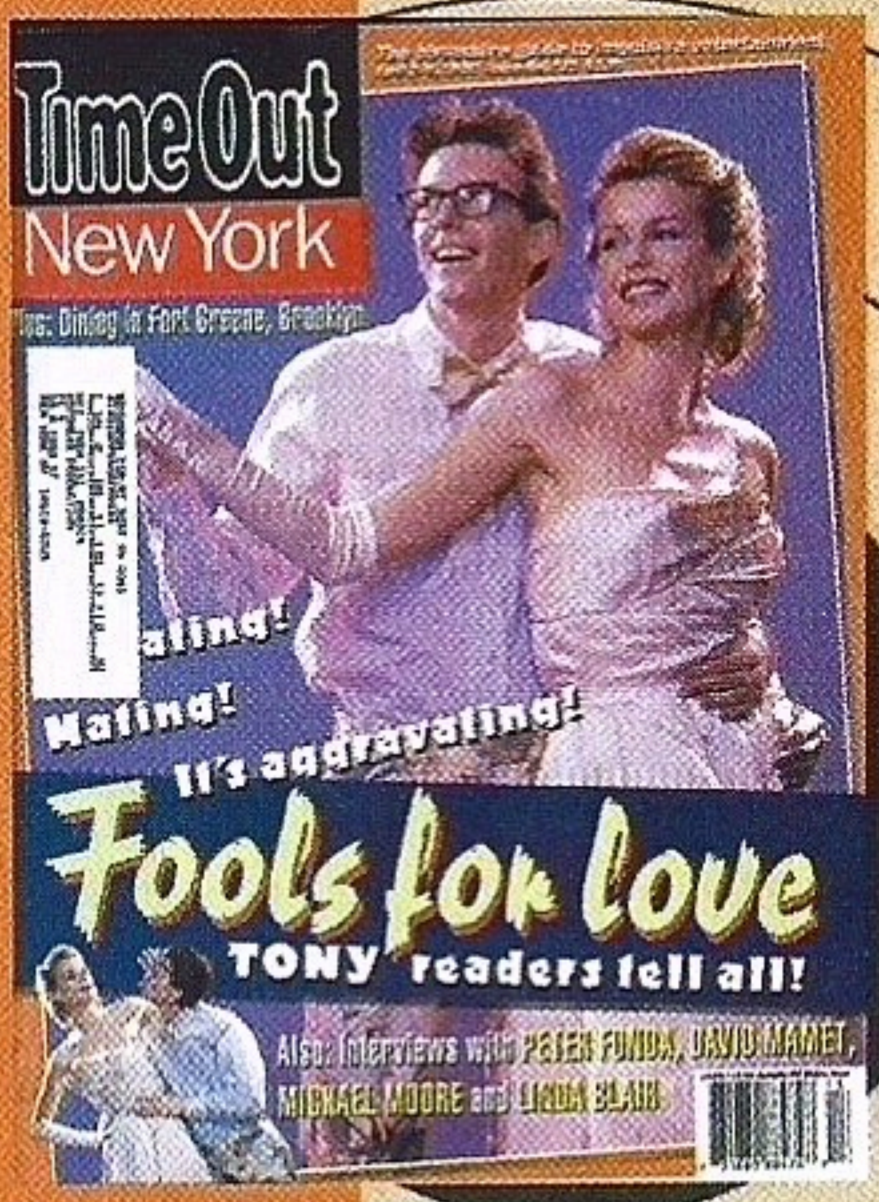
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Ryan on *Time Out*

• • • You might remember **Ryan McGinness** as the guy who introduced the concept of "design" to POPsmear. Anyone reading this magazine prior to issue 12.0 knows that design was about as popular as the spell check in the early issues. Well, Ryan is a busy man and following 14.0 he decided that he needed to direct his attention back to his art. So major props to Ryan and the work he did for POPsmear this past year and the work he is sure to continue producing. The question now is, do we all get to be on the cover of Time Out when we leave?

Little did we know that this whole Monica Lewinsky thing would happen when we asked **Victoria Shestack** for her account of the goings-on in the Capitol (page 21). Just lucky I guess. Victoria spends her days writing grants and other fundraising stuff for a Jewish Community Center in D.C. She said she finds it funny being published in a mag that reviews porn since her NY private school education was financed by her father's succession of jobs as editor at a number of porno mags. At least she can show her parents the magazine when it comes out, unlike James and Shivon.

I was introduced to **Stewart Meyer** by Maggie Estep a couple years ago, and imagine the look on my face when the conversation turned to William Burroughs and it came out that Stew had lived in The Bunker. When Burroughs died last year, I had a Post-it note on my desk with a note that said "CALL STEW—BURROUGHS STORY." He was talking about going to Lawrence, so it was worth a try. Sure enough, my hesitation ruined yet another story. Fortunately, when we decided to do a piece on The Bunker and the Burroughs box set, Stew was up for it (page 32). He sat down with John Giorno and they discussed Burroughs' recordings and other items.

Abby Gennet and I spent an afternoon in The Bunker, she taking photos (pages 33-39) and me listening to John Giorno's stories of Burroughs and The Bunker. He said he once told Burroughs that people would someday enter The Bunker and put their hands on the floor at the end of the bed to pay their respects and soak up the energy. He said Uncle Bill seemed pleased with the idea.

Ali Ghani

Mark John Davies

AS JAMES EXPLAINED so well in his Gospel a couple issues back, getting stories out of bands is a big pain in the ass. I could fill up the board with the promises I've had from publicists, but I sure as hell couldn't fill this magazine. Every indication was **Mark John Davies** and **Ali Ghani** of Messiah were going to be just like the rest: they were late, they lost the story, blah blah blah, and then one day it just appeared. Their tourists' guide to London (page 58) was just what we would have hoped for, had we hoped at all.

Laura Freed originally came in to interview for a customer service job with the postcard company. During the interview, we somehow found that we had a mutual friend in Gina Olsen, whom I worked with at Planet, and who now works at The Rocket in Seattle. Gina told me that The Rocket had wanted to hire her, but Laura was set on heading East. Their loss. She did a couple weeks in customer service and then took over in ad sales when the previous guy walked out during the 13.0 deadline. Had we known how great she would be for the magazine, we'd have fired the clown before he had the chance to walk out.

Since things were starting to fit into place, we decided to search out a hot-shot West Coast ad guy. Grand Royal's **Jamie Fraser** was the first name that came to mind. So we sent word and, whattaya know, he joined the team. As it turns out, Grand Royal was about to take a (longer than usual) break so the guys could get their new album out and maybe even tour. Perfect timing.

When Ryan fled our scene, we immediately went to the 1-800 POSTCARDS designers to see if they were up to the task. Thank god they said yes. **Eileen Connelly** is our new Art Director, and she's done a fantastic job of bringing in artists to illustrate the stories and coordinating the designers to put them together. It's a different look for POPsmear, and it looks pretty damn good.

I interviewed **Bob Holman** for a story on poetry slams a few years ago (he used to host the Nuyorican slams), and I've been running into him ever since. He is poetry's greatest promoter and has certainly been the spokesman and virtual point of entry for the spoken word movement. He has a new book (*Beach Simplifies Horizon*) and CD (*In With the Out Crowd*) fresh on the market, so we thought he might want to pen the footers for this issue. He sent over a marked-up manuscript and it worked out perfectly.

Bob Holman

I didn't realize that I'd left The J Man's contact information out of issue 12.0 until I got a letter from Robert Phelps, publisher of *Short, Sweet & to the Point* riding my ass about it. No, Robert, I'm not afraid of The J Man. Just forgot. Sorry J Man.

–Fuss

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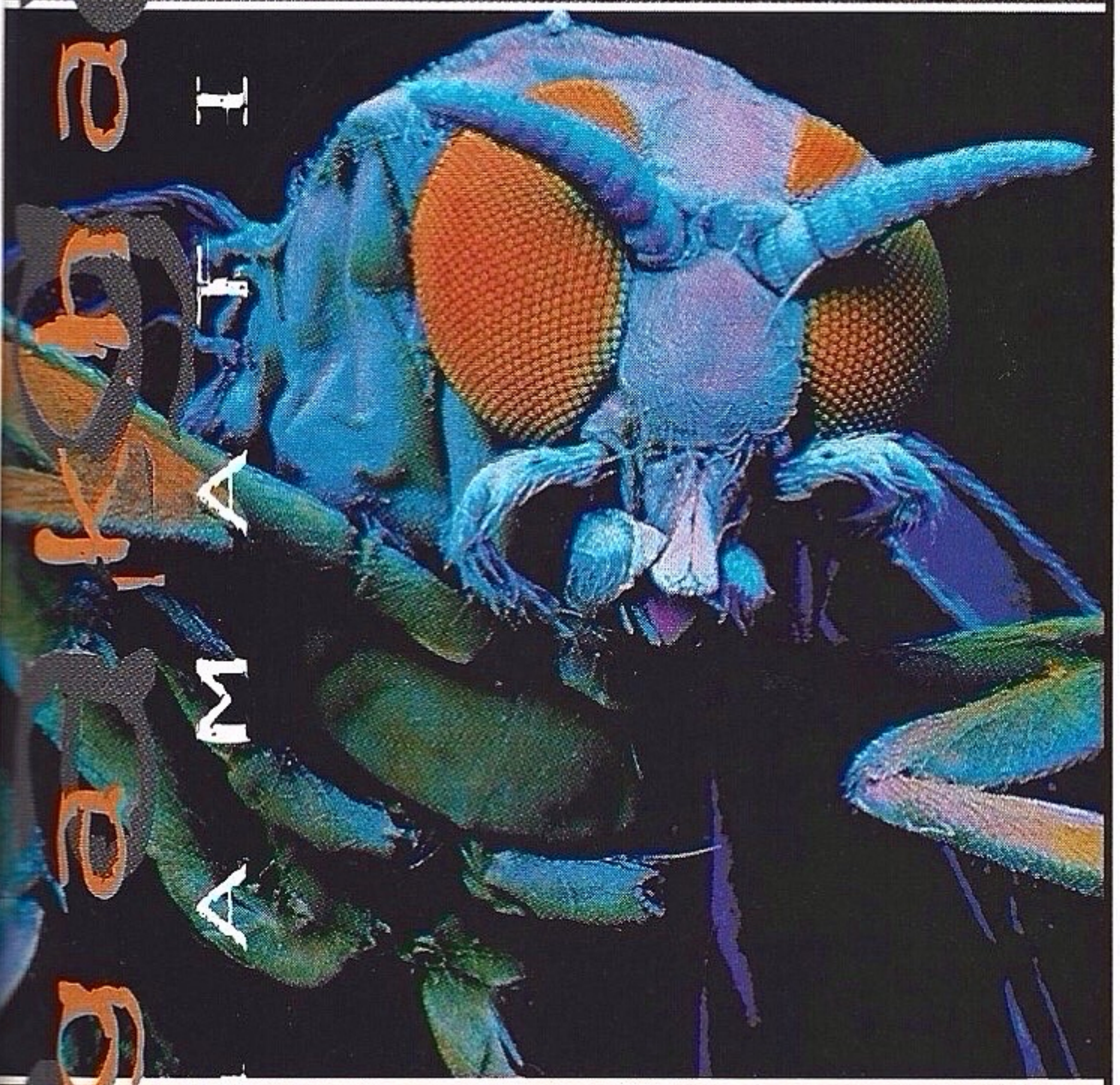

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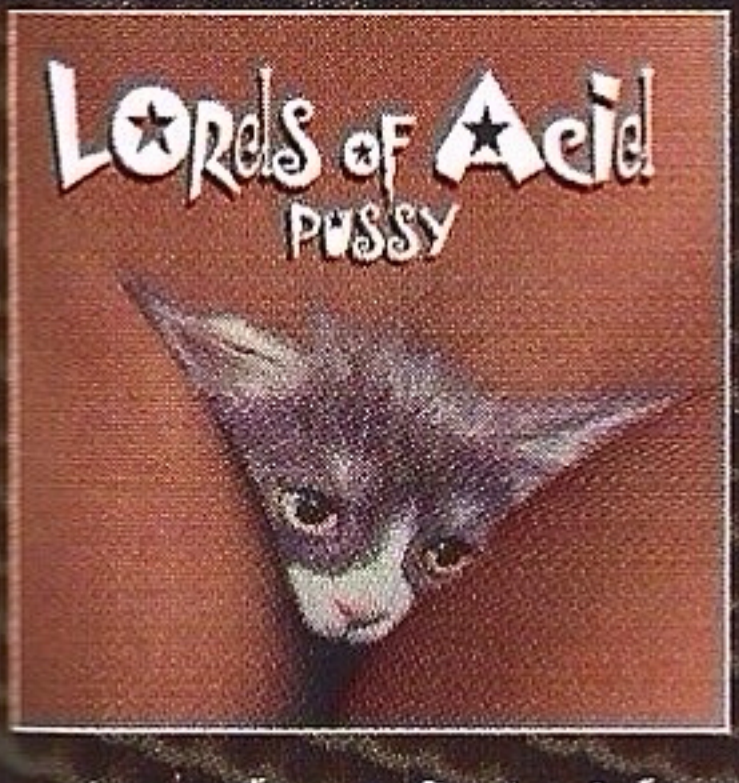

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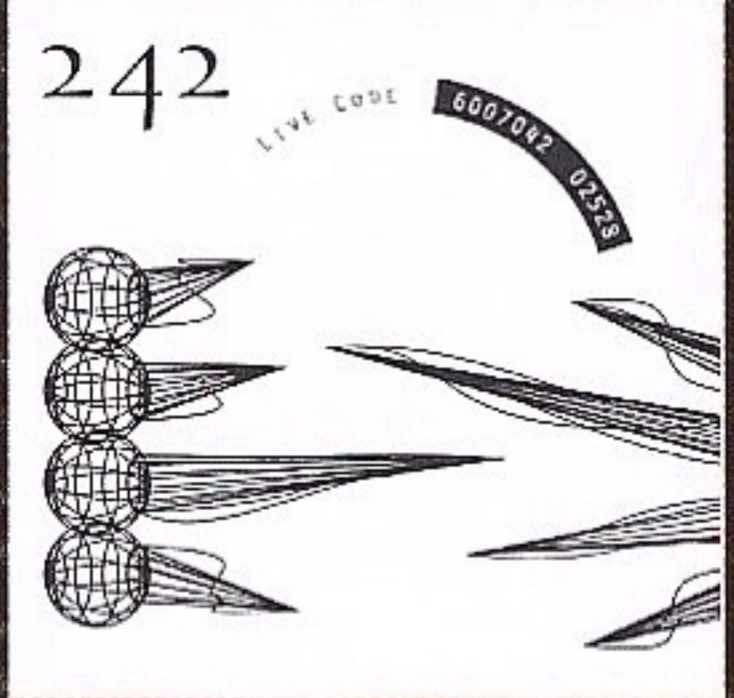

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FROM THE PUBLISHER

by James

Mixing the dichotomy of 1-800 POSTCARDS' first quarter results, it's been 10% above my business predictions and 200% above my personal predictions. It's weird when you pay almost no attention to your personal life while focusing on your professional goals, then suddenly there are unexpected jarring events that point so clearly towards your "real" life.

I spent so many years as a teenager focusing exclusively on all aspects of my personal life:

I absolutely HAVE to go to this dance or it is the end of my life.
If I don't get to go out on Friday I'm going to miss EVERYTHING.
What if these guys don't think I'm cool?
I wish I knew as much about history and literature as THEY do.
Why can't I be as well rounded as SHE is?
Why don't I have the same hip sense of style and clothes THEY do?
Why did I grow up with so LITTLE experience?

Then it became years of professionally-oriented selfishness:

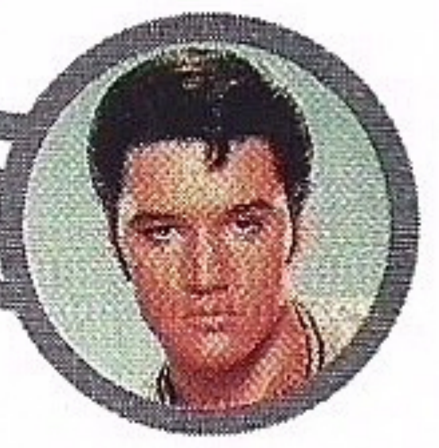
I don't have time for that stuff now.
I'll just get drunk and fuck all those other boring things.
I'm reading now—don't bug me.
I'm really much too busy to bother with that boring stuff.
What can you do for me?
I don't have time.
I don't have time for that now either.

Now it has all fallen into place. With the removal of professional pressures comes the unexpected and long-ignored satisfaction of personal and interpersonal relationships. What ever happened to those multiple days spent alone? They're suddenly back, and good thing I'm able to accept them so easily. What ever happened to a simple conversation without all of the get-something-out-of-it attitude? With utter ease, I've let go of all of that conniving pretension and been able to enjoy an enlightening conversation just to learn something.

This was the goal of all of my studies. As warped as they become when you are immersed in them, when you finally hit the stride they all work to better you. Instead of chaining you down to a formulated pattern, all those cliches actually form building blocks to cement your persona in a positive manner. As far out as you stray into one extreme or another, each of those excesses add up to a fully formed individual.

Remember that there is no preaching in *POPsmear*—only the reminder that extreme behavior and experience, if eventually properly channeled, add up to a fully-rounded experiential mentality that cannot be learned from a book. Or your parents. Or some motivational seminar. It has to come from your own immersion into whatever it is that turns you on at the time. Remember that it is just a step toward something larger and more all-encompassing than the hell which you battle through to learn the lesson.

POP SMEAR MAGAZINE malesack



Off the bus

Hello. Remove my name and address from your mailing list immediately.

Holden
Santa Barbara, CA

Everybody wants some

Wow. I'm weak. That was the BEST fucking interview I've ever read anywhere. Dave says more great stuff in a paragraph than Eddie or Alex said in a decade (but what else is fucking new?).

Dave is God. Long live Dave. May Eddie and Alex suffer from the fear of their well-appointed Malibu digs sliding into del Mar. C'mon, they GOTTA know!

Keep up the fucking great work. PopSmear rulz.

D.J. LaChapelle
Washington DC

Love hate

James and Co.,

First off, excellent magazine. Issue 13.0 is the first of my PopSmear magazines—I have never heard of or seen this magazine before. Slymenstra Hymen on the cover caught my eye. I am a friend of the band. It sounded like Mr. Maugham pissed Danyell off. Tell him not to feel bad, Hunter has yelled at me for eating four hour old pizza (after it was offered to me). I think he saves it for something.

In response to your dilemma (pg. 9):

1. Use "I slept with the boss."
2. Call it "Trash."
3. Love the tabloid style cover.
4. Sure.

I believe there are 560 candy corns in Rosie's head.

Love the article "Directory Persistence." I live in Phoenix, I'm gonna go check the phone out, shoot some band photos there. Here's a haiku I wrote for all the prima donna "rock stars":

So your band wants to play with me,
OK, Great, where's your CD?
It's on tape? Hey, that's great,
It's gettin' late, I gotta skate,
I'll give you a call, late.

Buy a subscription, get free porn. What a concept! You guys are marketing geniuses. How can I say no? Here's a suggestion—have a Gwar shrine contest.

Thanks a lot. All hail Gwar!!!

Johnny Ductape
Phoenix

Piece of history

James,

Just picked up the latest issue of POPsmear, another fine job. Great magazine. That last page with the Prom Mom, whoa, anyone with the balls to put that out deserves a place in zine history, good luck with further mind opening and mind-blowing articles.

Ken Scallon
DIME Magazine
New York City

Read 'em and creep

I'll bet James can't read back his self-interview from issue 14.0 without cringing. When the "Compleat Works of James" is published after his death, his Cry Of The Trapped Hipster will be sectioned under 'Juvenilia'—the shit he wrote before he grew up. Don't get me wrong, it's compelling stuff. More magazines would be good magazines if their writing was as personally invested as that piece. I was totally captivated by the sad little tale of a mind snapped shut, and could hardly believe its author was the same guy who penned the trite "step up to the plate" treatise at the front of the mag. James, if you can manage to sublimate your oh-so-tragic self-consciousness and tackle some real subjects, your magazine will get even better. I look forward to it. One suggestion: if you want to learn about gardening, you have to step up to the plate and fucking garden.

P.S. Since you asked, how may I: "Contribute to POPsmear."?

Chris W.
Manhattan

POP quiz

From:ComixAce <ComixAce@aol.com>
Date: Tue, 3 Mar 1998 23:59:40 EST
To: fuss@popsmear.com
Mime-Version: 1.0
Subject: NO LOGIC!!!

You may recall me as the comic book editor with the cigarette holder at Chelsea Billiards on Friday.

Anyway, I picked up the new POPSMEAR and was delighted to see a logic puzzle on page 18. I love logic puzzles, and this one even tapped into the zeitgeist of tediously unhappy youth everywhere. However, I couldn't solve it worth a damn because the CLUES were very poorly written. They needed commas, since I couldn't figure out who the various clauses referred to. NOT ENOUGH ANTECEDENTS in other words! I became FRUSTRATED! Gak! Gak! Don't do this again!

Also, you should have shown Moby's unit. MORE FRUSTRATION! Gak gak gak! That would have made this a truly groundbreaking edition!

Plenty of people did just fine with the clues given — go figure. As for Moby's unit, do you really think that's necessary?

Buzzkill

Hiya James. I received the new POPsmear in the mail the other day, which really made me feel good 'cuz I was expecting it for a while. Alas, it was not quite the pick-me-up I had intended; and if you wish to find out why as well as field some honest criticism, then please read on.

Overall I felt that there was a lack of humor that had been present in the previous two issues. "The Gospel..." was probably the nadir of the issue...I'm sorry to tell you that, but I believe that to be true. It exemplified the overall tone of the issue, which consisted of brooding self-doubt and nihilistic ruminations over the way things have gone the past few months. Princess Superstar's disappointment over seeing Mike D, Prozac Diaries' failed love, and the saga of Abby's censored photos continued this theme.

I agree that it is absurd to read in graphic detail about the circumstances of the prom mom yet be appalled by photos. Can anyone say selective infringement of rights? I agree you had a legitimate reason to be upset; hey man, I agree with ya. But this, added to the overall depressing theme of the issue was a let-down. Hey, I can't complain, you sent us a free issue here at WRNU. I just hope you can see that this is honest criticism from a devoted fan.

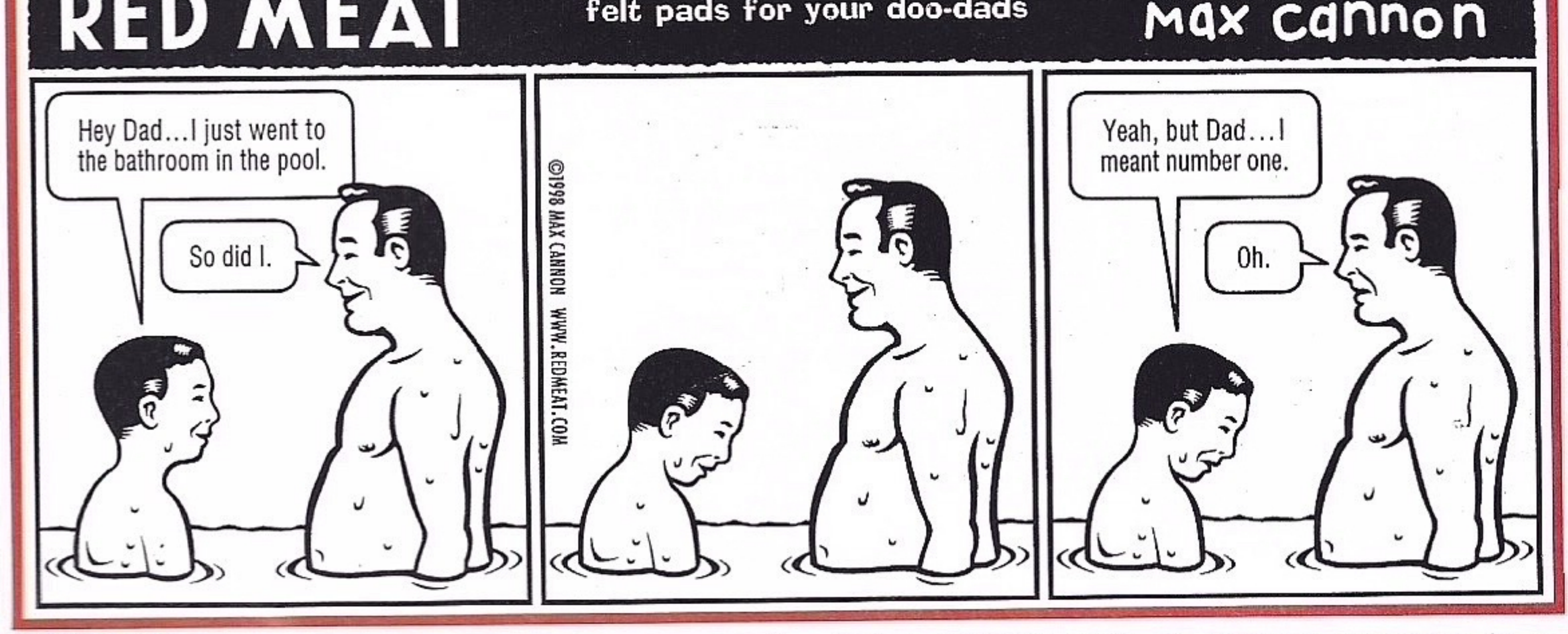
Better luck next time,
Metal Matt

P.S.—don't have articles about testicle mutilation mixed in with porn articles. Yikes! O blessed contradiction, you once again rear your ugly head to bite me in the ass.

Metal, vol. II

Hey, it's me again. Just wanted to say that Abby's photo essay was reminiscent of the scene in Cannibal Holocaust where the pregnant native's fetus is torn from her womb because her child was illegitimate. The natives beat her with sticks and buried her bastard child beneath the mud by a river.

Perhaps Melissa Drexler should be beaten with a stick. She already buried her child in the trash can, so I think it's justified.


RED MEAT
felt pads for your doo-dads
from the secret files of Max Cannon
Hey Dad...I just went to the bathroom in the pool.
So did I.
©1998 MAX CANNON WWW.REDMEAT.COM
Yeah, but Dad...I meant number one.
Oh.

POP COMICS

Oh yeah, and the Bloodhound Gang song on the Half Baked soundtrack was cool, except for the drums. They could have been mixed better. I'm a drummer myself, so I'm pretty particular about these things.

Peace,
Metal Matt

P.S.—any luck finding the ORIGINAL Pamela Anderson sex tape? You know, the one with Brett Michaels of Poison? I hear that one is much more intense.

He tickled his dog's dick with a dust mop

From:
James_Jellinek@condenast.com
To:
Fuff@popsmear.com
Date: 98-03-04 16:57:13 EST
Dearest Editors:

Some time ago I gave my dog an erection by tickling his thang with a dust mop. It was funny for a little while until my brother decided that he wanted to tape it. We got out the Panasonic and chased the dog into the living room. I don't think he needed much chasing though, as soon as I brought out that dust mop he started humping the leg of our sofa. We pried him off our imitation IKEA brand furniture and led him into the middle of the living room. He laid down and rolled on his back. His chin was extended upwards, he whined in anticipation. Roll Camera: My brother started with small circles on the stomach and slowly worked towards the genitalia. Once touching, our dog started to yelp with reckless abandon, like a boarder collie being humped by a great dane. Wouldn't you know it, pretty soon that thing was huge, much bigger than my cock. My brother tickled on. We realized that pretty soon he was going to blow a huge doggie load all over the living room. Lo and behold are dog could cum better than half the porno industry. We sent the tape around to a bunch of producers but they wouldn't touch it. I don't understand why not. The dog was having great time, we had a great time, and I taped over my mother's copy of the Mad About You season finale. Wait till she gets home from France and watches this tape. I just wanted to share that with you guys. Sick fuckers.

> If you want to learn about gardening, you have to step up to the plate and fucking garden.—Chris W.

Rude boy

To Smears,

I gotta say, your Prom Mom photo spread in issue 14 really offended me. But it wasn't the pictures that got me pissed; it was the little self righteous blurb on the bottom right-hand corner of the page about truth and information...

Before you ran that little blurb, I took you for a right bunch of Joes. Sure, you like to annoy people, and be naughty, but you never pretended to be anything else but a slick bit of trash one picks up at a bar. Now, all of the sudden, just because some printers don't appreciate your provocative attitude, you're pulling out this indignant self-righteous jive about defending truth and the pursuit of the hard facts. That's the kind of BULLSHIT double-talk I only expect to read in the NY Times, baby! Give me a fucking break!

You want to talk about the bitter truth? OK, let's do that. The fact is, you ran some ugly photos depicting a girl dumping her baby on prom night. You ran these pictures because they are weird and crazy and engaging in a morbid sort of way. You ran them because POPsmear is an outrageous, often cavalier, usually very funny, sometimes shallow little magazine. You are just rationalizing your excessive behavior with cliches about journalistic integrity and the dangers of censorship. In a sense, you are the biggest liars of all, because you are fibbing about your intent.

Let's be clear about this; your staged photos are not fact. They do not convey true information. They are a highly interpretive dramatization based on supposition and hear-say. They are guess work by a bunch of groovy kids who wanted issue 13 to be even more outrageous than issue 12. If anything, the cocky, melodramatic tone of these pictures desensitizes the viewer to the fact that infanticide is horrifying, and turns the whole sad event into an episode of media exploitation. In your blurb you conclude with "sometimes the truth hurts." Fair enough. Other times, the truth is too mundane to be interesting, so media types often embellish fact with sensational speculations.

How we choose to perceive an event such as the "Prom Mom" incident says more about ourselves than it does about the truth. Self-righteously parading conjecture as if it were fact is the kind of bullshit for which Rush Limbaugh is famous. So here are your options, my dear POPsmearers; admit that your photos are not authentic information, and stop rationalizing your puerile behavior with crap about "the struggle for truth," or join the ranks of the hypocrites that make up the American Far Right.

Welcome to the Post-Modern World, sweet-pea. Better late than never.

Big Rude Jake
Brooklyn

You make some good points, Big Rude, but you missed the real point. The point was that printing something like "Prom Mom" shouldn't be an issue, and if it is, I think our readers want to know about it. The photos were not of the actual incident, and I don't think we led anyone to believe that. The photos are social commentary. Originally, the page wasn't going to have any text at all. But after they were censored, we thought just maybe there should be an explanation. I wouldn't call that self-righteous, right wing or doubletalk. Did you really expect us NOT to explain what had happened? Just because we have a different approach than other magazines doesn't mean we don't have an opinion about censorship or anything else. But if you don't like it, that's fine with me. —Fuss

California dreamin'

Dear James and everyone at PopSmear,

I just moved from Chicago to Los Angeles and I had never seen your magazine until I got here. But I was amazed. Never have I seen such intelligent writing, interesting, funny, and witty articles, and excellent pranks. I am sending you a check for a subscription, and I was hoping you could do me a favor. I have had a thing for four young actresses—Natalie Portman, Alicia Silverstone, Claire Danes, and Reese Witherspoon. I was hoping you could help me by giving me their phone numbers and addresses so I can try and get in touch with them. I appreciate any help you can give. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

Jasin Edward Mallek
Hollywood

Jailbird's request

PopSmear Mag,

I would like to start this letter off by saying, "Fuck, Shit, Damn, and What!?!" Those were my first words when I saw your zine.

I came across your mag (Issue #13) when I was visiting my friend "Curby" at his work. "Curby" is in jail, but he is on a work release program. On one of his days being supposedly at work, he grabbed an issue at a local music store. He told me I had to read it, so I did. What the fuck? Your mag is the best thing I've read in a long time. You people have some of the best concepts and ideas I have ever heard.

I would like to say thanks for writing some excellent shit. I love it and I also love the fact that you don't give a shit if you offend others.

When I come across the money, I will definitely send it your way for a subscription. Thanks again.

Candy Raver Killa
LUCKY 13

The ongoing saga of John Doe

Glancing through PopSmear, my eye caught Dr X's piece on drug slang. His preface was appalling. I expect a correction and an apology for the errors it contained.

ELVIS PRESLE

After two years lost in the mountains, the Brown Buffalo returns with no less than 14 Elvis postcards. But we still haven't received the package he promised.

It states that out Mayor Adolph Giuliani won re-election with the "biggest landslide in New York politics in recent memory." Which is absolutely ridiculous. Adolph received a whopping 24% of the vote (against a lame opponent!) vs. the 18% of his opponent. That's, at best, PATHETIC!1 (But that's the beauty of our electoral process: you only need a majority of the minority vote to be put in charge of everyone. Fucking travesty, I'd say.)

Mark Green and Alan Hevesi (the latter, our next mayor, thank God) both crushed their republican opponents—whom Adolph had unsuccessfully endorsed—by like 60 point margins! (They're NYC's Public Advocate and Controller.) A far greater landslide.

And Dr. X doesn't care about police brutality? Well, then he must not mind NYC's absurd 8.25% sales tax and all the other taxes which go to pay, say, the 20 MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR the city pays to settle lawsuits against the NYPD.

When I'm mayor, I'm going to personally rape Dr. X with a plunger while cops hold him down and then see if he's concerned about government corruption.

John Doe at Large
New York City

P.S. Why didn't you fuckers print Dr. X's real name? Pricks

Oh, the Nerve

James,

Come to the gig, you'll be on the guest list plus two. It was good to meet you the other night. I was totally shocked. I hope we can live up to it! So anyway, we just found out there's another band calling themselves "The Nerve" (the nerve!).

• • •

..malesack

So now I'm thinking the other Nerve will see the PopSmear thing and contact you. Am I just paranoid or am I just quoting Green Day lyrics? Just remember, we are The Nerve. If you're available Saturday night come and meet the other two Nerve guys.

Peace,
Randy :)
The Nerve

For the publisher

James,
In regards to the four questions in your "From The Publisher" column:
1. 'What Fuck Wrong You' is by far the superior design.
2. 'Litter Junks' is definitely not the best name for that particular column. I'm not saying that I have a better one, but 'Litter Junks' really doesn't do the column justice.
3. 'Staying power' hell yeah, the new cover rocks, not that I've ever seen the old one, but the new cover is definitely, as my grandmother used to say, 'the tits on the bull.'
4. The 'Poodlefart' cartoon is possibly the funniest cartoon I've ever seen in my life. I almost wet myself the first time I saw it. I carry it in my wallet and show everyone I know, that's how funny that cartoon is.

Later James,
Joe Putrock
Albany NY

On the dark side

Forwarded message:
From: mrhappy@macconnect.com
To: Fuff@popsmear.com (Satans Army)
Date: 98-03-04 00:00:15 EST

I write this letter with a great weight in my heart. This unfortunately will be the last entry I write to your wonderful magazine of the damned. I shall explain my revelation to you as here it go...I am currently employed by the city , I work for the BID I am sure that you have seen my fellow workers in white jumpsuits cleaning up after you white devils as you finish frolicking in Times square. During one of my breaks I was showing a fellow worker your tawdry rag of evil and it was at that point that he exposed your evil ways to me. He told me that I was your Kunta Kinte of the streets and that I was the only brother foolhardy enough to write for your plunger wielding bigot fish wrap. He further explained that Seven Inches of Pleasure was not a less endowed brother but a short white devil with deep pockets and a costly penis enlargement. I was truly awestruck at such revelations yet they all made sense. Like that time you said my nigger. I now believe that you said that in the possessive sense. I do not need to list any further reason for handing in my resignation it is more than you deserve, oh prince of hateful darkness. However two of my well versed, shall we say less fortunate, coworkers have no problem writing for a Klan affiliated journal of the obscene. I hope that you will treat them with at least the same lack of respect you have shown me. When you receive submissions from either Thor Jenkins or Floyd Nine please give them your undivided attention. It is with this that I wish you (David Duke) and your staff (Arian zombies) nothing but good luck. Shivon...nice rack

Muhammad Otis

PS If that punk ass bitch Eric from Radical happens to bother you again please let Thor or Floyd know, they have been briefed on the situation and are very eager to put an end to it.

I hope that you will treat them with at least the same lack of respect you have shown me. —Otis

Facts straight

Re: "Ship Happens"
Grapefruit=James Cagney, not Edward G. Robinson. Don't you employ fact checkers?

Love,
Karl
Throwrag
Bellingham WA

Doin' time

Dear POPsmear,
Just got through looking at two issues of your magazine! It's very cool! Packed with cutting edge info.

As you can see by the envelope, I'm in prison in Indiana...feel sorry for me! Just kiddin'. I read in one of them that you send POPsmear free to prisoners. If you would put me on your mailing list, I would be great-full! This is a bland motherfucker—and that would be a bright spot to have and look forward to!

I truly look forward to your reply!
Truly,

Thomas E. Foster III, aka Bird
870656/K-1
Pendleton IN

Season in Hell

Poop Schmear
James you whiny fuck. 1) have something to say. 2) Say it. 3) Move on.

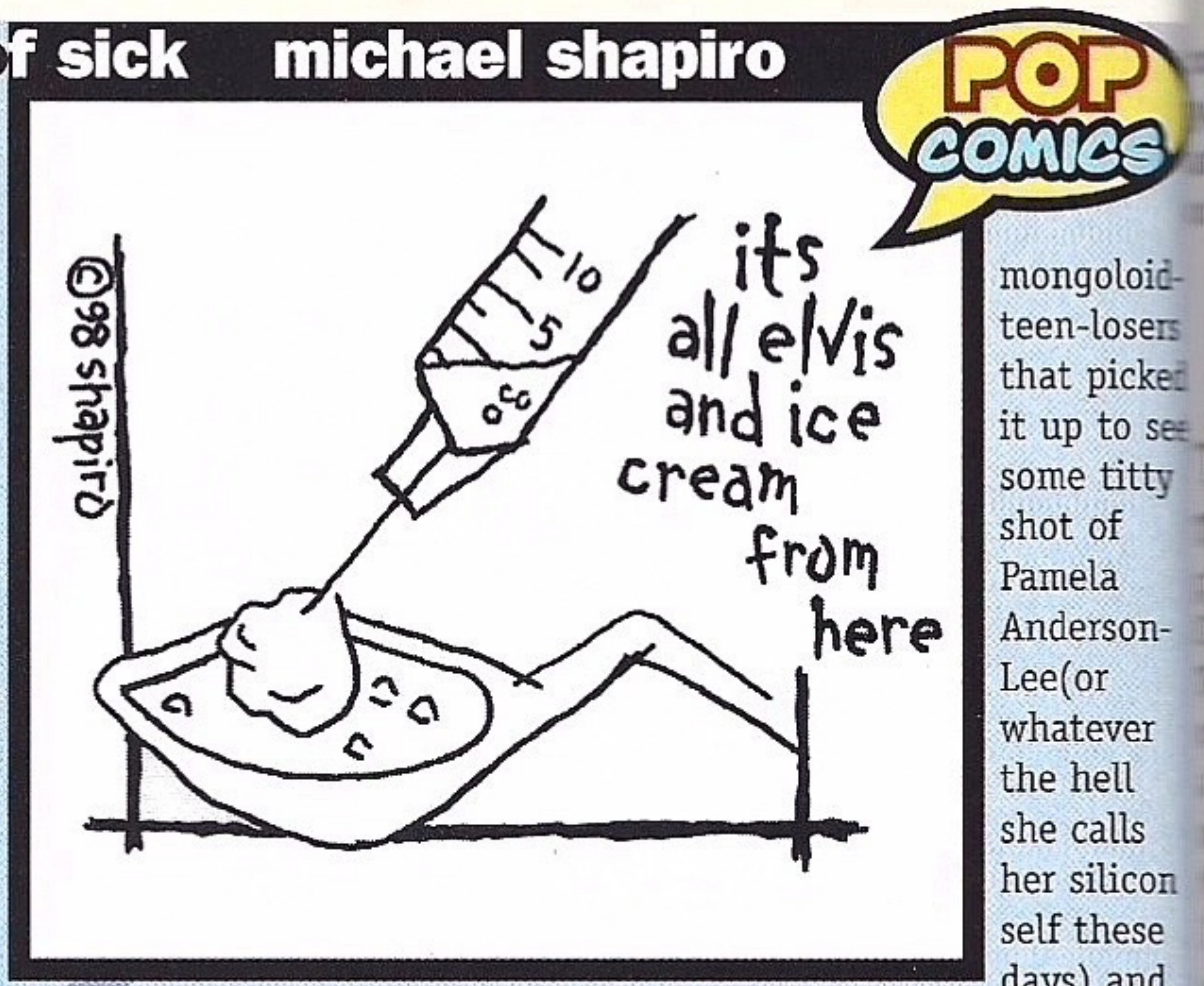
Verlaine couldn't write, shoot, or keep a man. At least his boyfriend had enough sense to put down the pen and take up gun smuggling. John Jacob Jingle Heimer Schmidt can blow: stick it up yer ass and call me in the morning bitch, cuz daddy's comin home.

Oh well—at least you fuckers are crankin a difference—I tried punchin you off, got some postcard b.s. huh-? To beam outta my prostrate press 7. I go.

Willy Boy
New York City

P.S. I'd love to get drunk & beat the piss outta that word sleuth fuck boy Rev. Rexall Finfuck—pass on the word.

book of sick michael shapiro


POP COMICS
its all elvis and ice cream from here
©98 shapiro
10
5

Identity crisis

Dear James,
Just wanted you to know that POPsmear is a really great magazine.

You wrote about your struggle to define POPsmear before somebody else does and it made me think about your product. It has NO definition and that's what will attract people to it. You are naturally going to get a very young readership and you're going to become extremely attractive to clothing, music advertisers and computer companies. I think of POPsmear as a cross between WIRED and the original SPY with a British tabloid streak and MAD magazine tendencies. I like that. It's erratic and has a lot of life in it.

I publish LGNY, the lesbian and gay newspaper in New York. I also published QW, a magazine that lasted a year. I've learned an enormous amount over the years and identity is the one thing I've found most daunting; it's a very fluid thing and survival depends on you keeping in touch with it. It looks like you'll master that one and my hat is off to you.

Anyway, I relate. If you'd like to have a drink with this faggot, that would be cool. Give me a call.

Congrats!

Tony Masters
Publisher, LGNY

It's a dry heave

So I am browsing through one of the tard mags that circulate around Phoenix and I come across a review on PopSmear Magazine. I knew from the title of the zine that I was a soon-to-be fan. So I jet over to the local record store in search of the light at the end of the decadent tunnel. Sure enough, at the 'zine section cluttered around numerous idiot-junk-skate-snowboard-computer-teen-rock-flacid-porn mags was one last tattered copy of issue #13.0. I picked it up and saw how tattered it was from all the illiterate mongoloid-teen-losers that picked it up to see some titty shot of Pamela Anderson-Lee(or whatever the hell she calls her silicon self these days) and said "screw it" I'll shell out 3 bucks even in the condition it is in. I go to the counter and place the heavenly literature down and the guy at the counter said I could have it for free seeing as it was on its last leg (or staple or whatever). I take it home and had never laughed so loud in my life. Their view on the Bay-Crue love birds having sloppy sex and trying to roll joints cracked me up. The little Mojave Phone Booth was a great close encounter of the Baked-out-of-my Gourd kind. I was a little pissed that the Prom Mom page had to be censored due to some retard printer who suddenly grows morals in his pea-sized brain. Oh well. You have gained a reader for life. Time to get my subscription and go through withdrawals waiting for the next issue to arrive in my male box.

Have a good one kids,
Daniel Trayler
Halo69@sprynet.com

Melrose space

POPsmear rules! Picked up your shit on Melrose yesterday, Prozac Diaries and Lollapalooza shit were right on! How often do you guys get sued? Have you heard of this band called REO Speedealer? How about a story about rock stars on crack? Or a Rev. Horton Heat tour diary? My sister fucked the guy in Stone Temple Pilots last night. Or how about, "Rock stars who wear wigs..."

Bye,
Kelly Lewis
Venice CA

Squeeze play

Okay, I know you guys get a lot of shit about almost everything. And I know I must really like POPSmear if I get it in AZ because I had to move here from NJ. So let me get to the point by saying that I just got my really cool shirt in the can, and I got the right one and everything, but the problem is that it is a Medium. And I know that I specifically asked for an XL because I am not a "Medium girl," I'm an "XL girl." So I dunno how you wanna do this. I can see that the postage was a little costly at $1.70. I'll be happy to send you $1.70 to cover the postage of another shirt. Please get back to me on this.

Thanks,
Nicollette Wands
Peoria AZ

Team player

To whoever read my letter and printed it;
Dear Fuff,
Thank you, thank you, thank you very much for printing my letters. I am now a published writer and quickly advised my PO of my new endeaver. (Please take the call if my PO calls to check if I work there.) I am taking your lack of communications with me as a silent affirmative to me and welcome to the POPsmear writing staff. Unfortunately my joy was short lived, for no sooner had I read my lucky trifecta of writing that I read the pay to play letter (I read POPsmear cover to cover line by line because it makes me understand the outside world a little better) by that punk ass bitch Eric from Radical Records. James, you are a literary giant, yet you find the time to respond to letters from even the smallest minded individuals (Eric at Radical and his elk). If you like I will handle your nuisance letters. This is the way I would have responded on your behalf:

Dear cheap punk-ass bitch, you are already getting more then you deserve with a comp subscription and yet you ask for more. You are lucky you have a waiting room and a VCR and two not yet broken legs. Do you think because you work at a record label you deserve special treatment, homo? Anyway, I picked up on your Pamela/Tommy typo, I know it's the Nelson ass pirate party tape you really want to liven up your waiting room. I will do everything in my power to remove you from the comp list, and to disable you so you don't waste the time of scholarly journals such as POPsmear with your pleas for gay porn for your ska waiting room. Get a life.

Otis
a loyal fan and new staff writer

List off

To whom this may concern:
We recently received a postcard from your company that was absolutely repulsive. In fact, it was so horrifying that the US Postal Service censored the image on the front with a large sticker.

Please remove the following name from your mailing list:

Nina Campo
GUESS? Inc.

Thank you.

After being dumped by James for Lisa Loeb, Ally turned nasty on the magazine

Mama's girl

To all the folks at Popsmear:
I immensely enjoyed issue #14! It was the first issue of Popsmear that I've read in a couple years, and I really dig it! I think it was VERY brave of you to print that Prom Mom section. Though a lot of people might say it's a pathetic attempt at humor, it isn't! Hell, it wasn't even an exaggeration. In fact, I dare say the photos you guys took were probably not nearly as DISGUSTING as the real, gory episode of infanticide. I know exactly what you are saying about people's values becoming a lot more puritan. Keep putting out as many issues as you can (WHILE you still can) before Bill Clinton decides that it promotes drug use or something equally stupid. Enclosed is my own publication Vulvateen, in case you's guys get bored.

Sincerely,
Sabina Mollot
Brooklyn

See dick out

POPSMEAR,
Hey Guys! I enjoy your magazine each issue. What really got my dick hard was Moby's "House of Wigs" photo layout Issue #14. How X-citing it must have been to have Moby strip and pose. Luck S.O.B.'s Abby Gennet, Troy Someone at Smear. Please I must have a full-frontal nude picture of him. I must see Moby's dick!

Dillon
Lakewood OH

Prom bomb

Strike another one up for artistic freedom. I for one congratulate two people on the banning of those photos. The artist for making them, and the Canadian government for having the good sense to censor them.

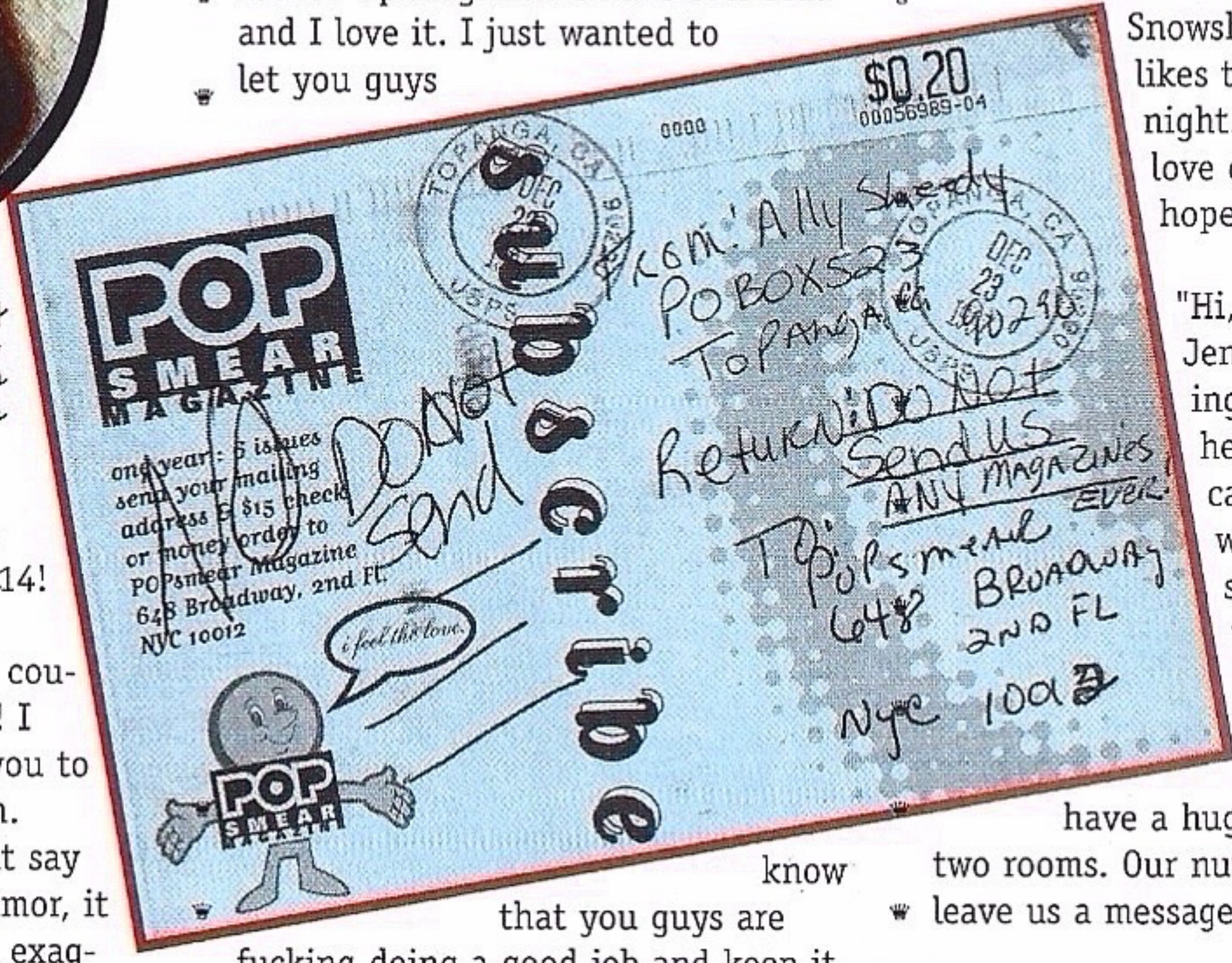
Give me a break. This is about as bad as art can get. Let's make another buck off of someone else's tragic event. What's next, dead baby joke submissions?

Jonathan K. Jackson
redfriar@scc.net

FROM THE PHONES:

(These were recorded on the POPsmear Response Line: 212.328.2212 x699)

"I just bought this fucking magazine at Border's Books, it is the most fucked up magazine I have ever read and I love it. I just wanted to let you guys know that you guys are fucking doing a good job and keep it up."



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"This is Alec, I just had to call. I have abused a color copier at work by copying the fucking David Lee Roth interview about 18,000 times, sending it to everyone, all my friends in North Carolina, because Diamond Dave...are you kidding me? I've been doing nothing but stomping around and acting like I got the handcuffs with the mirrored sunglasses, this, oh man, Frank is my new hero. What can I say? Goddamn. Keep it on."

"Hello Shivon, I just got a copy of your magazine. Isn't it disgusting? I'm currently vomiting. I can't believe it. That last page with that whole baby thing going on? It is disgusting. I can't believe it. Anyway, if I were you guys I would clean up your act. Then people might advertise in your magazine. But the only people I could see advertising in your magazine now are people who have babies in toilets. How often does that happen?"

"Hi, my name is Siobhan, I'm from the Furry Love Kitten Cat Farm. You probably remember me from Pep Girls, I took an ad out one time. Well, I read your ad about Kitschka, and I happen to love Siameses, and I have a few of them here at the Kitten Cat Farm, which is a sanctuary for abandoned and abused cats, and I would like to take her off your hands. My number is 212.... All I can tell you is that she'll have a really good home here. She'll be fed very well and she'll be able to make friends with the other kitties. If she doesn't, she can have her own private space, depending on how she is—"

"Hi, this is Siobhan again, I just want to tell her that she'll be meeting Baboon the Diabetic Siamese who gets two shots of insulin a day; Palens, a siamese who someone poured Drano on his head and shot him with BBs. Also Chumba, an 18 pound Snowshoe Siamese who likes to hump my arm at night. So give me a call. I love cats. I'll take her. I hope I win this."

"Hi, this is Jessica and Jennifer and we're calling about James' cat, he looks just like our cat in Kansas City and we're here, we're two students and we we're trying to find a cat and we'd love to have her. We live in Brooklyn, we have a huge apartment with two rooms. Our number is 718.... Just leave us a message. Bye."

I just want to tell her that she'll be meeting Baboon the Diabetic Siamese who gets two shots of insulin a day
— Siobhan

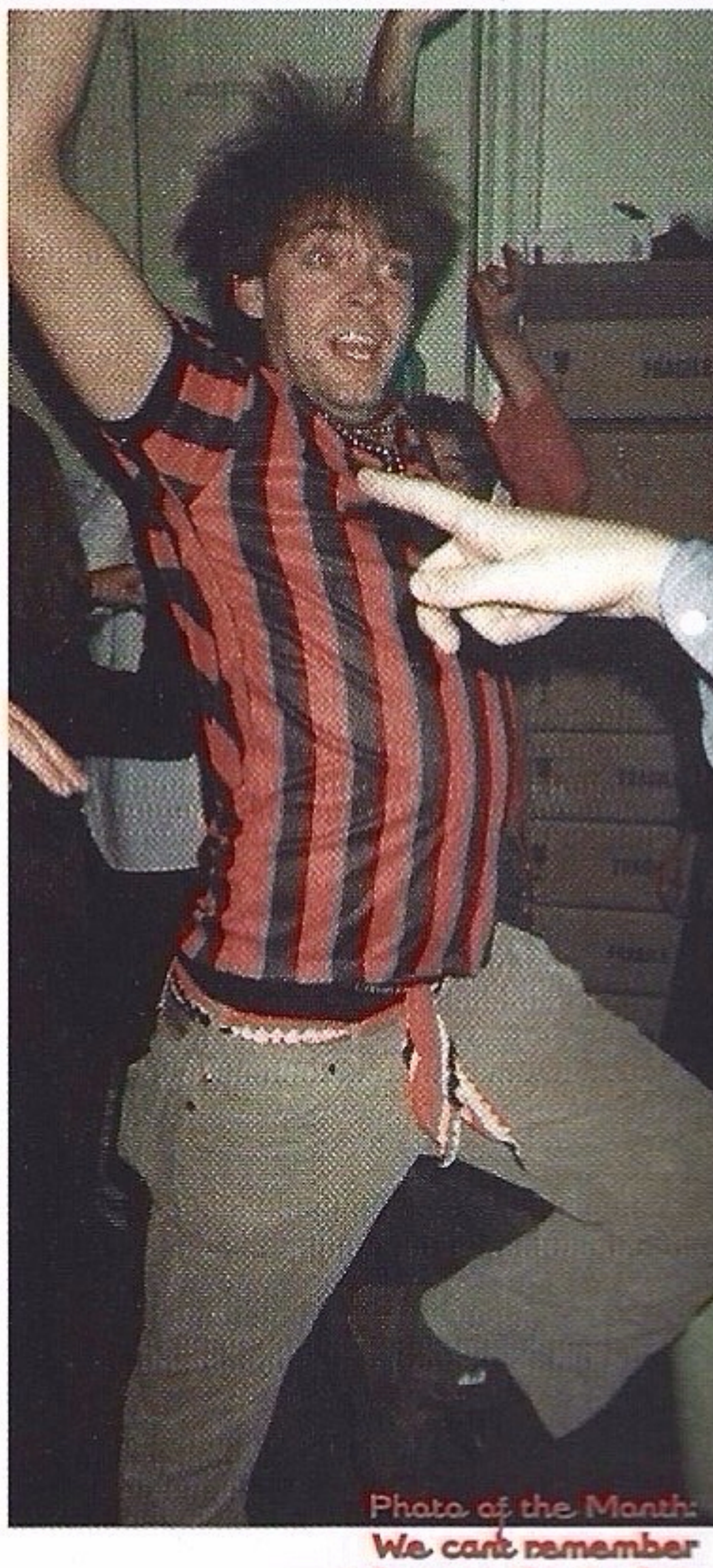
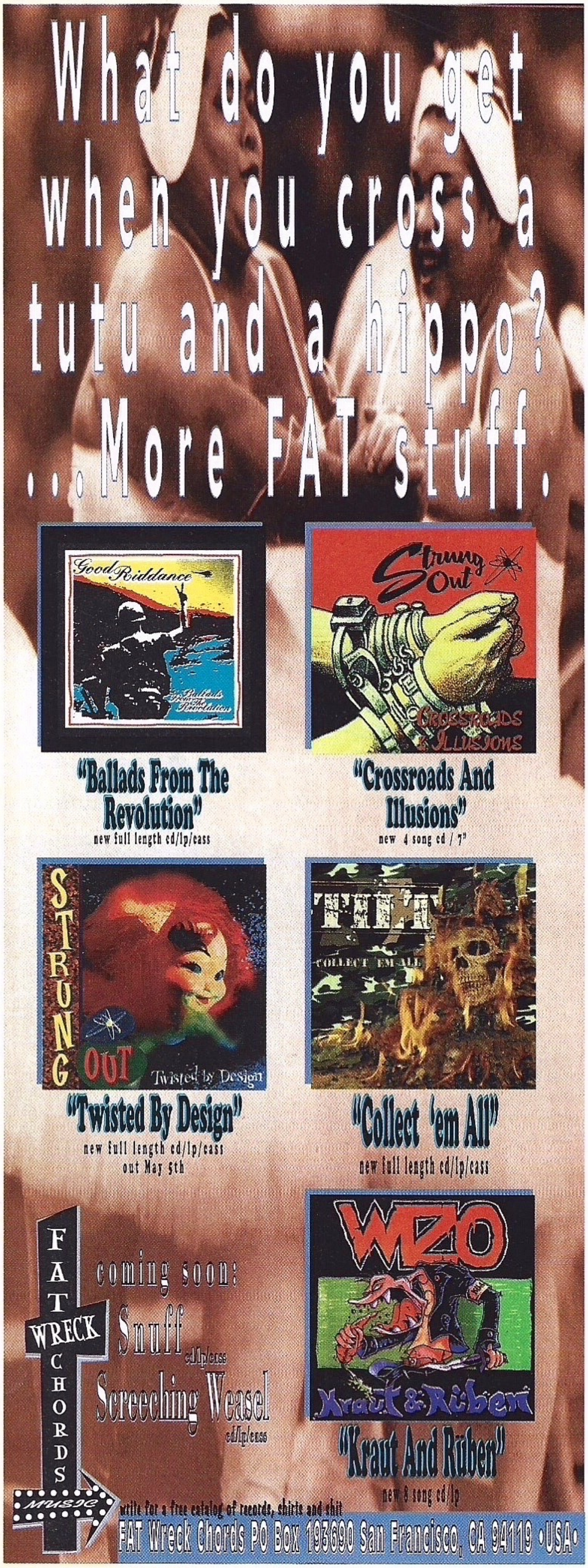


Photo of the Month: We can't remember who sent this in, but we hope they invite us to their next party.

GET IN TOUCH! POPsmear 50 W 23rd St, 6th fl. New York NY 10010
212.328.2212 x699 212.328.2213 fax www.popsmear.com malesack@popsmear.com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...More FAT stuff.

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new full length cd/lp/cass

"Crossroads And Illusions"
new 4 song cd / 7"

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"Collect 'em All"
new full length cd/lp/cass

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"Kraut And Rüben"
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MUSIC

Thumbs Up, Guy!

The truth behind an LA fad

A certain record label bigwig seems to be under the impression that there is a cool new phrase going around the LA music world. This stems from a story related to more than a few people by a past sexual conquest of his, who mentioned that he enjoys having two thumbs shoved up his ass while getting laid. Those in the know, including Adrock from the Beastie Boys, have been approaching him at parties with a sarcastic smile, a double Fonzie and a shout of "Thumbs up, guy!" He has no fucking clue, and probably thinks he's having his ass kissed in some new popular Hollywood lingo. If he only knew. *—James*

by: Nourredin Becar

John COLLINS

It's a cocktail, → IT'S A SERIAL KILLER

Juice of 1/2 lemon

1 tsp. powdered sugar

2 oz. blended whiskey shake with ice and strain into Collins glass.

Add several cubes of ice, fill with carbonated water, and stir.

Decorate with slices of orange, lemon and a cherry. *Serve with straws.*

Interesting Trivia:

Along with its brother, Tom, the Collins family still reigns supreme as the most popular of chick drinks. *(Sorry, Zima.)*

Nourredin Becar is the publisher of Insolent Sausage, a monthly journal celebrating criminal superstars, bizarre rants, intolerance and social noncompliance. Contact him by writing to 1043 Grand Ave, Box 304, St. Paul MN 55105.

Years of crime wave: 1967-1969
Number of suspected victims: 8
Nickname: The Ypsilanti Ripper
Choice of victims: Comely coeds
True crime biography: *The Michigan Murders* by Edward Keyes

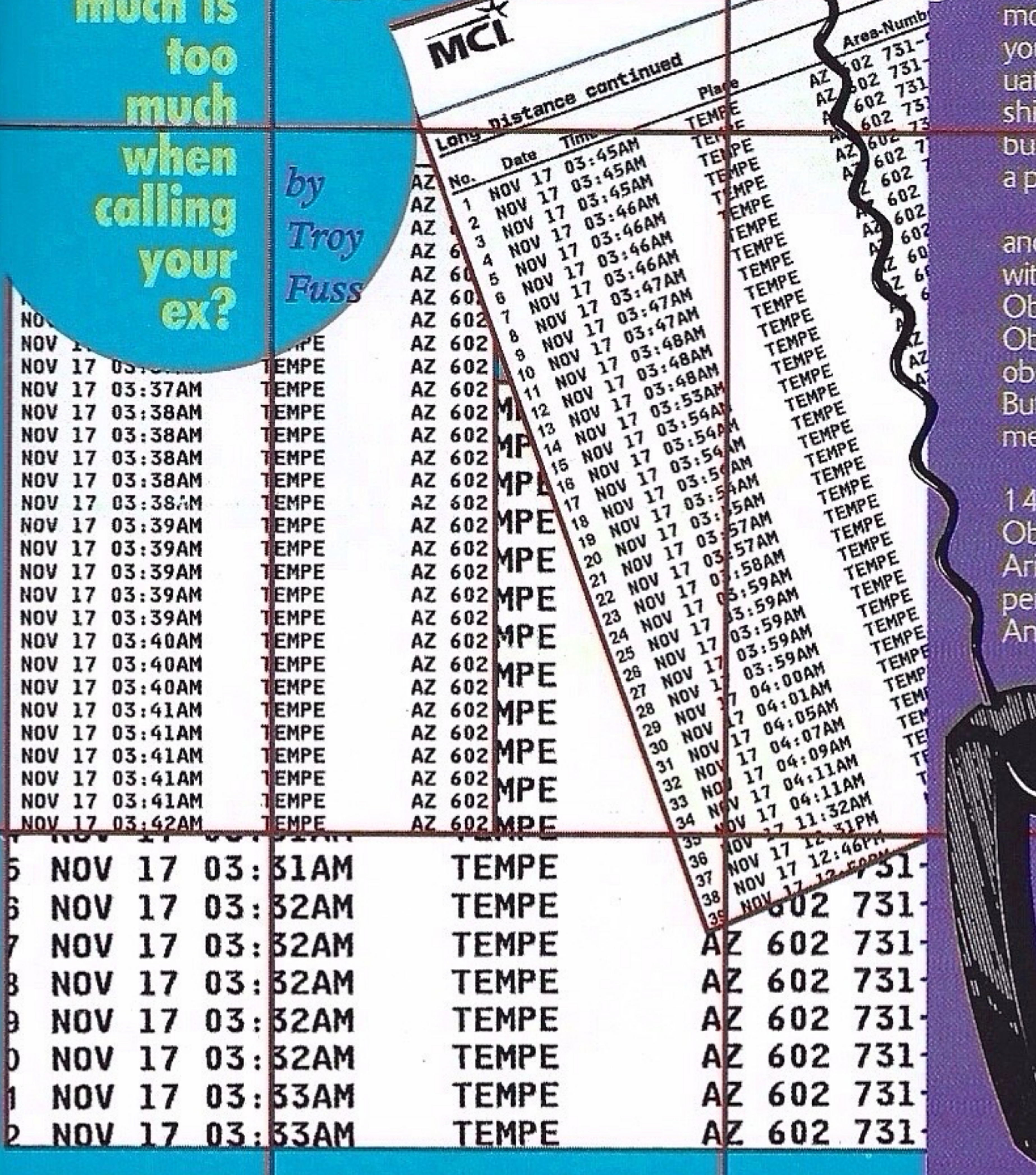
INTERESTING TRIVIA:

1) Raped one victim with a tree branch, poured acid on another.
2) Cut off hands and feet of first victim; later he turned up at the funeral home asking to photograph the body.
3) At one point during the case, police were so baffled, noted psychic Peter Hurkos was called in. No help.
4) Disgusted by women's menstrual cycles; many victims were already bleeding before John even laid a hand on them.
5) Crimes eerily similar to Ted Bundy's later campaign of misogyny. Both felt hookers were beneath them. Both got their fair share of consensual muff, but murder can be fun.

PSYCHO CALLER

Just how much is too much when calling your ex?

by Troy Fuss



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MCI
Long Distance continued
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4    NOV 17  03:46AM    TEMPE   AZ 602 731
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6    NOV 17  03:46AM    TEMPE   AZ 602
7    NOV 17  03:47AM    TEMPE   AZ 602
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9    NOV 17  03:47AM    TEMPE   AZ 60
10   NOV 17  03:48AM    TEMPE   AZ 6
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28   NOV 17  04:01AM    TEMPE
29   NOV 17  04:05AM    TEMPE
30   NOV 17  04:07AM    TEMPE
31   NOV 17  04:09AM    TEMPE
32   NOV 17  04:11AM    TEMPE
33   NOV 17  04:11AM    TEMPE
34   NOV 17  11:32AM    TEMPE
35   NOV 17  12:31PM
36   NOV 17  12:46PM
37   NOV 17  12:50PM
38   NOV 17
39
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1 NOV 17 03:33AM   TEMPE   AZ 602 731-
2 NOV 17 03:33AM   TEMPE   AZ 602 731-
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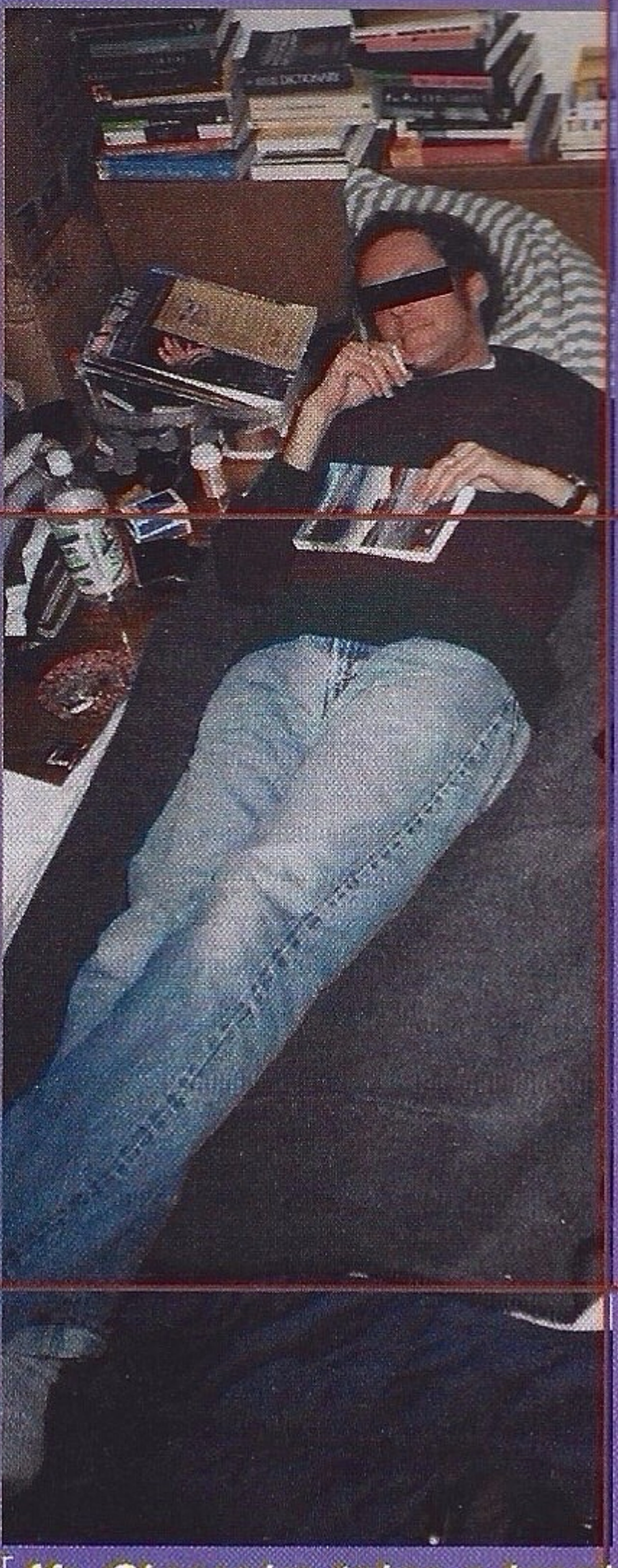
A couple of years ago a girl called me, between 3:30 and 4:30 one morning, 37 times. Fortunately, I'm a firm believer in turning off the phone when I go to bed and I never heard the phone ring. Still, when I saw the caller ID the next morning, I was quite pissed off. I found it a little...obsessive.

My roommates at the time, Earl and Parker, couldn't have agreed more. Scenes like this tend to spook you a bit, or a lot, depending on the situation. We were just glad we lived in a shitty building that didn't have a buzzer—because she was calling from a pay phone just outside.

Eventually we all moved out and Earl and Parker set up residence with another guy, whom I'll call Mr. Obsessive. Earl and I have known Mr. Obsessive for about 10 years, and his obsessive behavior is his trademark. But never has it been so well documented until now.

In January they received a 14-page MCI bill that showed Mr. Obsessive had called his ex-girlfriend in Arizona 197 times in the 31-day billing period, for a total of 462.2 minutes. Amazingly, 107 were consecutive calls to Mr. Obsessive's ex—all within 57 minutes and between 3:14 and 4:11 in the a.m. And I thought I'd had problems.

Mr. Obsessive has since moved out. I'm not clear on the particulars, but apparently things weren't working out. My last reports have him headed back to Arizona, probably straight for his ex-girlfriend. Maybe they're back together. Maybe she likes the attention. Either way, we've blocked out her phone number. I figure she's got her hands full.



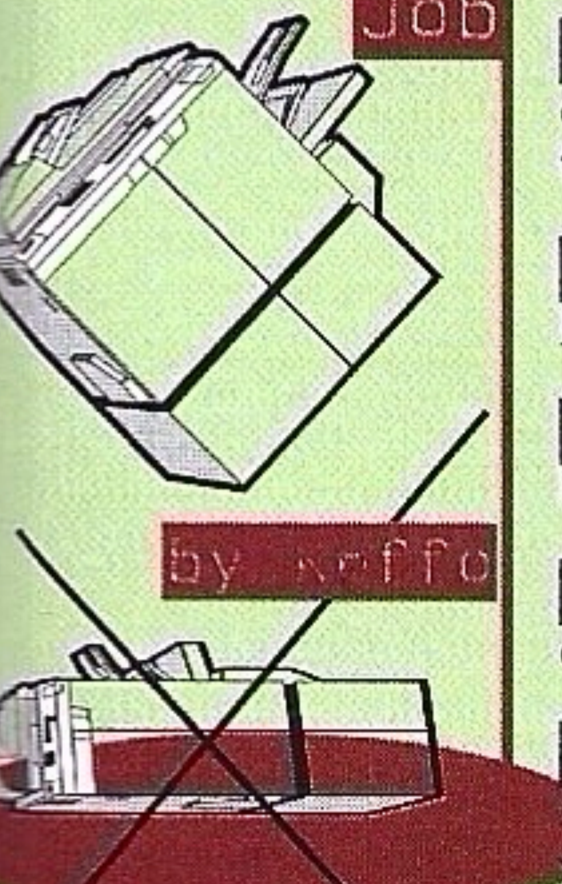
Mr. Obsessive takes a break between phone calls.

THE MR. OBSESSIVE PHONE CHART:

Period	Calls	Minutes	avg.	cost	Conclusion
month	197	462.2	2.3 min	$51.12	thank god for 5¢ Sundays
57 min.	107	121.9	1.1 min	$14.61	stalking is cheap!

23 Ways to Mess with Your (Soon-to-be-Former) Job

by Keffo



1. Add common misspellings to spell check. This way the bad spellings won't be corrected in the future.

2. If using a word processor with autocorrect, create embarrassing autocorrect words—six to sex, luck to fuck, etc. Every time the next poor sap types the correct word it will change on them.

3. Make the default printer a printer in another building—set the default page, set up to landscape, margins of about 4 inches.

4. Set up the desktop display so all the colors are black. This one can be a real hassle to troubleshoot.

5. Change the existing templates so they have wrong address info on them.

6. In the web browser, change the URL on bookmarks.

7. Download porno to directories that hold clip art, delete all other clip art.

8. If two computers are next to each other, switch the cables so the keyboard controls what happens on the wrong computer.

9. Switch the mouse to left-handed mode, but leave it on the right side of the computer.

10. Change the hard drive's name to something stupid.

11. Add annoying sounds to every desktop function that you can.

12. Change pointers for desktop icons, so the Microsoft Excel icon opens solitaire, etc.

13. Make the desktop icon point to a batch program that reformats the computer's hard drive.

14. Set default fonts to Wingdings everywhere you can.

15. Most web browsers have a setting for how much hard drive space the cache is allowed to take up, change this setting to 99%. The hard drive will fill up completely with useless info.

16. Send obnoxious spam using the company email account—change the reply address to someone you don't like.

17. Company vehicles—always turn the radio up full blast, the heater on high, the windshield wipers on, and one of the blinkers after you turn off the vehicle.

18. If the computer has a scheduler, schedule obnoxious pop up messages to appear months in the future.

19. Unplug random cables in the office.

20. On the phone, reprogram autodial number to inappropriate places.

21. Change the date type for fields in spreadsheet templates, change the number formats for fields with large numbers to take out commas, double the font size.

22. Stick chewing gum under as many desks as possible, right where people's knees are most likely to come in contact with it later.

23. Take apart the phones, printers, whatever will come apart, and stick some raw shrimp inside on your last day.

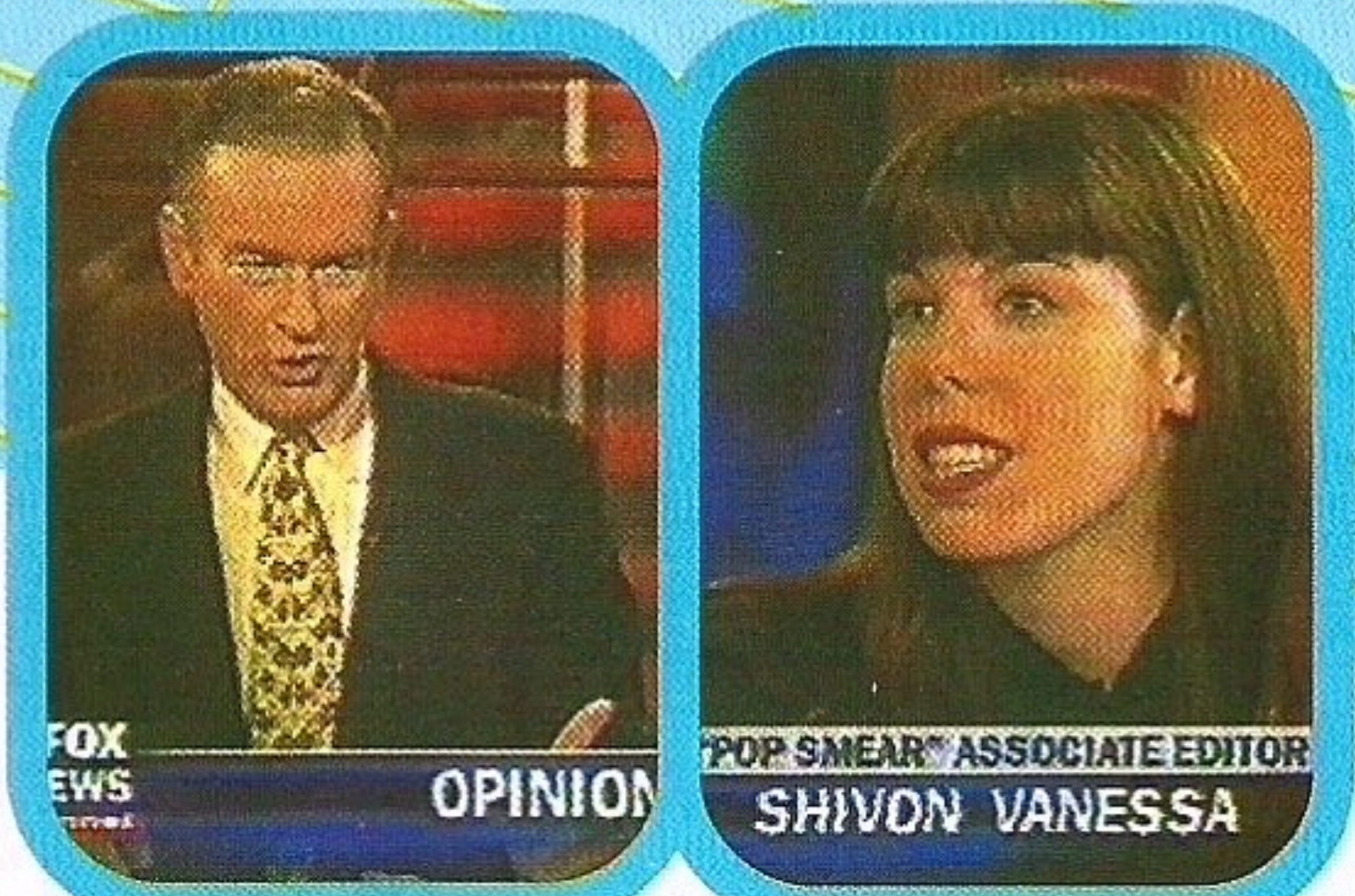
*Keffo is the publisher of **Temp Slave** and editor of **Best of Temp Slave!**. The zine is $3 for the current issue and you can write to Temp Slave, POB 8284, Madison WI 53708; The book, which contains selections from the first 10 issues of the zine, goes for $10. Contact Garrett County Press, POB 896, Madison WI 53701 or finer booksellers everywhere.*

POPsmear Censorship Log

WHAT: POPSMEAR ISSUE 13.0
WHO: TEXAS DEPARTMENT OF CRIMINAL JUSTICE
REGULATION: (C) PUBLICATION CONTAINS MATERIAL THAT A REASONABLE PERSON WOULD CONSTRUE AS WRITTEN SOLELY FOR THE PURPOSE OF COMMUNICATING INFORMATION DESIGNED TO ACHIEVE A BREAKDOWN OF PRISONS THROUGH INMATE DISRUPTION SUCH AS STRIKES OR RIOTS.
REMARK: PAGE 14 CONTAINS GANG RELATED MATERIAL.

WHAT: SICK SHIT SHOW III POSTCARDS
WHO: UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE
REGULATION: CODE 5.4 OBSCENE, LEWD, LASCIVIOUS, OR FILTHY PUBLICATIONS OR WRITINGS, OR MAIL CONTAINING INFORMATION ON WHERE, HOW, OR FROM WHOM SUCH MATTER MAY BE OBTAINED, AND MATTER THAT IS OTHERWISE MAILABLE BUT THAT HAS ON ITS WRAPPER OR ENVELOPE ANY INDECENT, LEWD, LASCIVIOUS, OR OBSCENE WRITING OR PRINTING, AND ANY MAIL CONTAINING ANY FILTHY, VILE, OR INDECENT THING IS NONMAILABLE (18 USC 1461, 1717).
REMARK: THE PHOTO OF A GIRL GIVING BIRTH IS OBSCENE.

Notes: Shivon went on FOX News Channel's "The O'Reilly Factor" in April to talk about the Sick Shit postcard. Following their debate, O'Reilly says, "Up next, the related story: pot and teenagers." We didn't tune in long enough to see what the relation was."

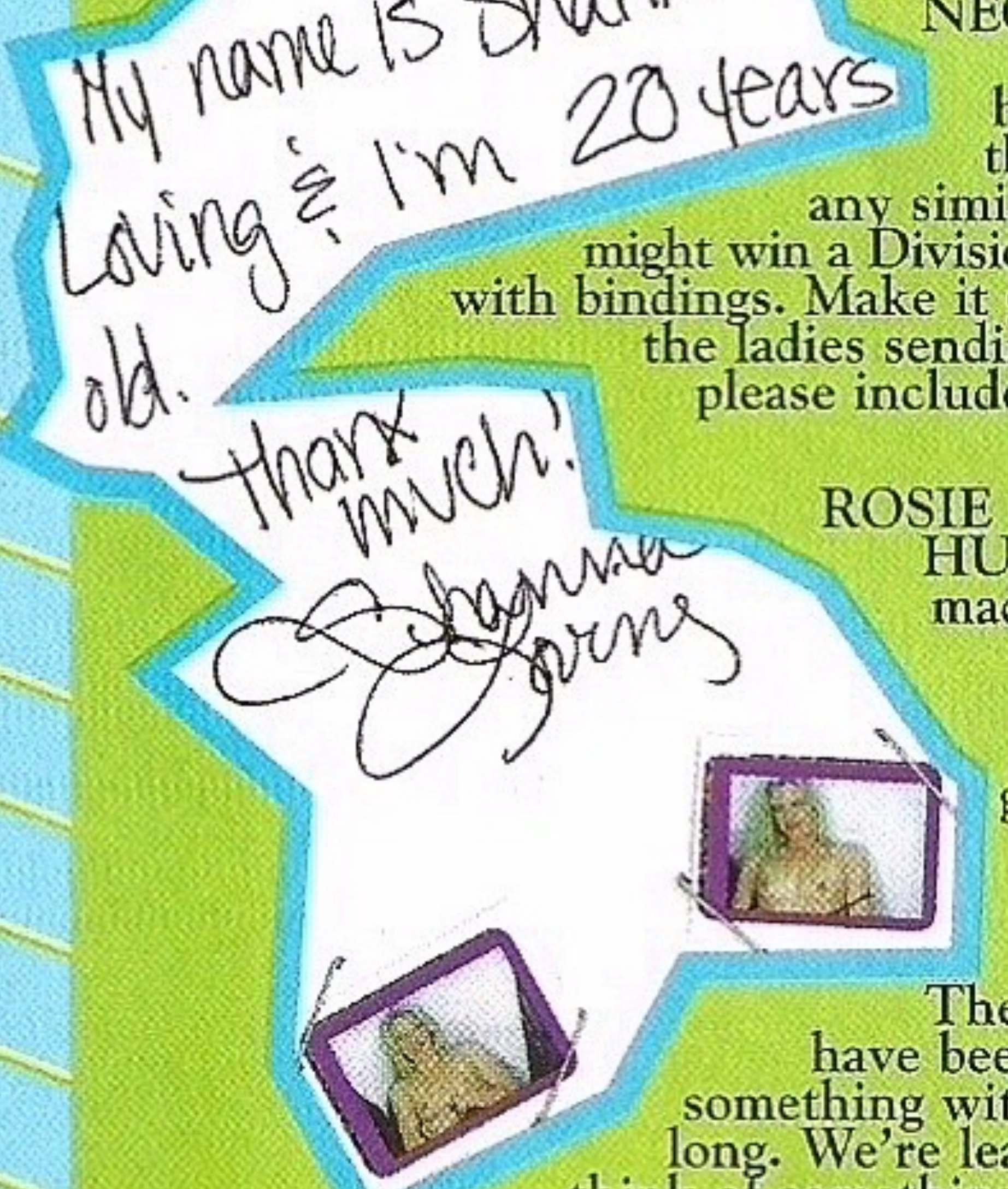


Shivon goes on "The O'Reilly Factor" to discuss the Prom Mom postcard. Shivon won 6 to 3.

CONTEST UPDATES

For the long-awaited launch of our website, we decided to do something special. Remember all of the contests we've been having? Well, now you can submit your answers at www.popsmear.com. We're extending the deadline to June 15. If you forgot what the contests were, here's a refresher course:

NEOPRINT: Send in your best NeoPrint sticker (it doesn't have to be NeoPrint, though they do seem to stick better, any similar sticker will do) and you might win a Division 23 snowboard with bindings. Make it good. (Note: for the ladies sending topless shots, please include a photocopy of your ID.)



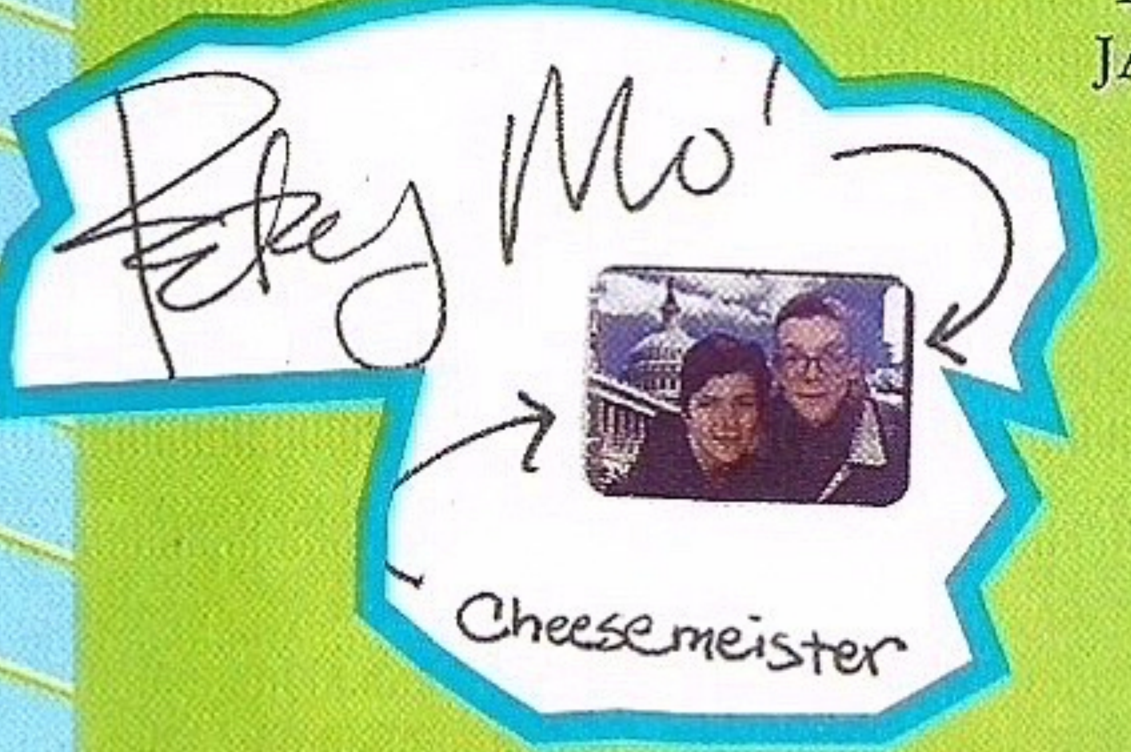
My name is Shanna
Loving & I'm 20 years
old.
Thanx
much!

ROSIE O'DONNELL'S HUGE HEAD: We made a plaster cast of a head remarkably similar to Rosie's, and we want to know how many candy corns you think could fit in that huge melon. The winner gets the actual plaster cast head. It's a beauty.

THE NERVE: Oh, The Nerve. These guys have been pestering us to do something with their band for too long. We're leaving it up to you to think of something fun, nasty and creative for them to do. The winner gets a copy of the Pam and Tommy video.

Cheno/Gil

JAMES' CAT: Kitschka has found a new home with Jess from Pseudo, who's been kept awake many nights with Kitschka's constant meowing. Ever stop to wonder why a cat would be given away?



Pokey Mo'
Cheesemeister

Send your entries to:
POPsmear
attn: (contest name here)
50 W 23rd St, 6th Fl
New York, NY 10010

Or enter at www.popsmear.com.

~~Lost &~~ FOUND

stanton & ludlow

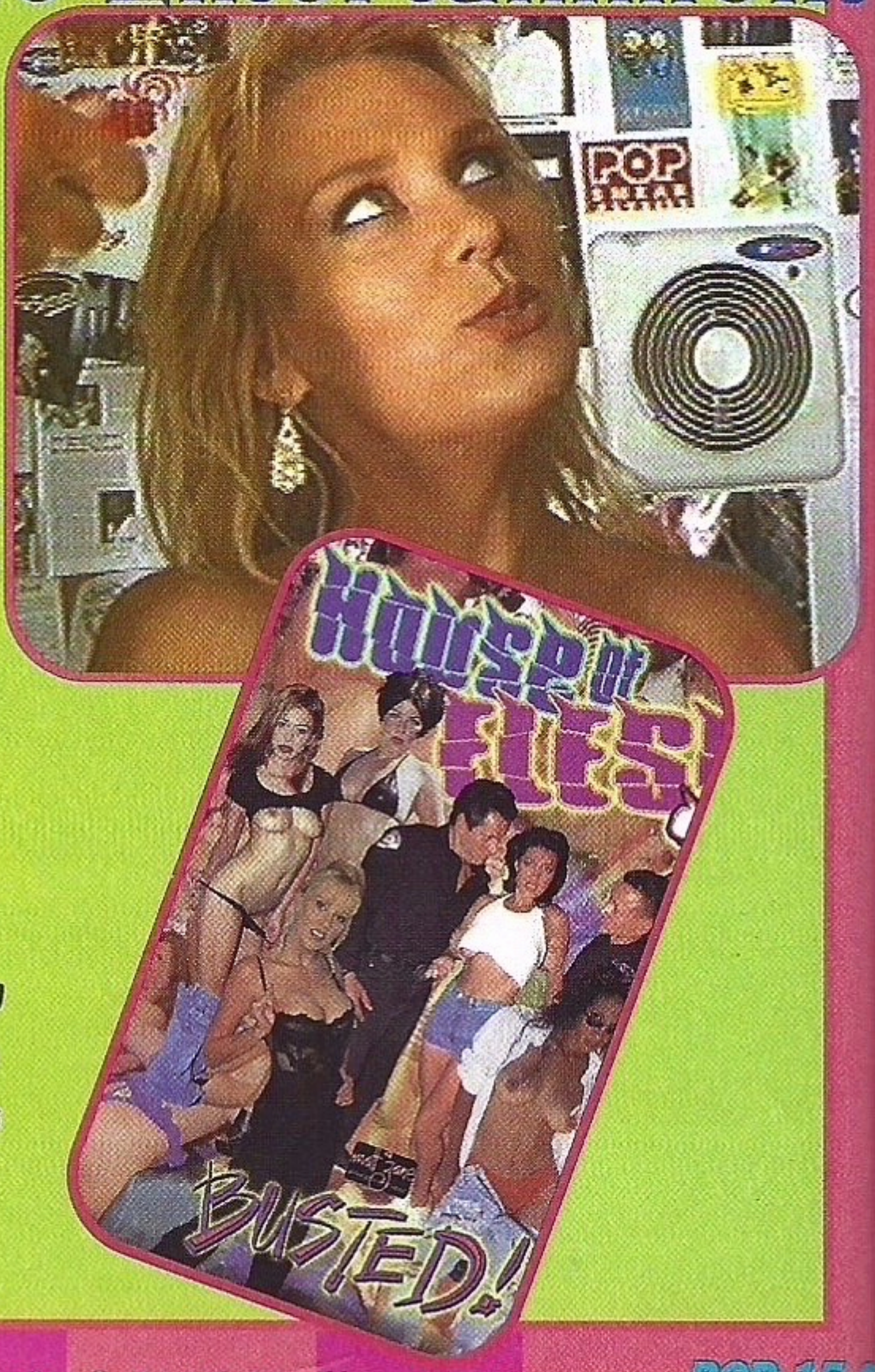
Ludlow & Stanton

Send us photos, letters and anything else odd you stumble upon. If we publish it we'll send you a FREE POPsmear T-shirt!

PLUG OF THE MONTH:

Zane Entertainment

Big time props go out to our friends at Zane Entertainment. This shot comes from House of Flesh II, in which the first scene is loaded with POPsmear stickers. If you want to check out the rest, head down to your favorite video store. It's one of the wildest pornos you'll ever see.



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by: Bill Vaughn

1-800-NIT-PICK

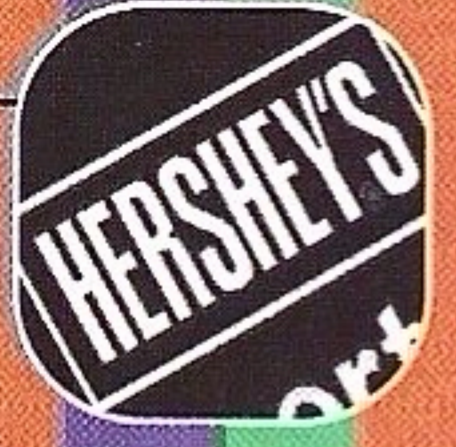
What the hell? It's a free call!

What's that? You say your chunky peanut butter isn't chunky enough? Potato chips disappointingly crushed and broken in the bag? A hint of flatness in your beer? Quick, while your dander is still up, search the product label for an 800 number. If you find one, that means there's an actual person waiting for you to call in and vent your consumer rage, no matter how trivial the problem. Call and you'll be amazed, not only at how interested the consumer affairs people are in your petty complaints, but also at how familiar they are with the product, its ingredients, marketing, etc. Pepsico has a separate line you can call if you just want to talk about phosphorus. Some companies will follow up with a bizarrely polite letter thanking you for bothering them, sometimes including coupons for, or free samples of, the very product you called in to complain about.

Company: Weaver

Product: Pop Weaver's Light Gourmet Microwave Popcorn
Hold Music: None. Answered right off.
Complaint: Popcorn tastes like ashes.
Response: Apology; request to test remaining package; two letters; 19 free packages of assorted popcorn; promotional pamphlet on popcorn history (illus.)

Company: Hershey's



Product: Chocolate Marshmallow artificially flavored drink (in boxes)
Hold Music: Easy listening muzak
Complaint: Straws bend, crack, and leak upon entering box
Response: Discussion of perforation method; promise to pass along concerns to research and development.

Company: Chef Boyardee

Chef Boyardee
SHREDDER!

Product: Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles vs. Shredder (pasta shapes with mini meatballs in tomato sauce)
Hold Music: Recorded company phone menu
Complaint: Shredder figure unidentifiable; "Looks more like a Volkswagen than a Ninja."
Response: Feigned surprise. "We've never heard that complaint before." Coupons sent.

Company: Louis Rich

CARVING BOARD

Product: Carving Board (Sliced turkey breast.)
Hold Music: "Layla" (unplugged version)
Complaint: Misleading label: "I thought I was buying an actual carving board."
Response: Silence (suppressed laughter?); put on hold; composed explanation of label: "Meat is similar in cut to cut on carving board."

Company: Hostess

Hostess
FRUIT PIE
REAL FRUIT FILLING
APPLE

Product: Apple Pie
Hold Music: New Age synthesizer
Complaint: Pie filling is half air. "How could that happen?"
Response: Full description of pie filling process. "Fruit pump, air lock, and fruit pressure" all considered as possible causes. Coupons sent.

Company: Pepsico

MOUNTAIN DEW
1 IN 6 WIN

Product: Mountain Dew
Hold Music: Promotional "Pepsi Generation" music
Complaint: Question on freshness dating. "What happens to Mountain Dew after the expiration date?"
Response: Transfer to freshness dating specialist, who assures "No health risks." Expired soda will assume an "Off taste," however. Discussion of freshness liner.

Company: Kellogg's

Kellogg's
Nutri-Grain
Almond Raisin
NO SUGAR ADDED!

Product: Nutri-Grain Cereal
Hold Music: Lounge piano
Complaint: Cereal is not "delicious," "sumptuous," "rich," "great" or "perfect." (Text on box promises it is.)
Response: Mild hostility: "We're not going to put 'It tastes all right' on the box." (My reply: "Why not?") Transferred to a more polite specialist.

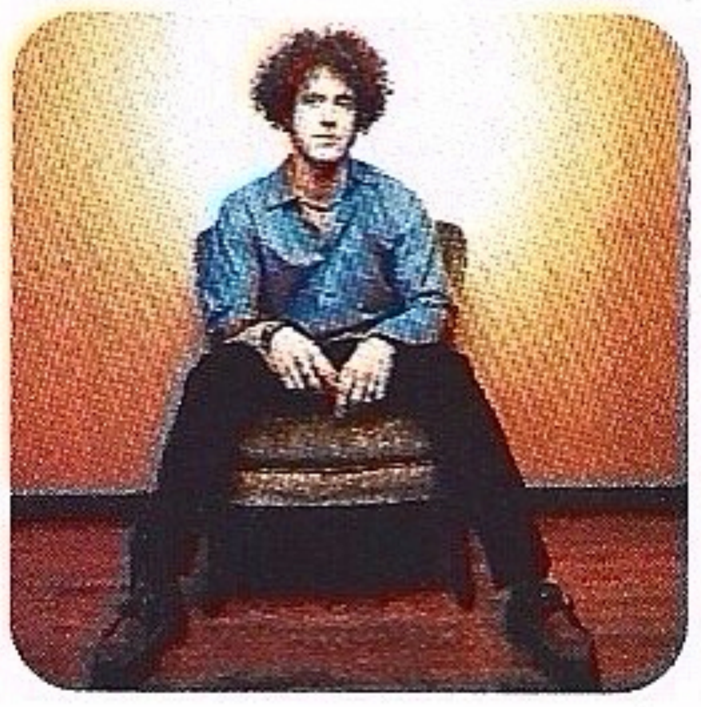
Company: Lipton

Lipton
Decaffeinated
The "BRISK"
48

Product: Naturally Decaffeinated Tea bags
Hold Music: AC/DC
Complaint: Little strings coming unattached from tea bags
Response: Code on box traced to packaging plant; promise to investigate; coupons for tea sent.

Bill Vaughn is the Editor of The Crunge. Write him at 3041 West Ave K, Lancaster CA 93536.

1-800-nit-pick



Superdrag

Head Trip In Every Key

Thirteen new songs that go in one ear and in the other.

Features *"Do The Vampire"*

Produced by Jerry Finn with Superdrag

Superdrag
Head Trip In Every Key

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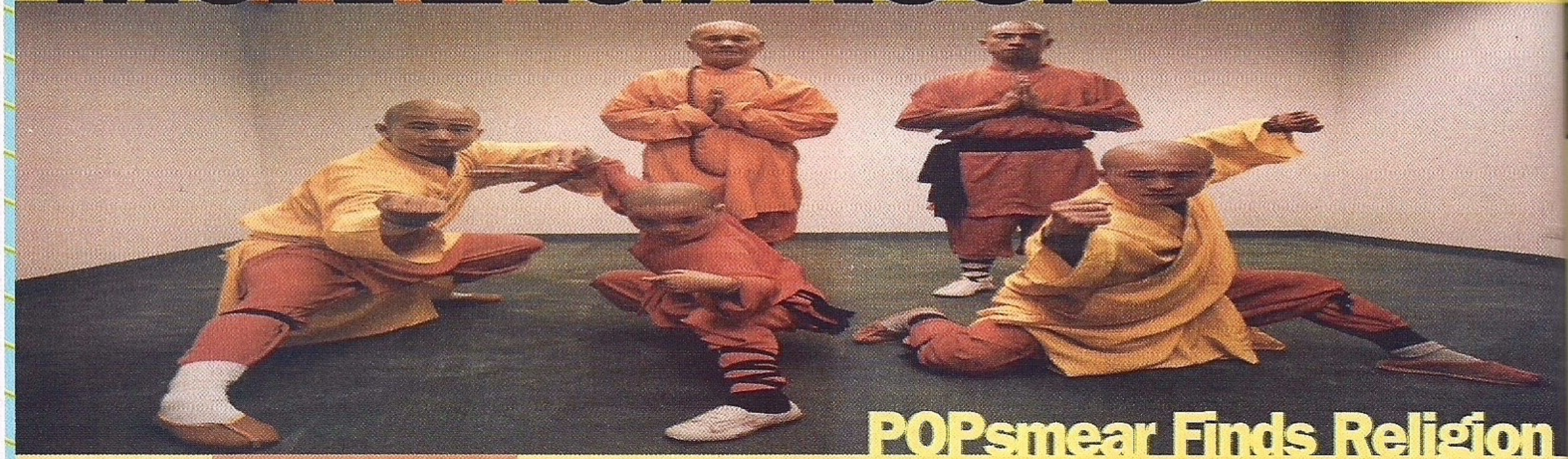
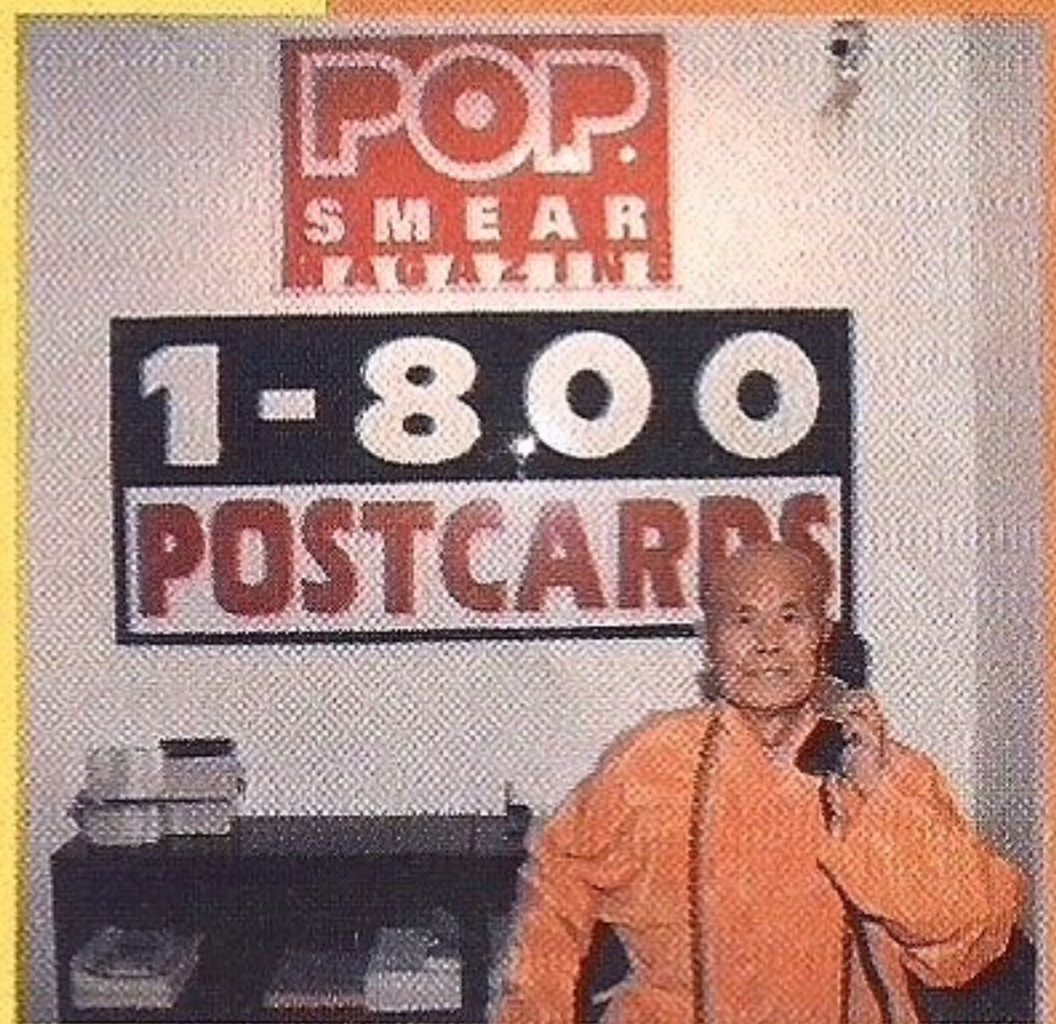
MONKiNG AROUND



POPsmear Finds Religion

photos: Abby Gennet

by: Shivon Vanessa



Our new receptionist

Jim Rose is a pussy. I have never before nor will I ever again witness anything as amazing as the Shaolin Monks. There are no tricks here, kids. Witnessing an eight year old boy do headsprings, yes HEADsprings (bouncing from his head to his feet to his head to his feet without stopping and without using his hands), makes you question things a little bit. Find me a gymnast who can do flips like that. That bed of nails trick is old news. How about having a guy place two long spears into his neck, lean on them so much that the rod starts to bend, then have someone else smash a cinderblock on the back of his neck? Still breaking boards with your head? Don't quit your day job until you've mastered the art of breaking an iron rod over your head. Do you think your seventy-nine year old grandfather could do a split, then touch his nose to his toes? Could you even do that? You think you know what reality is? What is humanly possible and impossible?

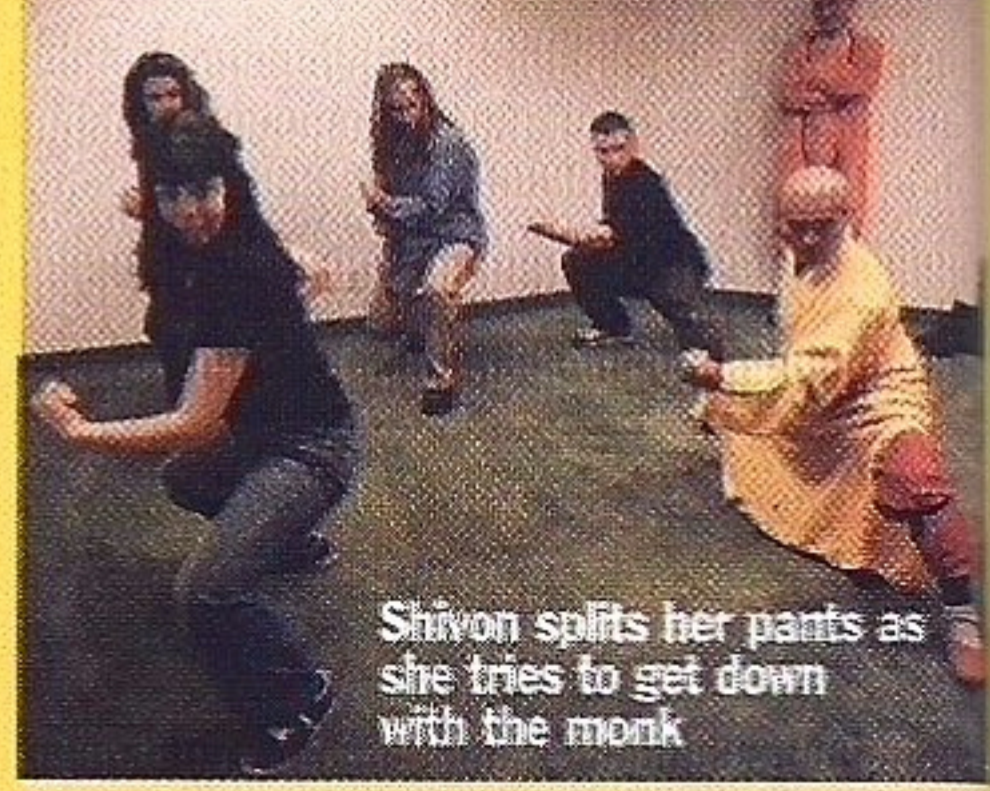
You don't know shit.

Seeing the monks perform these amazing feats was even more spectacular after they had spent the day at the POPsmear offices. They loved everything. The pens, magnets, binders, postcards, business cards and, of course, *POPsmear*. Who says we're offensive? The monks couldn't put the magazine down. I think that says something—even if they don't know any English. They showed us a slice of their world by leading us in some Chi exercises, and in turn, we took them to Staples. Hey, they wanted to buy some office supplies. You should have heard the ooohs and aaahs as we hit the binder aisle. After having the manager practically kick us out, the monks decided on the proper color and size of the binders they wanted and made their purchases. I don't know what was more interesting: the monks looking at pens, magnets and binders or everyone else (myself included) looking at the monks looking at the pens, magnets and binders. Porn stars, drag queens and strippers could not have gotten this much attention from our office staff or the staff at Staples.

There is no way to properly explain what it's like to either hang out with the monks or see them perform. But, it's something that everyone must do. You'll leave feeling enlightened. But, you may also feel like **a fat bloated idiot who is wasting his life away.**

The Master, practicing fo career as a Staples mana

The monks discover binde

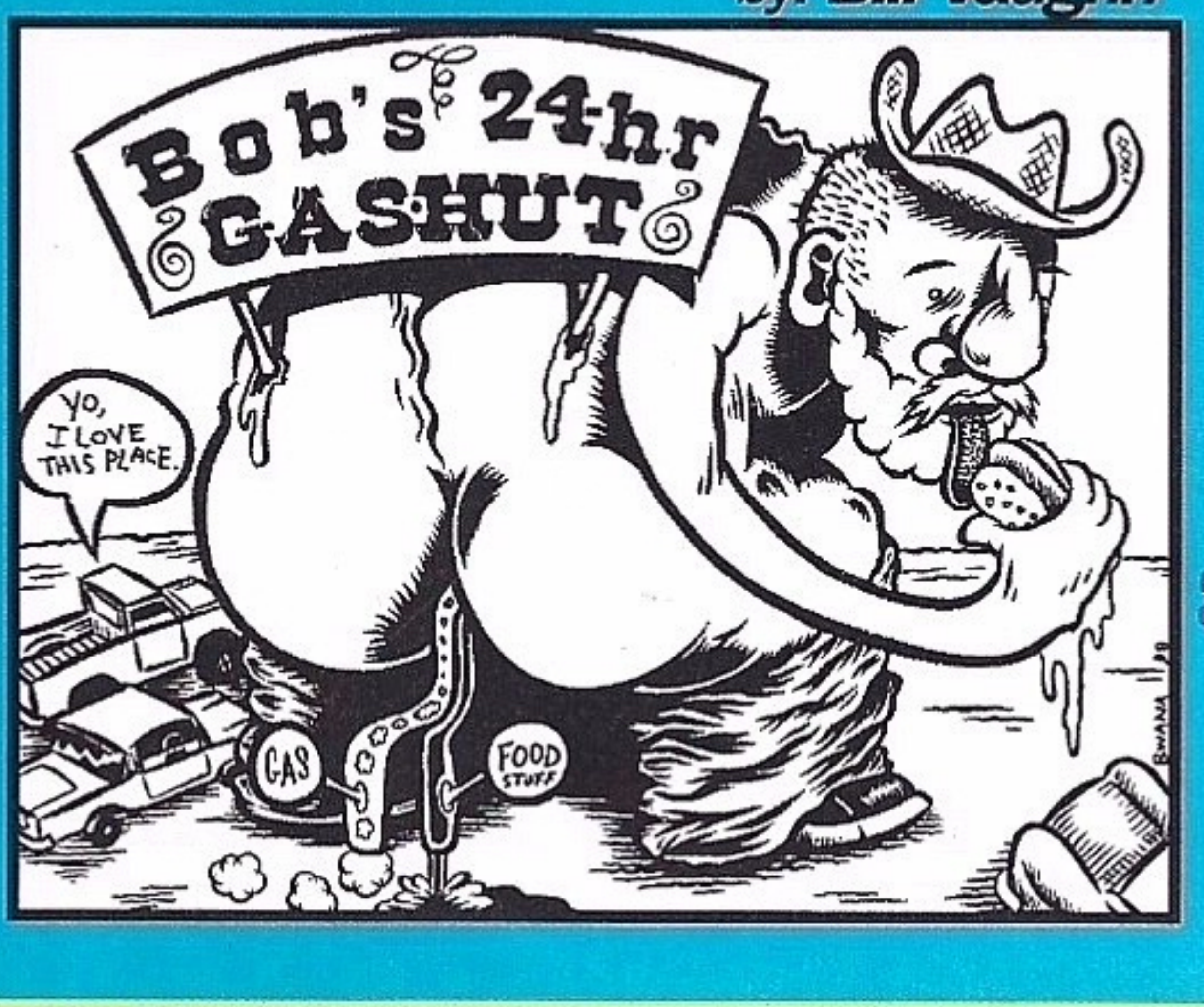


Shivon splits her pants as she tries to get down with the monk

The old spear in the neck trick

THE WORST BUSINESS NAMES IN AMERICA

by: Bill Vaughn



1. The Sanitary Hotdog, Clarksburg, WV
Funny how this name automatically makes you think of things unsanitary, don't it? One can only assume what kind of napkins the place uses.

2. Gaseteria, Spencerport, NY
OK, so you can buy gas and then eat cooked food here, but why must these two products be mingled into one unspeakably sickening word? Let's just be happy the restroom facilities weren't grafted in somehow.

3. Jolly Mutt Grooming, Miami, FL
When you think about how much the average dog likes being washed and groomed you can start to enjoy the irony of this business name. The use of the word "Mutt" just makes me imagine the help slapping pooches.

4. Butt Hutt, Fort Wayne, IN
How'd you like to answer the phone at this "cigarette emporium" for a day or two? But who cares if a name suggests burnt-out smokes and sadism—IT RHYMES!

5. Kids Kollege and Kounty, Billings, MT
Why would a day care center outlaw the letter 'c'? Is it true that cuteness—Kuteness, that is—was invented to mask the actual drudgery of child care? Hmmm...

6. Smokey Bob's Open Pit, Liquors, Morenci, AZ
What exactly are we selling here, Bob? Barbequed Whisky? Or maybe it's really Bob that's smoked and the liquor store is really a pit?

7. City Bites, Philadelphia, PA
Maybe the pressure of living in the City of Brotherly Love gets to be too much to bear sometimes. At this particular bar you can apparently drown your woes in sarcasm.

8. The Karaoke Guru, San Clemente, CA
In California, there's no way to tell whether this a new religion or just another cheesy SoCal word salad. Hey, wait a minute, what's the difference?

9. Grease Monkey Auto, Cherry Hill, NJ
This is what you call "embracing the stereotype. The customer is supposed to feel class-superior on the levels of hygiene and intelligence. What'd ya expect?

10. Warrior Priest Arts, Sante Fe, NM
What does this sound like? You learn how to ki people, and then once they're dead you perform the last rites?

**Bill Vaughn is the Editor of The Crunge.
Write him at
3041 West Ave K, Lancaster CA 93536.**

art: *Bwana Spoons*

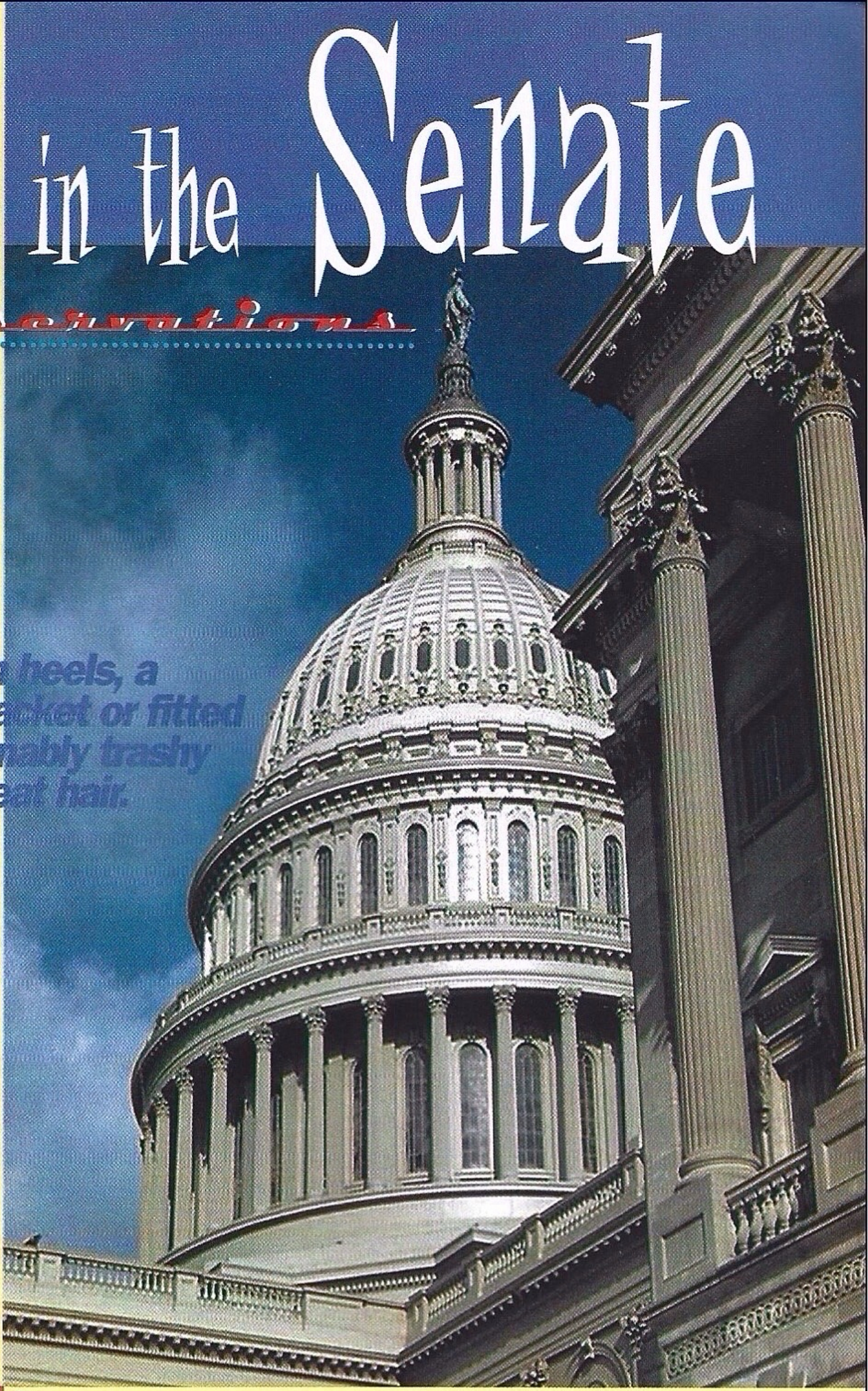
by: Victoria Shestack

How to Get a Job in the Senate

and other Observations

I was unemployed much of last year, or partially employed, a little of this and a little of that, after quitting a horrible job and driving cross country for a few months. So I worked for some months at my boyfriend Gideon's office, a human rights organization mostly working on issues related to Jews in the former Soviet Union. There I wrote chapters of a book on antisemitism in the FSU, wrote some press releases, took photographs at events, and other odds and ends, including spending a day at the Senate, distributing to every senator a "Dear Colleague" letter, which is a letter organizations finagle out of senators working on behalf of their issue (in this case protesting cuts in welfare benefits to elderly and disabled legal immigrants). The senator's office writes the letter inviting his/her colleagues (other Senators) to a "briefing"—a schpiel by the organization to inform the media and Congress of why what you have devoted your life to is the most important issue on the planet. Some office hack signs the letter for the Senator, gives it to another office hack to Xerox, who then gives it—with disdain for non-Congressional office hacks—to partially employed suckers like me, to stuff into envelopes and then distribute to each and every senate office, which are inconveniently housed in three separate monstrous buildings (named Russell, Dirksen and Hart, after some boring old guys), and which I found were generously populated with tartily dressed office babes. I was a little shocked. The Rich Cleland who is referred to in the story was a co-worker of my boyfriend's and was very pleased to discover the surfeit of short-skirted "babe-retaries." Remember that all this was written before Monica Lewinsky minced her way into the consciousness of the country.

> **Wear a short skirt, high heels, a provocatively shaped jacket or fitted blouse, loads of fashionably trashy makeup, tousled yet neat hair.**



This is how you get a job

Gals

Wear a short skirt, high heels, a provocatively shaped jacket or fitted blouse, loads of fashionably trashy make-up, tousled yet neat hair. Must be willing to mince down the long, man-filled corridors. Gotta snag that Senator after four years of studying for your MRS degree. NO ZITS ALLOWED. Absolutely no fatties may enter.

Boys

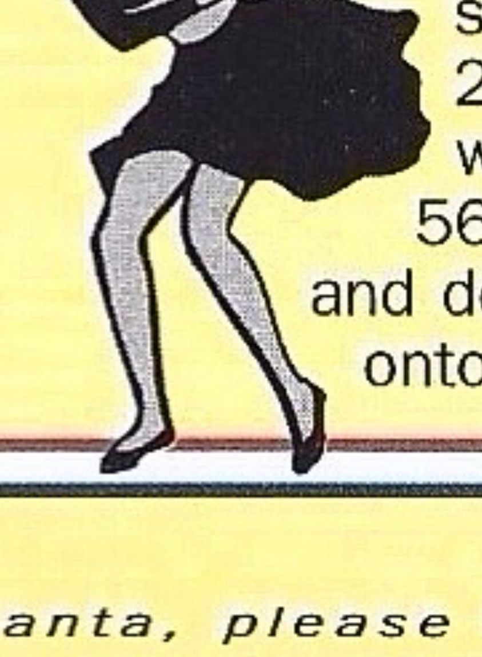
LONG HAIRS forbidden! No facial hair (unless you work for some do-gooder committee). Must have sparkly clean white face, preferably blond hair but brown is OK if you're from some liberal Northeastern state like New York. Must be young and athletic-looking and treat visitors with a tinge of superior disdain. No Dashikis or Guatemalan sweaters, puh-lease!

working for a Senator:

I know this because I was there, in every Senate office, on all floors of each of the three Senate buildings, greeted by every svelte receptionist. Rich Cleland and I spent four hours there, four hours walking around the three Senate buildings until our feet ached, handing out "Dear Colleague" letters inviting senators to a Congressional Briefing sponsored by Gideon's organization to protest cuts in welfare benefits to elderly and disabled immigrants. This is what we saw:

They Move All the Time

Senators come and go, they complain about the views from their windows or that they have afternoon sun when they want morning sun. So the halls are lined with piles of furniture, old leather chairs with green studded seams, the kind movie senators sit in. So Rich and I would get to Dirksen building room 2301 and there would be a sign which said "Senator Bozo Has Moved to Russell 2304," and then we would go to Russell 2305 and a sign would say "Senator Shmegegge Has Moved to Hart 5607." Understand that this involves more than going up and down in elevators but means that we keep having to hop onto the "Senate Subway."



In the Line of Fire: Sen. Fred Thompson cruising in his babemobile

The Senate Subway

The Senate Subway is like an underground monorail, a ski lift for squares. "The new rollercoaster—the Senate Spider! Thrills and chills, see lots of leg and lots of shiny bald heads—so many blue suits your head will spin!" The "train" only goes 10 miles an hour and there's nothing to see but white walls, but Rich has to sit in the front seat because he's like that and I hold onto the sides like I'm at Great Adventure.

Some of the cars have drivers, numbed men and women in blue caps, but others seem to move on their own, like rickety snakes. There is a walkway alongside the tracks, I assume so the girls can keep in shape, and everything is shiny clean and devoid of decorations. When the subway stops, a "doo-doo-doo" Jeopardy sound is played. Everyone acts as if it's normal to have a subway that only goes underneath three buildings, whose seats are warmed by the squishy butts of Newt, Ted and Jesse.

We get off at a stop which we think is the Russell Senate Office building and get in an elevator going up. These bouffanted women ask us "Where's the Rotunda?" and I say, "In the Capitol?" thinking, duh, why are they looking for the Rotunda in the Russell building, it's so, like, obvious that it's in the Capitol. Then I'm wondering why they are looking at me like I'm a bitch until we get off the elevator and see a sign that says "Welcome to the Capitol." We had been too freaked out by our ride on the subway to notice that we got off at the wrong stop, that we were supposed to "change trains" to get to our destination.

Other Things We Saw

Senator Al D'Amato came out of the "Senators Only" elevator surrounded by an entourage of big beefy African-American men and some pasty white guys. As you can imagine, Al is cheesy looking and very, very bald. And short. Would an alarm go off if I tried to ride the Senators' elevator? What if I was wearing a suit or a bald wig?

We saw a stiff John McCain, Senator from Arizona, posing with a group of high school kids—he looked like a cut-out you pose with on the street corner. The teen girls (obviously aspiring to jobs in the Senate) were wearing short skirts and clunky hooker shoes; the boys were wearing baseball hats and the ubiquitous BIG pants. They looked totally thrilled. I find out later that McCain spent many years in a P.O.W. camp in Vietnam and feel bad for thinking he looked like a stiff creep.

We saw a stiff John McCain, Senator from Arizona, posing with a group of high school kids —he looked like a cut-ou you pose with on the street corner.

The Worst Jobs in the Senate

The Copy Boy: We saw a deadly bored looking hack slumped in a folding chair in the "Senate Copy Room," which is a dump in the basement filled with bellowing copy machines.

C-Span videographers: Bored looking C-span hacks are draped along the walls outside the important hearing rooms. What creative cinematography. Just point and yawn.

Our Loot

- Jesse Helms key chains
- Potato-shaped pins from Idaho
- Luggage tags from Kay Bailey Hutchinson
- a U.S. Senate Pen
- a menu from the Senate Dining room away from which we were escorted: "The cafeteria is back there," said a stern woman in a pink uniform, pointing to a dingy looking place in "the back."
- a bunch of brochures about aquariums in Florida (I'm always looking for manatee pictures)

Rich, who is more charming than I and more interesting to the babe-retaries, got a list of movies in which Senator Fred Thompson had roles (including *In the Line of Fire* and *Iron Eagles III*), as well as an autographed photo of the Senator waving from the window of this red babemobile—signed in gold pen. Rich also helped himself to free donuts and danishes in Senator Kennedy's office.

Overheard

In the office of Texan Senator Kay Bailey Hutchinson, we walked in to find a meeting of men in suits hovering around a small table. I heard one say, "the next topic of discussion—the underground railroad." Hey guys, you know, slavery's over.

Our verdict

We'd rather dig graves.

Victoria publishes Viznews bimonthly.
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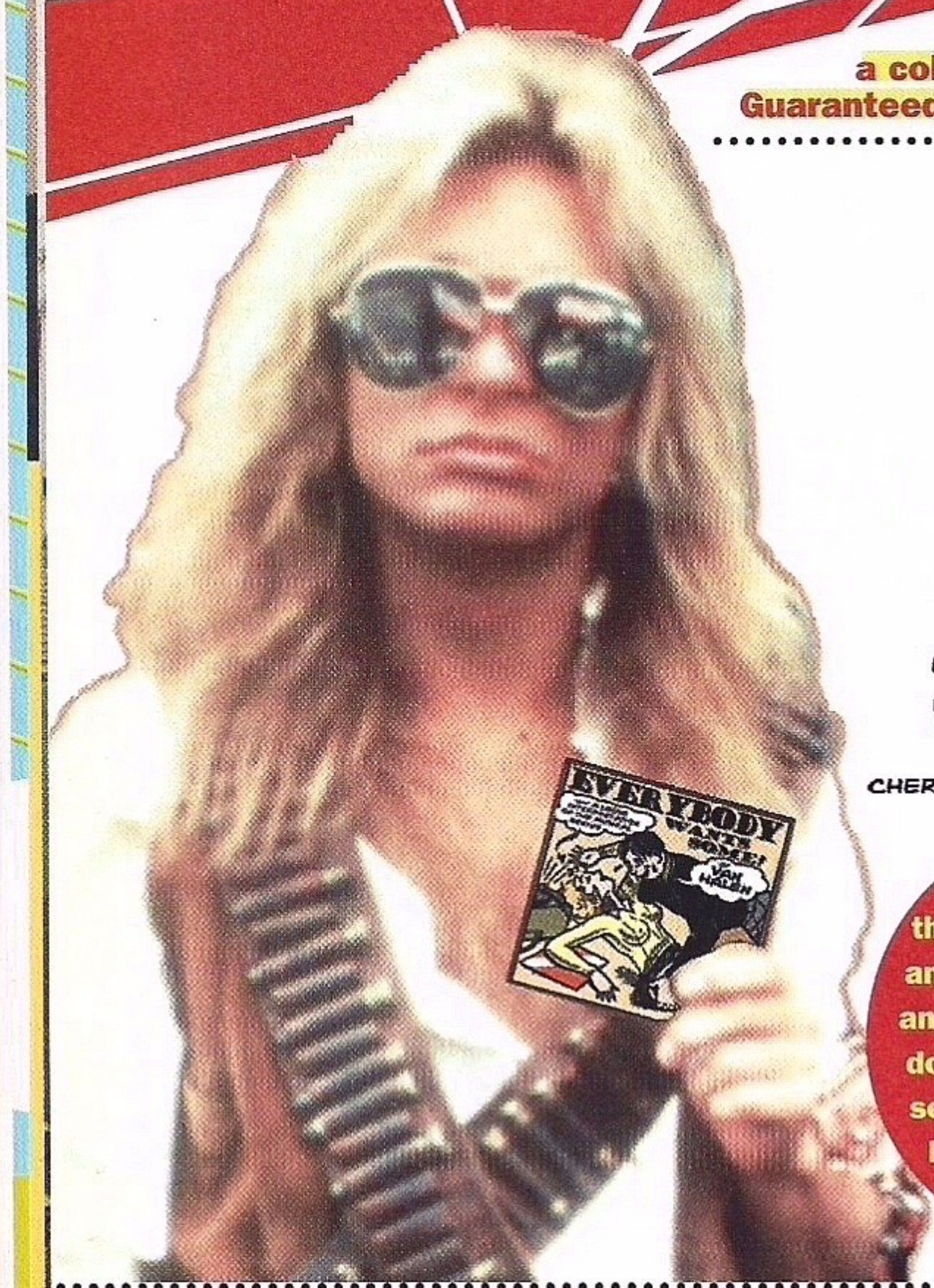

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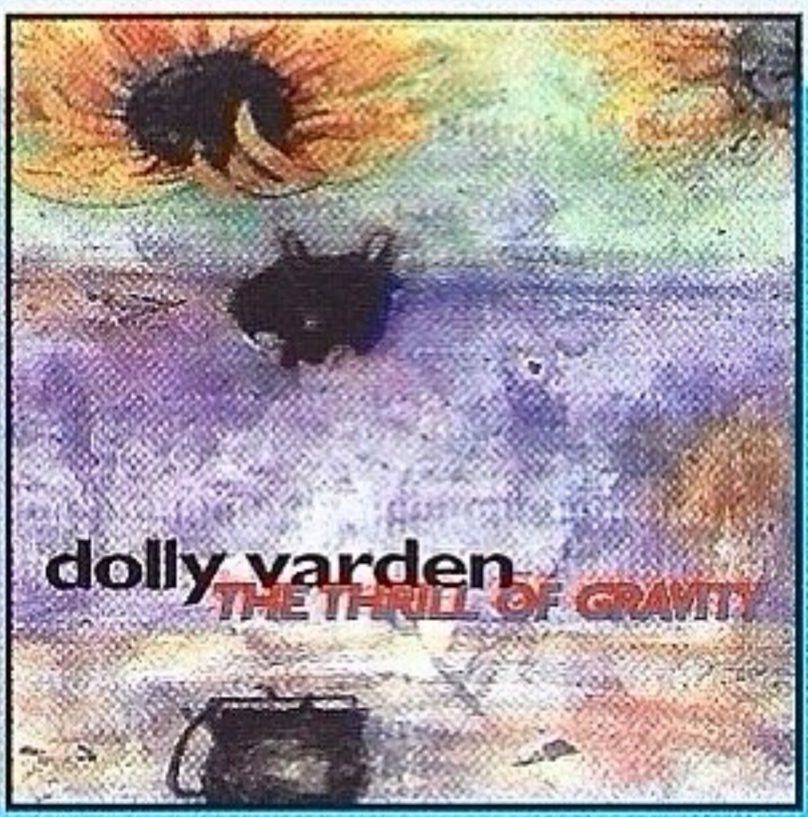

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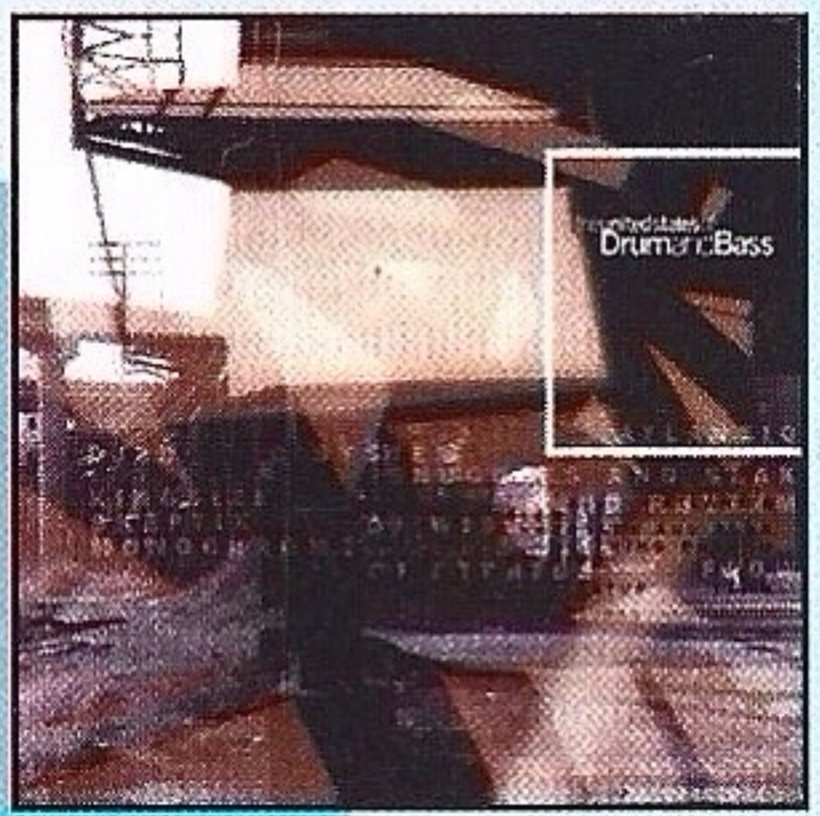

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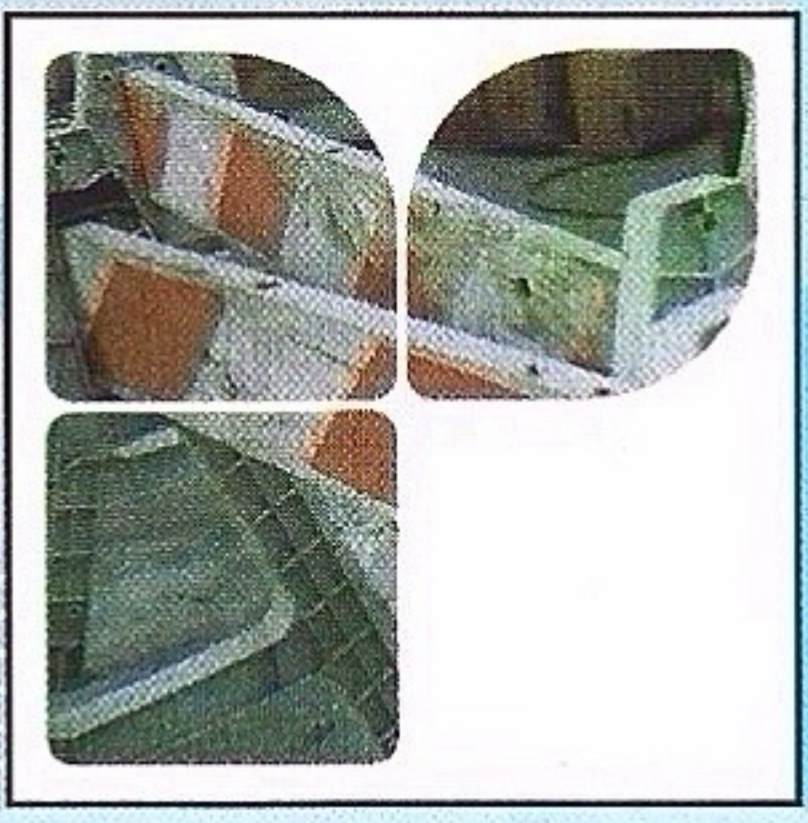

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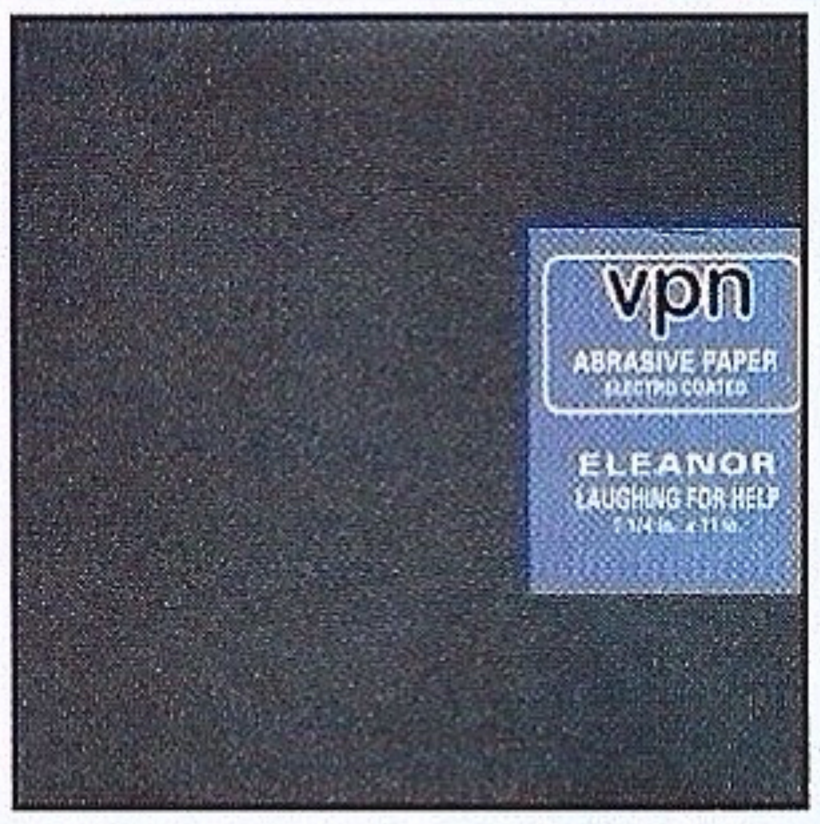

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The Gospel According

The Gospel According to James

My life has been all about my magazine and the postcard company I run. Although people seem to respond positively to those successes, this can get pretty boring very quickly. What others find so exciting can certainly lack passion to the one who does it all. And passion seems to be the key to it all.

I had an interesting few weeks recently. After the struggles of getting our new offices, you would expect the euphoria of a battle hard won. We have the new space, the growth of everything, and the increase in people and influence. But it lacked miserably, and I honestly wasn't surprised—my will was sapped.

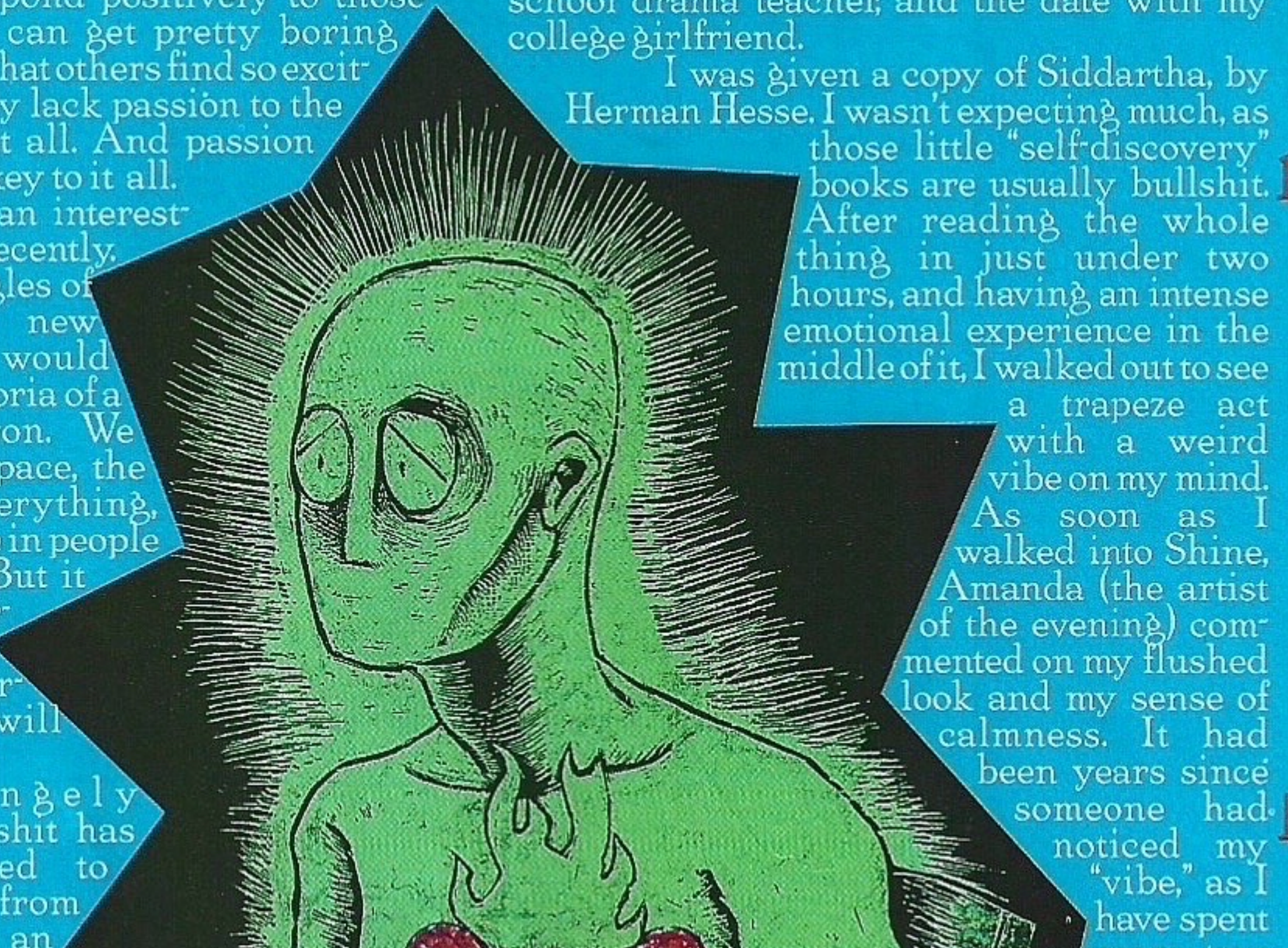
illustration by Panhandler Press

Strangely enough, a lot of shit has recently started to come together from my past. In an attempt to impress those who were a part of my life in the past, I ended up learning some quick and valuable lessons from them, reminding me why they were so important to me back then. I suddenly lost all desire to try to show them what I'VE done, and really keyed into their lives and what THEY had done.

The last Gospel was a U-turn from my usual rah-rah about self improvement and go-fuckin'-get'em, and there was an amazingly personal response from the virtual woodwork. Letters and email and conversation from people I cared about actually hit home, reminding me of the fact that I was not just a media and business guy, but a human being. I sometimes forget that, with the weird hours I keep, the lack of a phone at home, and the surrealistic lifestyle I lead. There are real people out there who live real lives, and I could not even grasp that anymore.

It started with the very concerned and REAL responses from people. The email from my hippy high school girlfriend, the concerned letter from an old performance contact who should be as fucked up as I imagined myself to be, the phone call from the ex-girlfriend who cried when reading the Gospel, the greeting card from my high school drama teacher, and the date with my college girlfriend.

I was given a copy of Siddartha, by Herman Hesse. I wasn't expecting much, as those little "self-discovery" books are usually bullshit. After reading the whole thing in just under two hours, and having an intense emotional experience in the middle of it, I walked out to see a trapeze act with a weird vibe on my mind. As soon as I walked into Shine, Amanda (the artist of the evening) commented on my flushed look and my sense of calmness. It had been years since someone had noticed my "vibe," as I have spent years trying to bury my reactions in order to further my business and personal successes at the expense of my actual reaction to things.

This theme began to repeat itself in a positive way. I spoke to the people who had so sincerely responded to my writing, and received many passionate responses. These were heartfelt thoughts that I had not seen since my induction into the retarded union/big boss/bureaucratic bullshit of moving into a NYC building, battling with people whose world of red tape crap I had never seen. Suddenly, I was exposed to the real emotion I was forced to remove myself from for so long to get what I needed to get.

Things seemed to really gel with a date with the woman I dated for almost three years in college. After an evening of drinks, the conversation turned to our relationship eight years ago. Expressing my regret for all the stupid shit I did, she surprisingly avoided all the cliche "we were young" crap, and hit me with the defining statement of the evening: "It was the passion."

And yeah—that was it—it WAS the passion. It was the frustrations of being young and unable to intelligently argue your way out of a box (even though you KNEW you were right), and the absurdly cheesy stuff you did to express the love you felt for this person at the time. And I think we both realized that within our seemingly exciting lives, the passion was gone. It is now all about calculated response and "mature" attitude, neither of which we really give a rat's ass about. But since I was already into the mode to reject that, her statement did not slip by me lightly.

Then I recognized it all around me. My trip to Austin, TX, an annual event which guarantees debauchery, was vaguely boring, but also quite nice, as it made me feel satisfied in a benign sort of way. The simple gestures of postcards sent and time spent with people not necessarily close to me was heartening. I think I began to realize the joy in certain simple conversations (I suppose they were always there) but I read them differently.

The culmination came tonight, with a surprise party hosted at my office by my friend Sid McCain. I am holding a press/vendor reception in a week to show off our new offices, yet she wanted to do something nice for me beforehand. She gathered together my very closest friends, many of whom I met through my business (strangely enough), to come over and surprise me with champagne and fun. It was so heartfelt and passionate that I could not help but be moved by the whole thing. Finally, my true friends had come together for the first time in months to be with each other and celebrate what I had done. No press, no industry players, no people to impress, and no planning on my part. Just my friends who were happy to stop by and say "hi."

That is the passion that I had been lacking and the reminder to me that there really are people who are just there to care about you. Weird that you have to worry about that, but pretty damn heartening that they are still there and they still take an interest after all the media-soaking/ass-kissing hype dials down. Just when the passion seems all but sapped, it pops up in the most inspiring ways.

> It is now all about calculated response and mature attitude, neither of which we really give a rat's ass about.

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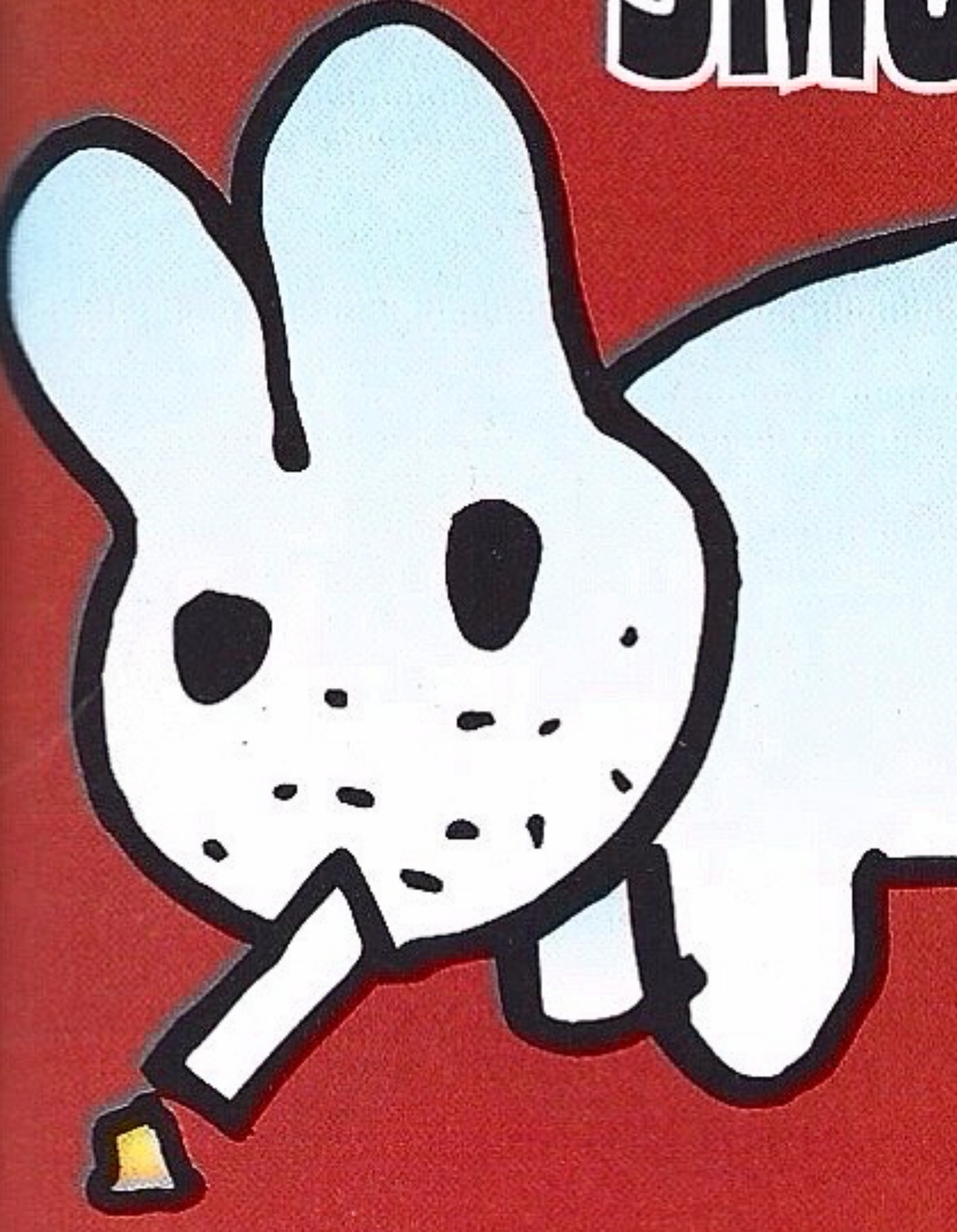

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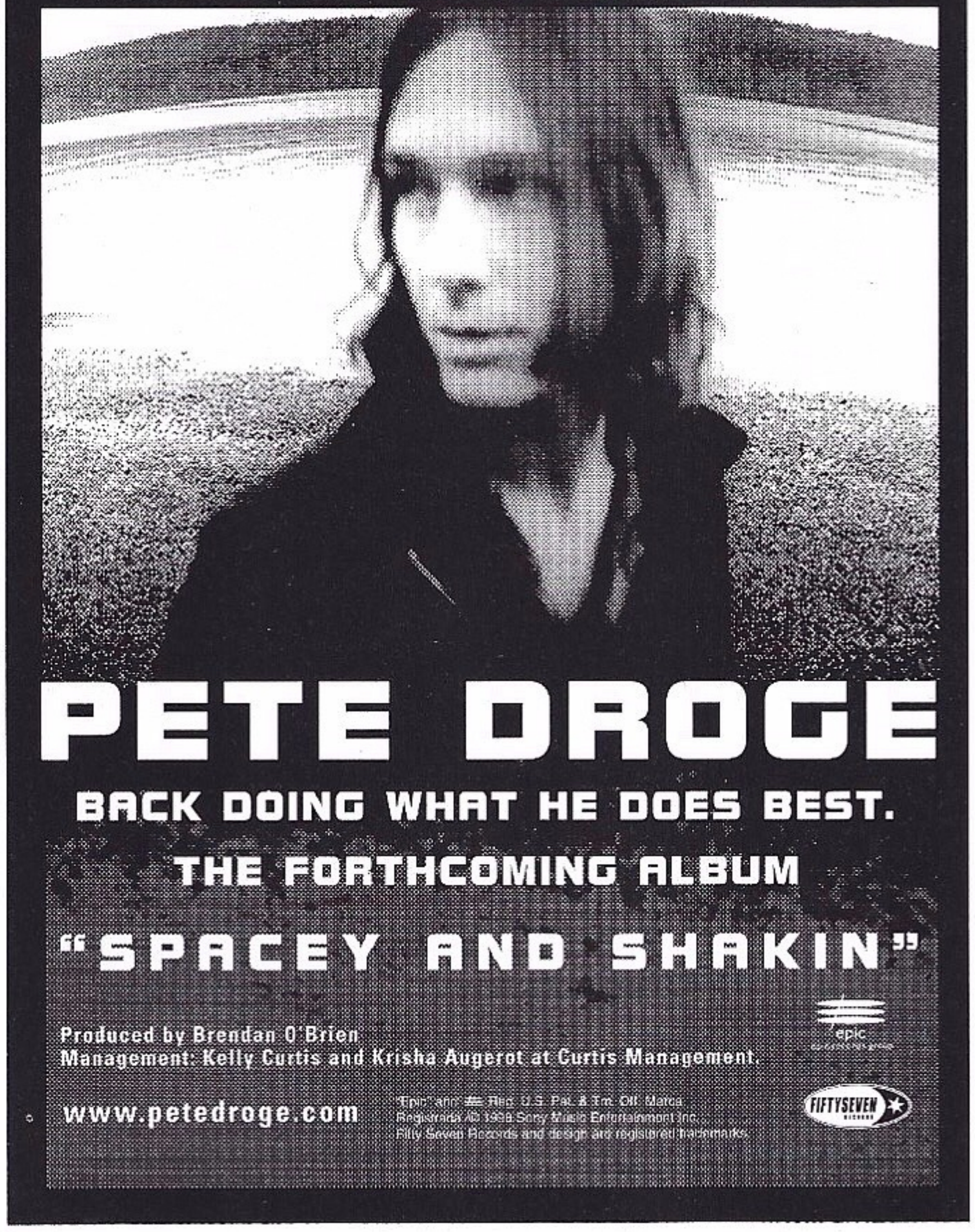

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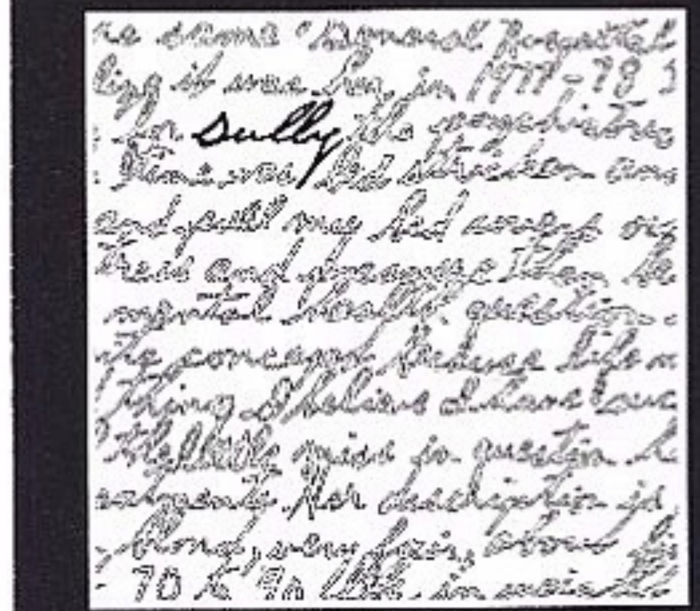

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AFTER OURS

The SLUTS *Weasel*

BY: LUSCIOUS LAKE

Ah yeah—Grammy's '98. Ever eager to push at the boundaries of party crashing, yours truly starts to mastermind a mega glamorous bust. TIP #1: Always surround self with gorgeous ladies. So I call up my bitches to find out who's down whilst offering the ultimate and irresistible temptations of a complete MAKEOVER (big wow!) performance by Patrick, the genius behind Sphere Boutique and hair by in-house scissorhand starlet, Kylie Martin. Let me introduce the nominees for the night... Princess Lady Skorpio, Cookie and Lou Lou "Oui? C'est Moi!" (aka The Sluts). Our night of magic starts with a fly fitting which consisted of Patrick staring at me intensely, tilting his head to the side, stepping back, biting his lip then huskily imploring, "Lime! It's vibrant contrast is your destiny!" Uh, OK.... Lady Skorpio passes me a 'champagne' cooler and next thing I got tropical products flyin in my hair with a hair dryer blasting about 400 degrees of white heat on my scalp, oooh, what we suffer for beauty. But hours of loving laboring later we are transformed into goddesses of gorgeousness, not that we weren't to begin with, but... Snapping on the fake lashes and lip gloss decked in pleather and maribou, we head uptown in our limousine.

snaps by: The Sluts themselves

Party #1:
UNIVERSAL AT THE FOUR SEASONS.

Inappropriately sober, we pause before entering for a pre-party pep talk, deciding to use a secret Strasberg technique called "sensory alcohol" to help us achieve the rock rhythm. Tip #2: This is cheap and filling too. Once inside, how great is it that we are besieged by numerous paparazzi, desperate to capture our sexy superslut styles. Sluts Forever! Spotting the ubiquitous James huddled in a corner hittin his supermack one liners on Lisa Loeb we collectively gasp and hustle over to see what kinda action our man is getting... Oh my god, are they making out already?! Lisa politely smiles as she dabs on a fresh coat of lipstick while we politely smirk as we dab at the pop star smeared lips of James. Nothing like a little star sucking to get the party started!

Speaking of which, I am charmed to find the grabber of my bad ass booty to be none other than the Bond-themed man himself, Double O Moby. Suddenly as the 30 piece swing band strikes up a tango he pulls me into a ferocious and hot rendition of said dance. Damn, I think, this man is smooth down to his phat "Snake River Rodeo Champion" belt buckle, but aah, can he match the street walkin action of my infamous break dance floor work? Before I know it he gets down to the challenge and is lockin 'n poppin like the freshest of the Rock Steady Crew. Only a moment of pause as he finishes for me to decide if I should risk taking out eyes with my 5" stiletto heels. Hell yeah! In my fine splendor I hit the floor, yes in the middle of Les Quatre Saisons, dazzling rich music folk with my complex legwork...a special 60 degree one harder, followed by a tri-minute butterfly and ending with my globally renowned spin 'poseur' fake out. Ah—Glorious '80s.

Their Way Into GRAMMY Parties

By this point we've gathered quite a celebrity-filled audience who (led by Grammy host himself, Kelsey Grammer) promptly burst into cheers and applause. I high five everyone and am happy to report my Max Hold 10 hairspray...held. Needing a little energy booster we head to the Oyster Bar where we spy No Clout's Gwen Stephani and her Bush service man sucking down those delicate tongues. Eeeew. It's enough to make you wanna drink ANOTHER free drink. And what is with that third eye she's always sportin? Guess you gotta keep a watch over your man cause he be checkin MY goods out. Gwen hustles her errant beau out, but he pauses for a quick grope of Lady Skorpio on the way out...Lady S says, "It was icky," fortunately for him he was quick enough to avoid feeling her 27th level Shaolin power...lat-ah, boring rock star couple. (I could find more excitement with a monkey puppet.) Wait, there's a whoosh of big crazy hair and someone's yelling "Diana, Diana..." Lady Skorpio and Princess Superstar quickly help me spring into a pyramid cheer position so that I can see above the mass crowd and I catch a tad glimpse of that great goddess... Gimme an R-O-S-S!!! Yay! This is about when my motion is spotted by two security guys who psychically notice we are ready to leave and gentlemanly escort us to the exit! Tip #3: This will always add to your superstar mystique if ever you are privileged enough to receive this kind of special treatment. (Did somebody say 'Scores'??) OK, onto the next pah-tay...

Party #2:
POLYGRAM DO AT NYC RACQUET AND TENNIS CLUB (STINKY!)

Knowing what we really really want, we hitch up our dresses and zig-a-zig-aah-cross Madison Avenue. Cool, let the driver keep reading his *Hustler*. Grabbing more free cocktails, we hit the dance floor. It's not long after feeling the weight of the hip crowd's stares we break into our rehearsed 'impromptu' Spice Girls routine. (Yes James, the one you'd been waiting for all night!) "Shimmee to the left—if you're having a good time..." In the middle of our simultaneous crotch grab, Princess spots a fine brother in the back yellin "Ma cherie, ma cherie!" and can't resist breakin' ranks and diving into the audience to get up close to the Black American God. Beamin her big Baby Spice smile the 20 beefy security hams step back and make way for her. Again she beams at the God awaiting the expected reciprocated results only to have someone quietly whisper that this God is none other than Stevie fucking Wonder!! "Uh-cool shades." She gasps. Yeah—real cool. About now Lou Lou starts going crazy and starts singing "I Just Called To Say I Love You." "But Mr. Wonder, you don't understand, your song is the template to which I live my life... It's SO meaningful. I Lo-ove you." It's so embarrassing and THEN she requested a keepsake photo to which Mr. Security responds, "Stevie gets spooked by sudden light flashes, it makes him get all disoriented and he starts swaying uncontrollably to and fro." (Um, but doesn't he do that anyway?)

Now I'M feeling something big and hard rubbing up against me. I turn around to find Cookie sportin the hugest, most beautiful thing I've ever seen in my life...a ten gallon bottle of MOET. We are living LARGE. Tip #4: At these richie rich parties NOBODY cares what you do because everything is pre-paid for. Time to find some more stars.

Party #3:
WARNER BROS. THE ULTIMATE PARTY AT ROSELAND

This was scary...the fans are lined up outside and as we approach even the police are yelling "It's the Spice Girls!" People are trying to grab and tear at our clothing...SECURITY!! Now let me say this party was the MAC, Roseland is totally unrecognizable. It's amazing what a zillion well spent dollars can do to facelift an otherwise dirty and ugly location. As we get guest-listed through the mob scene, I get slyly winked at by Sean Lennon, who quips, "Looks like this party is where the lay-dees are at!" Damn straight! Speaking of laydees, I see Lil' Kim checkin out our own Princess Superstar. (How much would you pay to see those two go at it?!) That sure puts the ho back in showdown. Looking for serious action I spot surprise winner Paula WHO Cole looking like a goddam grade school teacher worse than Madonna does! Maybe you should take some tips of provocative dressing from The Sluts...and head over to offer MY interpretation of that annoying song, "I don't wanna wait for this song to be over..." Somebody gimme a fuckin Grammy....

> **Eeeew. It's enough to make you wanna drink ANOTHER free drink.**

CATS: THE CREATION OF THE DEVIL

BY: SQUEAKY

ART BY: PAT REDDING

We all know that cats can be really scary. Everyone has their own little horror story about how when they were five, a cat or a kitten mauled their best friend. These stories are not just for campfire horseplay, they are real!

I have created this list for the use of the common man. It is meant to instruct even the simplest peabody on how to protect yourself from these vicious predators.

The scariest part about cats is that they are everywhere. You may have seen one in your own neighborhood - the one place where you want to feel safe.

You must understand that you are not safe anywhere. Cats move with delicate stealth that allows them to stalk and hunt down their prey, often leaving the victim unconscious or, more often, dead. If these people wake up, they do so totally unaware of what hit them. Well, when you wake up and are missing a limb or two, be warned that you will find hair on your jacket and it isn't your girlfriend's.

The best way to protect yourself is to know what the danger is and how to be prepared. Too many people fall victim before they realize how important it is to know what you are up against, which is A NATURE-CREATED KILLING MACHINE, with no sense of right or wrong. Killing indiscriminately for the pure pleasure of it, the cat does not care who you are or where you came from. Therefore, read on and learn how to protect yourself.

When you are done, pass the knowledge on. We are all in this together.

> **People who say it is wrong to kill cats have probably never been around one.**

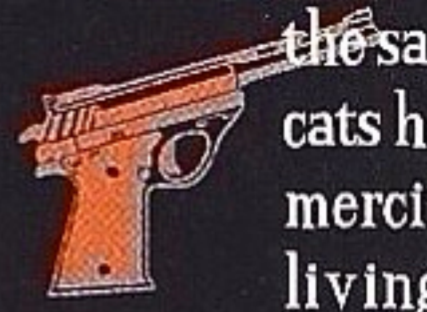
HOW TO PROTECT YOURSELF FROM CATS

1 Never throw away anything that might be considered at all edible to the cats. This makes it so that if a cat comes near your home and explores your trash, there will be nothing for it to eat and it might move on to the next home. It also might be a good idea to leave large metal traps out by trash cans to catch the cat. (You can get a good cage at most hardware stores.) If you catch a cat in a trap, never handle the cage or approach the cat. Call the police, they are specially trained in handling these beasts.

2 Stay indoors at night. Cats cannot get inside of most homes, unless a door or a window is left open. If you must go outside for any reason at night, bring someone with you. You and your friend should both have a good flashlight that will allow you to watch for any approaching felines. But I must stress, it is not advisable to go outside at night! Remember: cats are a lot faster than you could ever be, and they have claws and teeth.

3 When walking on the street or sidewalk, steer clear of the following: bushes, trash cans, open drains, parked cars, etc. These are all things that a cat could easily hide behind and pounce on you without you ever seeing them. Never give cats the advantage. Also, never walk underneath trees or even their branches, leaves can be quite concealing of little cats.

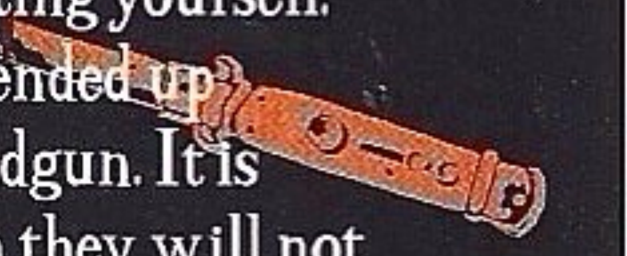
4 Always carry some kind of firearm. You don't necessarily need a large or expensive gun, just something that is easily concealed as you do not want the cat to see that you are carrying a weapon. Have it in an easily accessible place and know how to use it. You don't want to be fumbling with the safety in the minute of truth. Always shoot to kill, since cats heal very easily. Don't think of yourself as being merciful if you only maim the cat. Their sole purpose of living is to kill, so defend yourself!



Drown the kitten in the bathtub and teach your sister why it is necessary.

HOBOKEN—A man was found dead yesterday in his back yard. According to a police report, the 22-year-old college student had been mauled almost to the point that a positive identification was difficult. Police believe it has some link to the recent cat murders that have been becoming more and more commonly reported around the county. Officer Charles Mitchum of the Hoboken police force reported that "this is nothing new" in a press conference yesterday. Supposedly, the attacks rarely are reported out of embarrassment to the

5 Don't carry a knife. Cats are too fast you'll just end up cutting yourself. Also, I have heard too many cases of mace gone awry and ended up wounding the user instead of the cat. Get a good solid handgun. It is advisable to get a permit for the gun, but if for some reason they will not give you a permit, is the law really more important than your life? Besides, no judge with any sense is going to convict you for protecting yourself from a cat.



6 Be educated. Get to know everything about the cat. The way it is born, the way it conceives especially how it hunts. Teach others as well. We can't be selfish with such vital knowledge.

7 Stay away from people who think that it is OK to be around cats. It is not OK. If someone invites you over to their house, it is perfectly all right to be suspicious. Ask this person if they have a cat. If they do, break off all ties with this person. Anyone who puts someone else's life in danger is not a friend.

8 If you are ever cornered by a cat and do not have a gun (See Tip #4), whatever you do, don't panic. Cats can sense fear. In fact, they thrive on it. Instead, calmly lie down—yes, on the ground—this is no time for your precious pride. Cover your face with your hands and pull yourself into the tightest ball that you can. This will protect your vital organs and face from the mauling that you will probably receive. Since there is nothing you can really do at this point, it is a matter of lessening the damage instead of preventing it.

9 Keep in mind, cats are animals and not humans. They cannot be reasoned with or bargained with and they have no mercy. It's either do or die. People who say it is wrong to kill cats have probably never been around one. Do not trust these people, they would stab your back if you turned around.

SOME COMMON QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Q: *What if my sister brings home a little baby kitten and wants to keep it?*

A: Well, I guess the answer to that pertains to whether you love your sister or not. You wouldn't let your sister play with matches or Ginsu knives, so why would you even consider letting her play with a natural born killer? Drown the kitten in the bathtub and teach your sister why it is necessary.

Q: *What if I am walking down the street and I see a cat sitting on the sidewalk in front of me?*

A: This is a very common method for cats to acquire a victim. They sit or lie on the sidewalk, often pretending to be asleep, like they do not notice you coming their way. You must realize that cats have far better hearing than we do. Never approach a cat, even if it appears to be asleep, unless of course, you like wearing stitches.

Q: *Recently, my father was killed by a cat that he was keeping as a pet. How can my family get over this loss?*

A: Although this is quite tragic, it is better not to think of it as a tragedy. Instead, think of it as a lesson. Why the hell did your father have a cat as a pet? If he was so depressed, a gun would have ended it much faster and with less pain. Your father was obviously a masochist and probably deserved what happened to him. Sometimes the truth hurts.

Shots from The Bunker

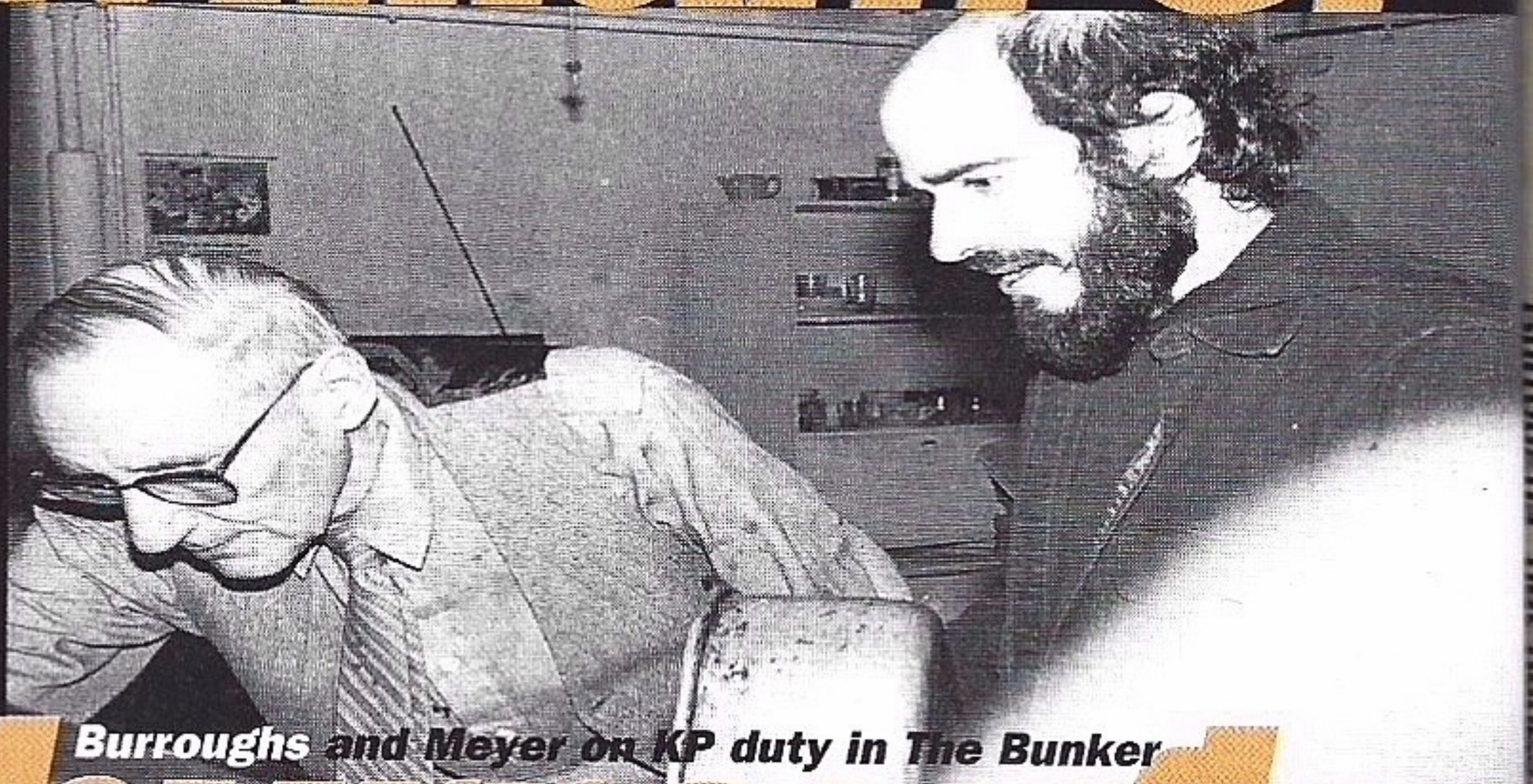
Stewart Meyer and John Giorno discuss

william s. burroughs

by: Stewart Meyer

In March, Mercury Records, in collaboration with Mouth Almighty and Giorno Poetry Systems, released a four-disc box set of performances by William S. Burroughs. The recordings were made over 35 years, ranging from early private sound experiments to mastered readings, and were compiled by John Giorno.

Giorno began recording Burroughs in 1965—tape experiments, at Burroughs' Centre Street loft and at the Hotel Chelsea with Brion Gysin. Later that year, he formed Giorno Poetry Systems, which has produced recordings of seemingly everyone from Laurie Anderson to Henry Rollins to Live Skull and, naturally, Burroughs.



Burroughs and Meyer on KP duty in The Bunker

In 1975, Burroughs moved into The Bunker, a spacious, second-floor former YMCA locker room, with white walls and no natural light, at 222 Bowery. When Burroughs relocated to Lawrence, Kansas in 1981, Giorno, who has lived in the building since 1966, bought the space. It remained Burroughs' NYC headquarters until he died in August 1997.

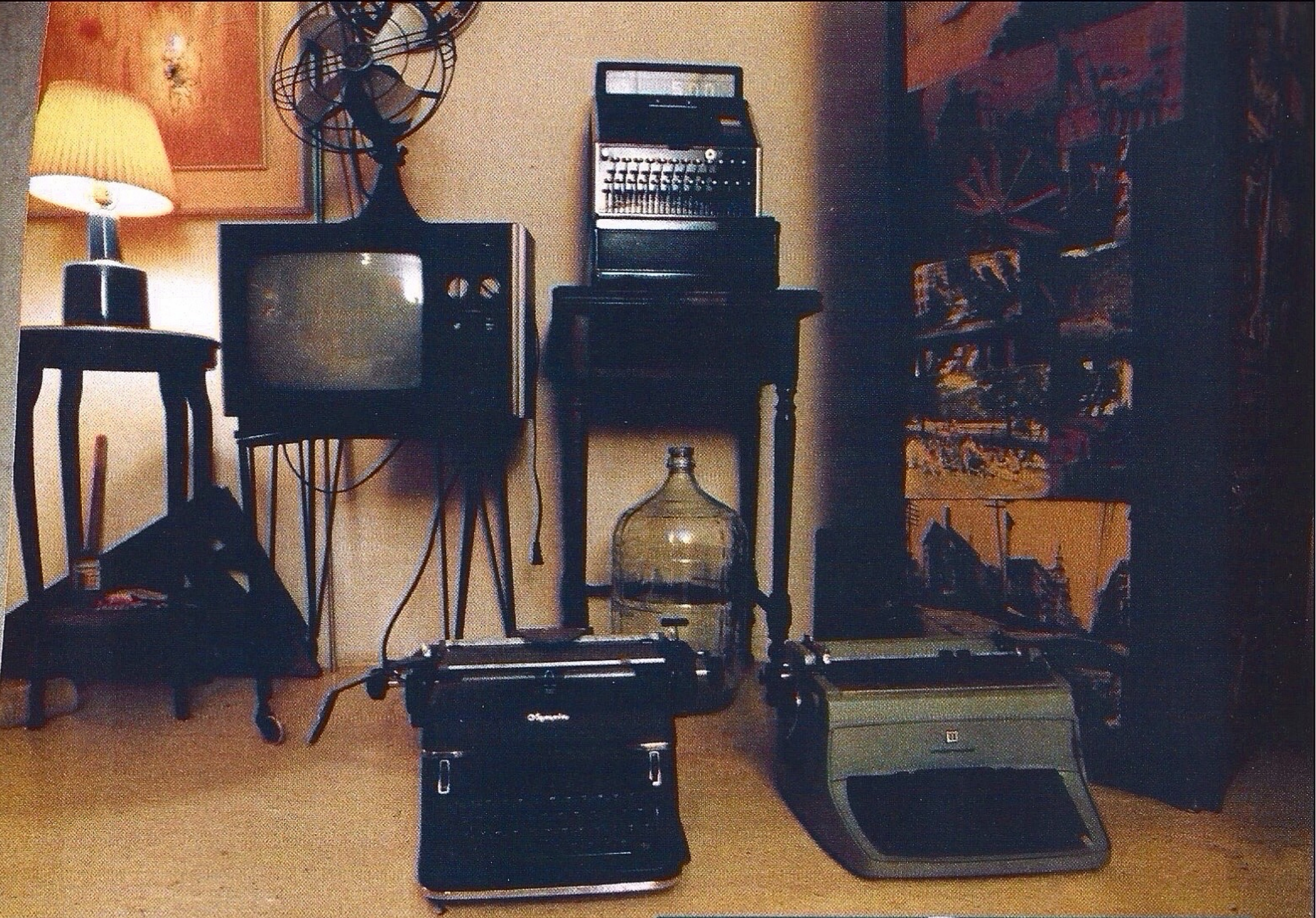
The Bunker was where Burroughs lived and worked. He cooked and cleaned. He shot up and nodded. He wrote and read. In the late afternoons, he would drink vodka with Coca-Cola. Frequent dinner guests included Allen Ginsberg, Terry Southern and Victor Bockris. Mick Jagger, Andy Warhol and Lou Reed stopped by. Howard Brookner shot *Burroughs, the Movie* there. But mostly it was Burroughs, his collection of esoteric weapons, a few drinks, maybe a few bags of heroin, and his typewriter.

On March 12, Abby Gennet and I lugged her photo equipment down to The Bunker and Giorno acted as our guide for the photos that appear on the following pages. Much of The Bunker has been left unchanged. The same blankets on the bed, the same magazines on the bookstand, the same Keith Haring scribbles on the bathroom stall.

Stewart Meyer, who conducted the following conversation with Giorno, lived in The Bunker for two years. He wrote his novel *The Lotus Crew* during that period, and the loft's proximity to junk turf provided convenient access to his meritorious research. Meyer met with Giorno in The Bunker on February 19 to discuss *The Best of William Burroughs.*—Fuss

> ***Between William's archive and mine, I had it. And it became this package.***

color photos by: Abby Gennet black and white: Jenny Moradfar



Burroughs' hat hangs

een on right features collage by Burroughs.
black Olympia manual was Burroughs' machine of choice for many years.

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The Word is a killer virus.

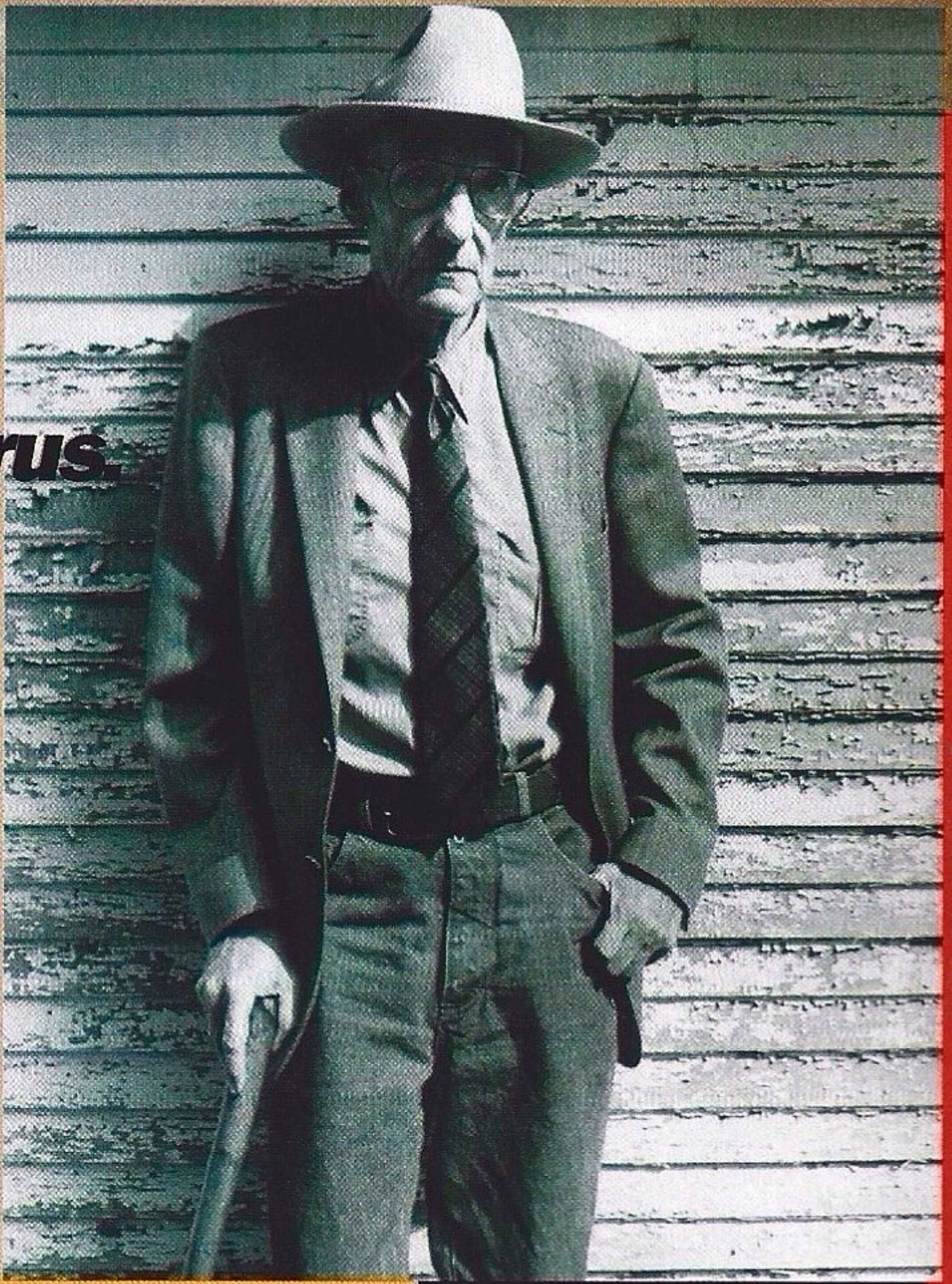


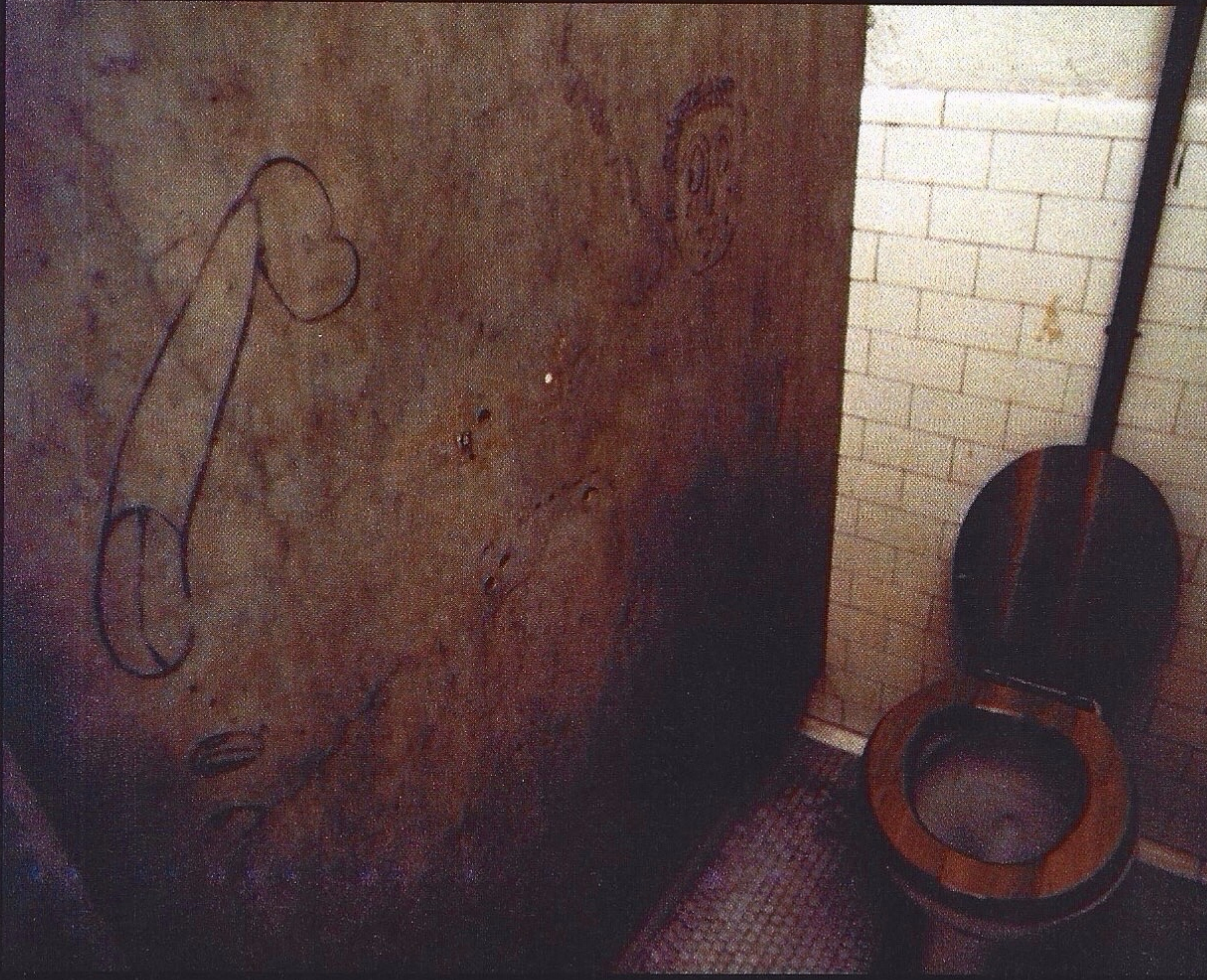
photo credit: Kate Simon

"We like apple pie, we like each other."
Homestead, Lawrence, Kansas

EATING
THE SKY
LIFE
IS A KILLER
WE GAVE
A PARTY
FOR THE GODS
TO THE SKY
RECEDES
THAT GUN'S GOT
IN ITS
IT'S WORSE
WITH MY GROCERIES
AND I WANT TO
GET AWAY
WITHOUT INCIDENT
SUGAR
ALCOHOL
MEAT &
CIGARETTES
I DON'T NEED IT

Dependency is the cure to independence.

"The lavatory has been locked for six hours solid, I think they're using it as an operating room."
Where Dr. Benway scene was filmed for Burroughs, The Movie. (Featuring Benway, Meyer as Dr. Limpf, Jackie Curtis as the Nurse)



Nothing is true, everything is permitted.

The only natural light came in through an industrial, opaque window.
Dream journals were kept on bedside table. Beneath table was a semi-automatic pistol.

A proper cane was essential to urban patrols. Sword canes were a favorite. These were left behind at The Bunker.

The stigmata of his needle wounds glow with a soft blue flame.

STEWART MEYER: John, your archival interests have always been intense and pragmatic. You have documented and recorded so many major literary readings over the years, at St. Mark's Church and elsewhere. I received cassettes of the material on the Burroughs collection last week, and what interested me immediately was the selections. The span is dramatic; from the first work, JUNKIE, to the relatively recent CAT INSIDE. What were your priorities in making selections?

JOHN GIORNO: Well, it is the best of William Burroughs. So those four CDs with 74 minutes on each CD represents every single thing William ever performed. Since I have all of these recordings, I used the very best performance of each piece. Giorno Poetry Systems has issued LP albums and William Burroughs was on every one of them. And I always put what he was doing currently on each album. That's why I have all these tapes. It wasn't like I was trying to preserve anything. One was working with the sound of William's voice and other poets' voices as they were performing. So by chance I have this great reservoir of treasure. And it's out of that, primarily, that the choices were made for *The Best Of William Burroughs.*

SM: We knew William through many campaigns. I recall when he first returned to the States he did not like to do readings.

JG: He did it for the money. Even when we read at St. Mark's Church early on, when it was only 150 bucks or something, William made it clear it was for the money. I love to perform. And it's great that these days we get paid well for what we do. But William was doing it as a profession.

SM: William advised me once to practice one hour for every minute on stage. And I believe he did.

JG: What makes The CDs work is that they are chronological. JUNKIE is the first, THE CAT INSIDE is the last, and everything between is in order. But the pieces from each book are not chronological. They happen to be the best performances. Sometimes the best performance is from 1974 or 1985. So his voice is constantly changing. You hear a great performance from 1975, and after that another great performance 12 years later. And his voice is constantly changing so it holds your attention. One evening of even a great performance would get boring. William is always changing. That's the little miracle of this collection. A naive young voice to an old man. Infinite subtleties as he changed over the years.

SM: William's voice runs the spectrum of what a theatrical voice is capable of. And in an uncontrived and natural manner, the voice always lends itself to the content. He can vary his voice and do two sides of a conversation in the middle of a narrative, and you can clearly distinguish that two people are talking. So chronology and quality were the factors in selecting—

JG:: Sometimes William was on one of our albums with a newly written piece that he'd finished maybe six months before and only performed a few times. So there's a kind of brilliant quality of his energy, but it's a newly finished piece. Then he'd go on for the next year or two to sort of perfect the performance in another way. Maybe change and develop the text slightly. So occasionally I'd substitute a great later performance, a more complete version. I went out to William's archives, at his house and at the University of Ohio. James Grauerholz and I went out and went through everything there. So between William's archive and mine, I had it. And it became this package. Four CDs in this LP-sized box covered with black linen with this great Gus Van Sant photo on it, and five books inside. One is 60 pages and is LP-sized. These books have 75 great archival photographs going back 50 years. Allen and his friends, etc. And in the books are texts. In the books accompanying each CD are excerpts from NAKED LUNCH and WILD BOYS and TICKET THAT EXPLODED, etc. So it becomes this thing with the visuals and the texts, and William's voice. In a way this is the best thing that William ever did, because it's got everything there. Written words, spoken words, pictures.

SM: Yes, if you knew William, this package gives very much the feeling of being in his company. If you didn't know him or his work, it's a very in-depth introduction to a great American writer and thinker. It's great to see our dear Uncle Bill treated with such respect.

JG: Well, you know who's doing this is Bill Adler at Mouth Almighty and Danny Goldberg of Mercury Records. Mouth Almighty is owned by Mercury and is their spoken word division. The objective of Mouth Almighty is to produce the works of great poets. Danny has been to The Bunker, and he knew William and had a great love for William. I'm sure they want to make money with this project, but I believe Danny's love for William and appreciation for his work set the tone. Whatever I wanted to do they just did. So me and Mark Michaelson, our designer, designed the package. We worked together choosing the photos. But it was Danny who said, "Yes, go for it." So in a sense this is the product of his great love for William.

SM: William often inspired people, and was often inspired by people as well, and watching him over the years, I think the key word in the equation was sincerity. I realized years later that when I first approached William with a handful of manuscript pages and asked him a lot of stupid questions because I was in awe, that his patience with me was based on my sincerity. Hey, tell us about the different colors on the covers of this package.

JG: Working with Mercury Records has been great. These (there are four sample covers laid out on The Bunker's big table, all with differently colored photos) were supposed to be samples. We didn't know which color we wanted to do the solarization of the Gus Van Sant photo on the cover. So we did four different colors as proofs, to try to choose one. So Mercury said, "We like the four of them. We'll release them in all four colors." That was thrilling. They'll design a display rack, and the four different cover colors will add impact. Mercury Records has been great. They go beyond saying yes. We wouldn't have dreamezhem to do four individual covers, which is what it amounts to. More expensive, more effort. No doubt it will have a great effect on the sales I hope. It's like the Andy Warhol that Andy didn't get to make.

SM: John, let's talk about your archive. How did it start?

JG: I have this vast Giorno Poetry Systems archive in audio, video and text. For the last 35 years I have been living at 222 Bowery working on these endless poetry projects. We've done 40 LP albums and thousands of performances over the years. They're videod because we're working on a project. So with each project I collect these tapes. When we're done with a project, by chance it belongs to Giorno Poetry Systems. So it is now an archive, that's vast and rare. It has to be catalogued and transferred to digital. An expensive and extensive task. We need a sponsor. We're constantly doing new projects using the archive; tapes that were recorded in the 1960s and so on. We've recently used tapes that were recorded in Morocco in 1966.

SM: So John, what will this package sell for?

JG: Sixty-five dollars. The box, the books and the CDs.

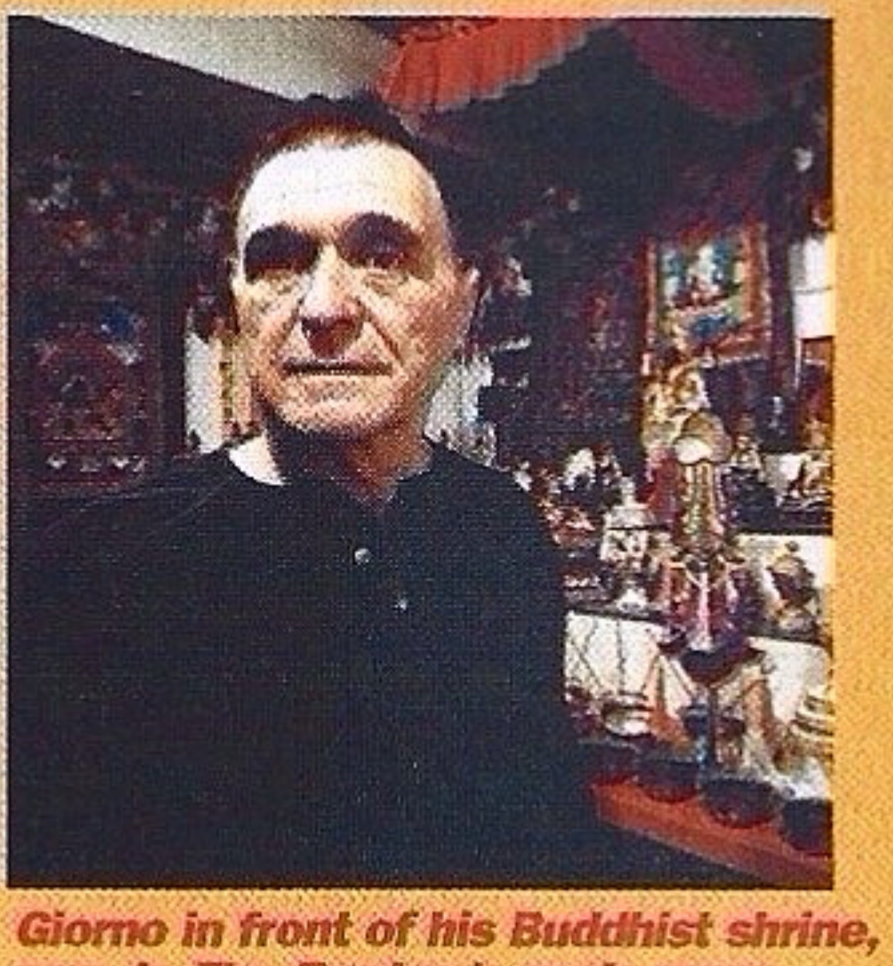
SM: Very good considering the price of an art book can be 50 bucks or more. This is a precious package, and as with every Burroughs item, it's instantly collectable.

JG: A Burroughs collector would want all four of them; the four different color photo covers. Four CD jewel boxes, and in each a 25 page book with photos and text. Then there's the big book. This project contains all of William's accomplishments. His voice and his written word. The genius of his being a poet, a writer. You see and hear it. Plus 75 photos of William and his friends over 50 years. I wrote these texts. One of them is: "I was with William Burroughs when He Died and it was One of the Best Times I ever Had with Him." And I go through what happened. There's a little thing called "Wisdom is His Voice." And there's another called "What went into William Burroughs' Coffin with his Dead Body." His gun, his thirty-eight snub-nose. Heroin. Just before the funeral Grant (Hart) slipped a small amount of heroin into his pocket. He said, "Nobody's gonna bust him." And two joints.

SM: A gun, two joints and some smack. Getting Uncle Bill ready for the journey to the Western Lands.

JG: Also his eyeglasses, a ballpoint pen. You know how he always liked to write with a ballpoint pen. And a gold 19th century Indian head five dollar piece. Gold symbolizes wealth. Oh, and his sword cane. We were careful to see that he was adorned properly.

SM: John, I'm curious. When did Giorno Poetry Systems begin operating?



Giorno in front of his Buddhist shrine, now in The Bunker's main room

JG: Around 1965. That's when it started at 222 Bowery. But it actually began earlier, like '62, when I used to visit Wynn Chamberlain, the painter, in this building. We had great parties in his fifth floor loft. Orgies, where we'd fuck and do lots of drugs.

SM: Hey, before we close, wasn't Dial-A-Poem your project?

JG: Dial-A-Poem was telephonic media communication for the first time. 1968. We had 12 lines, then 14 lines, and we got a lot of publicity and generated millions of telephone calls. By chance I stumbled on this thing. Nobody'd ever done it before. Now you have Dial-A-Sport, Dial-A-Stock-Report. They didn't have 900 numbers back then. We were poets on Dial-A-Poem. It was very important because the technology had to be created, and it changed the nature of communication. And now 30-odd years later I've done this *Best of William Burroughs,* which to me is equally as important.

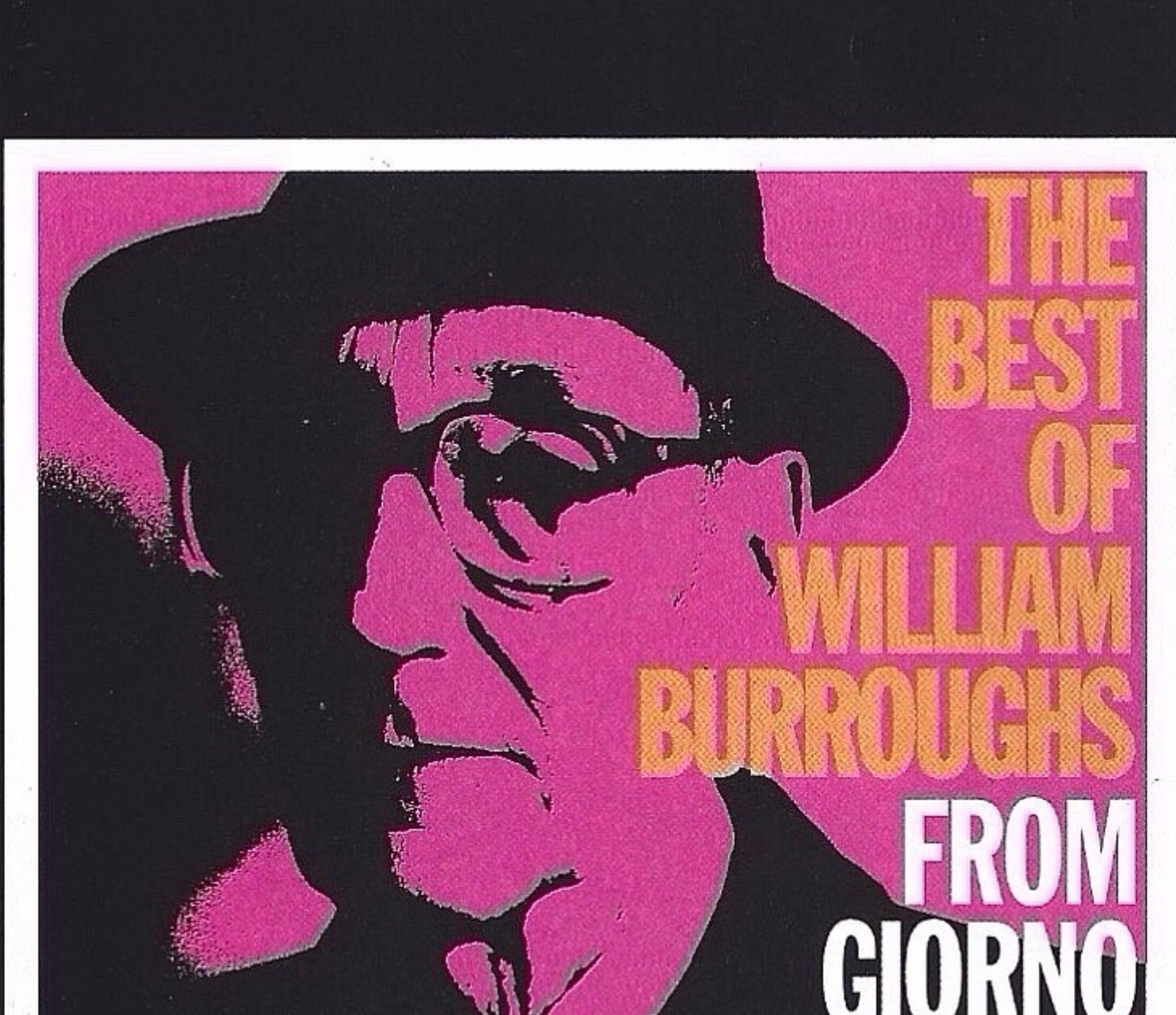
SM: How long has *Best of* been a project?

JG: Now that it's finished, I look at it and it's one of the great things I've produced in my life. This was done years ago actually, and the lawyers took so long. William and I would talk about it...he was not so very interested as you know, but he was interested that I was doing it. It took so long to get a contract. With the lawyers and Mercury Records. Years passed, then he died. William's dead. It took another year for the lawyers to gather permissions for all the photographs. It would have been nice if it came out before he died.

SM: Yeah, but at least this item now exists. People will be getting to know William Burroughs through this collection for centuries to come.

Stewart Meyer is the author of the novel The Lotus Crew (Serpent's Tail, 1996), an underground classic originally published by Grove Press in 1984. His longstanding friend William Burroughs described The Lotus Crew as a "superbly crafted novel that says the most basic things about power, corruption, loyalty, and the total need of heroin addiction." Stewart lives in New York City and is at work on Mud That Walks, the prequel to The Lotus Crew.

Burroughs and Meyer, Thanksgiving Day, 1982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COLLECTION.
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WITH 64-PAGE
COLOR
BOOKLET

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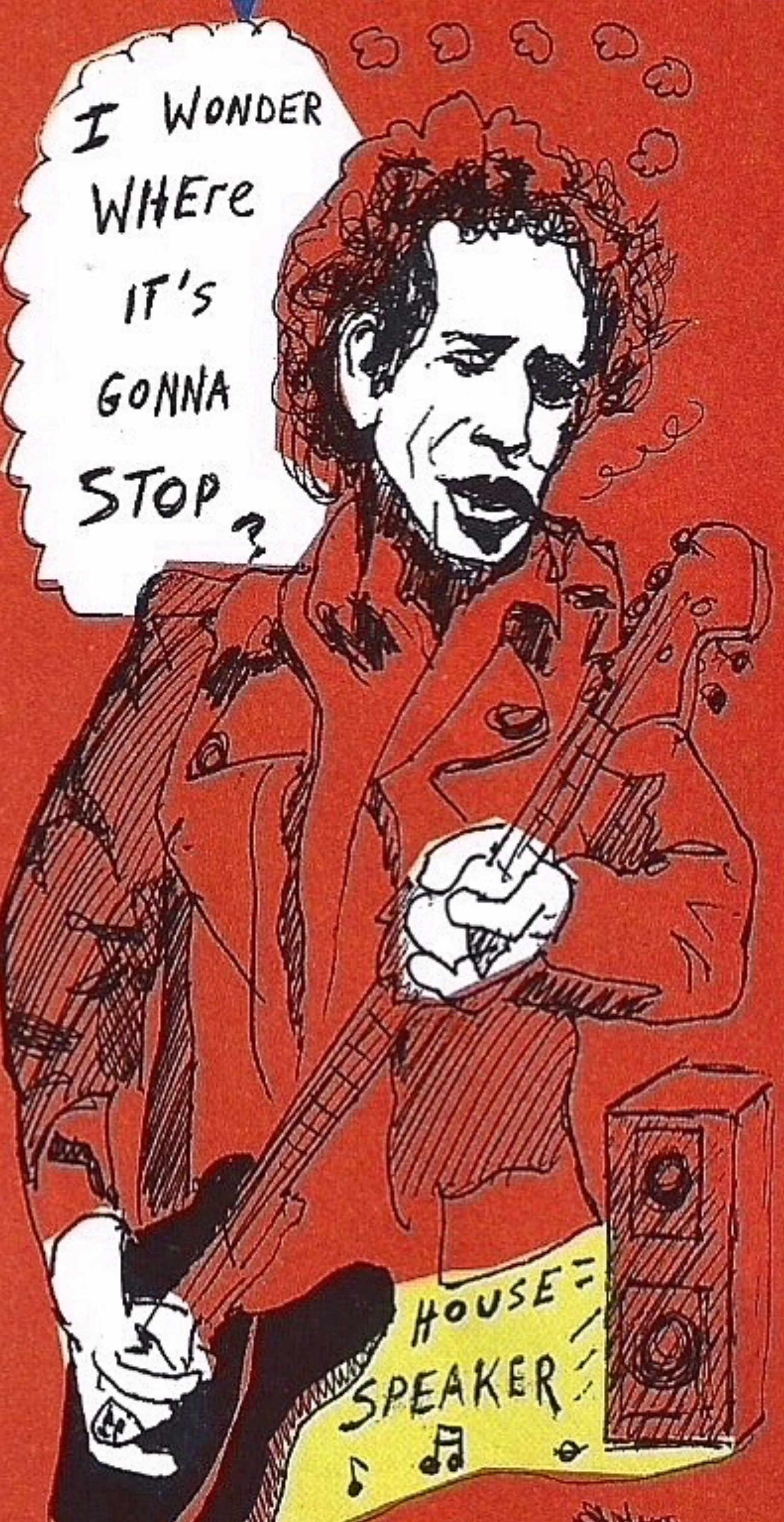
With the new century soon upon us I would like to usher in a new era of Camelot by announcing my bid to become the President of the United States of America in the year 2000. Like most good politicians, I realize that actions speak loudly, so right now I would like to unveil my platform. Ladies and gentlemen I give you....

by: Stuart Jones

WHEN I BECOME


I WONDER WHERE IT'S GONNA STOP?
HOUSE SPEAKER

My vice president will be the Ol Dirty Bastard.

We're gonna paint the White House red and force all of Congress to wear red leather jumpsuits and big thick gold medallions.

The Supreme Court will now be Michael Anthony from Van Halen, Sherman Hemsley, Christy Turlington, the guy who played Lamont's friend Rollo on Sanford and Son, the two guys who sang the macarena song, Barbara Mandrell And Bobby "The Brain" Heenan.

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court will be MC Hammer.

We will invade Canada and it will now be run by Mr. T.

Sonny Bono's death will be considered a national tragedy.

Compton will be the nation's capital.

All the money we spend on the military will be used to teach the homeless how to dance.

The song "Ain't No Fun (If the Homies Can't Have None)" by Snoop Doggy Dogg will be the new National Anthem.

Keith Richards will be the Speaker of the House, and Dee from What's Happening will take over for Janet Reno.

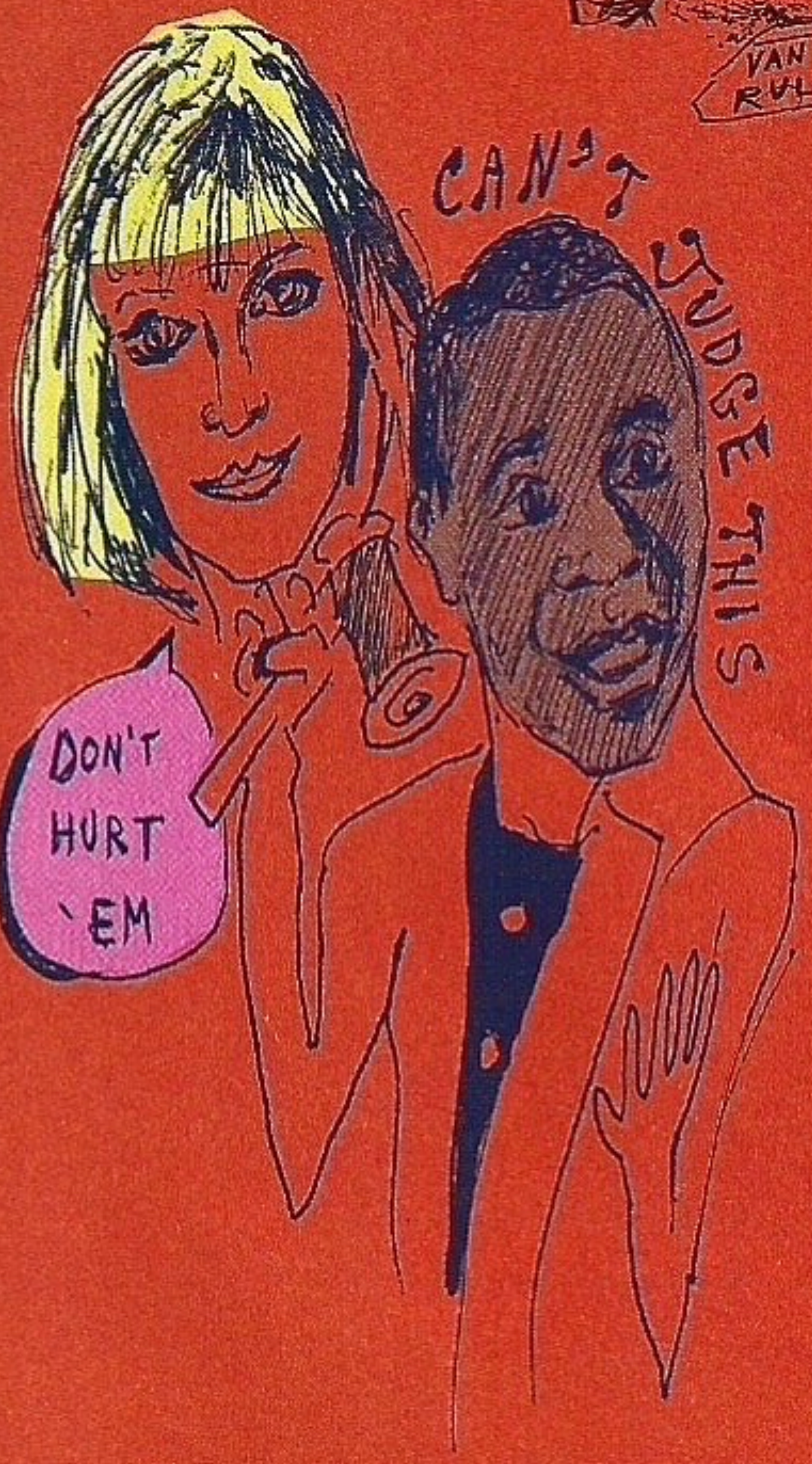
Matt Pinfield will be deported.

Every child in America will be taught in school to speak English with a Puerto Rican accent.

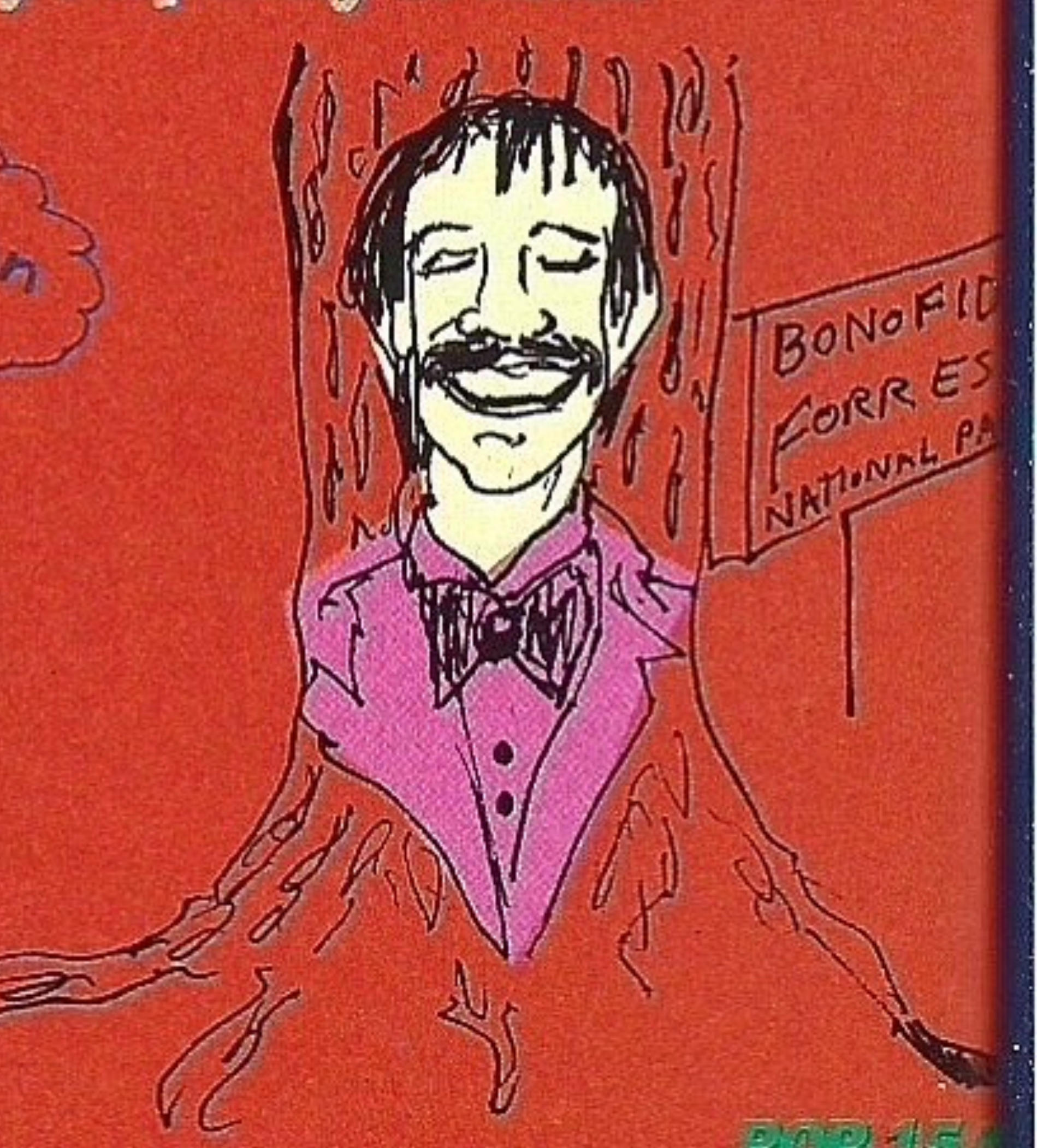
The jeri curl will become the National Hairstyle of choice, for people who choose not to grow king size afros.

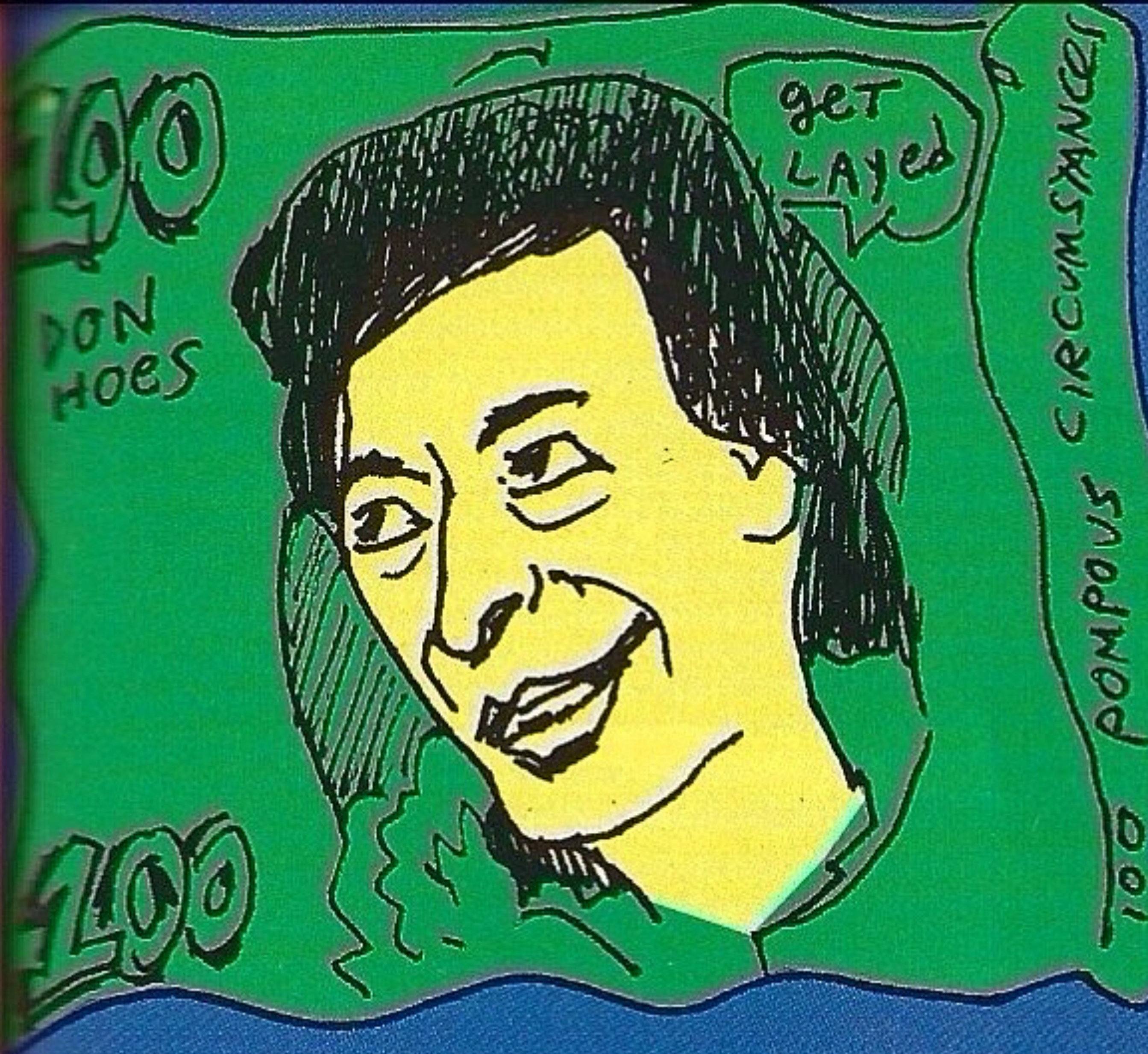
A new monument will be built in Washington to honor William Frawley, TV's Fred Mertz. All policemen will be flaming homosexuals, and their uniforms will be buttless pants, Kaiser helmets and mesh shirts. And their cop cars will be low riders that have deep orange shag carpeting in them.

VAN HALEN RULES



I CANNOT TELL A BALD FACE LIE




100
get Layed
DON HOES
100 POMPOUS CIRCUMSANCES
100

OL' DIRTY VICE

PRESIDENT$

Don Ho's face will be on the 100 dollar bill.

Suge Knight will be given a presidential pardon.

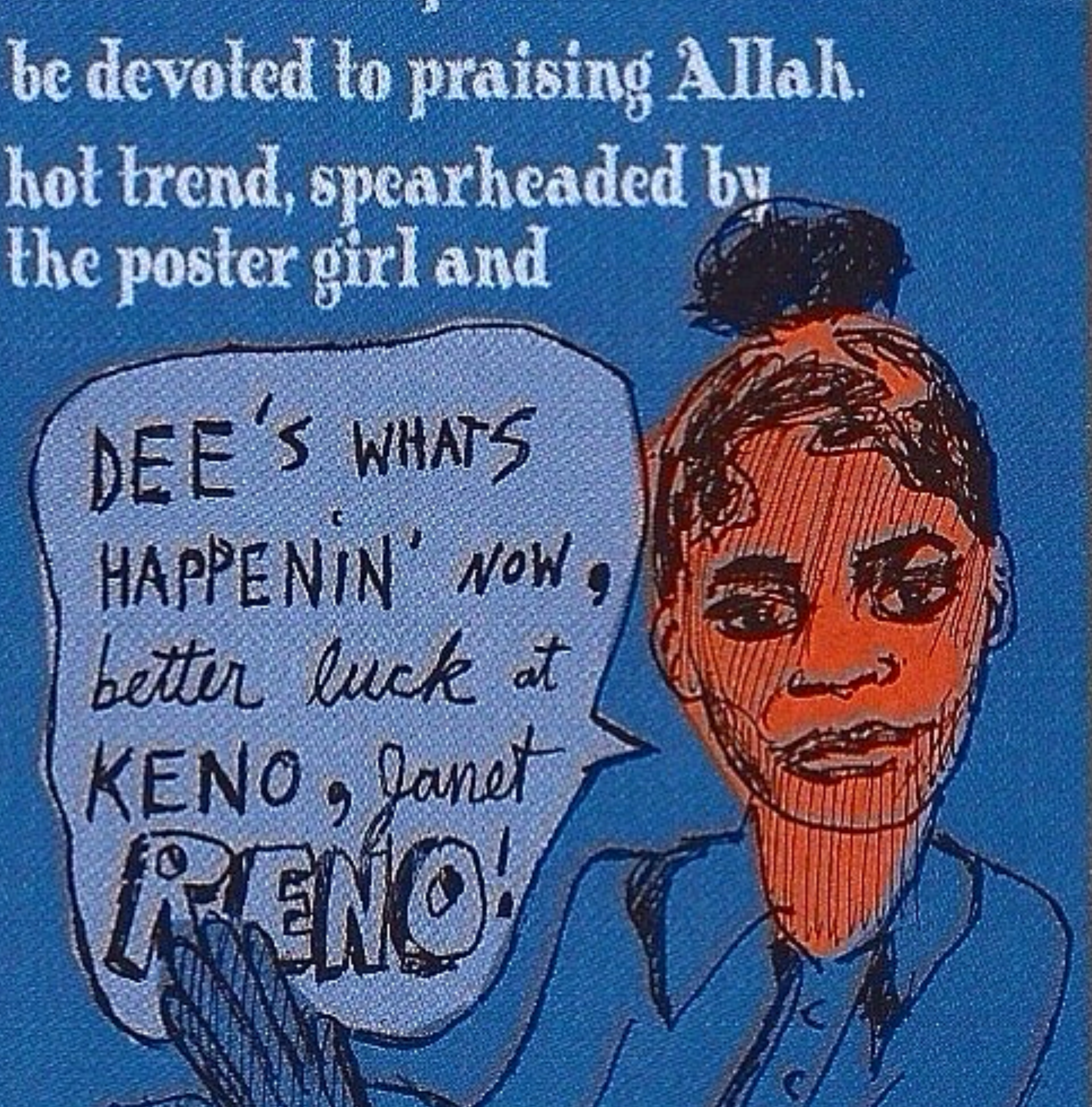
There will be a new show on TV that will be two jam-packed hours of fat guys dancing with their shirts off while old men sit in the audience and clap their hands.

The entire month of June will be devoted to praising Allah.

Sniffing paint will be the new hot trend, spearheaded by Candice Cameron who will be the poster girl and national spokesperson for it.

The second Friday of every December Will be "Hug a Mexican Day."

And last but not least, MTV will have an hour of just Dru Hill videos every night that will be hosted by **Engelbert Humperdink**.


DEE'S WHATS HAPPENIN' NOW, better luck at KENO, Janet RENO!

IT'S A DOG EAT DOG WORLD
SNOOP
PUMP A NICKEL into The beguiling Engelbert HUMPERDINK
MTV
IT hurts to be a MERTZ
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HERSHAM BOYS
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THE PUNK SINGLES COLLECTION 1977 - 1980

SHAM 69

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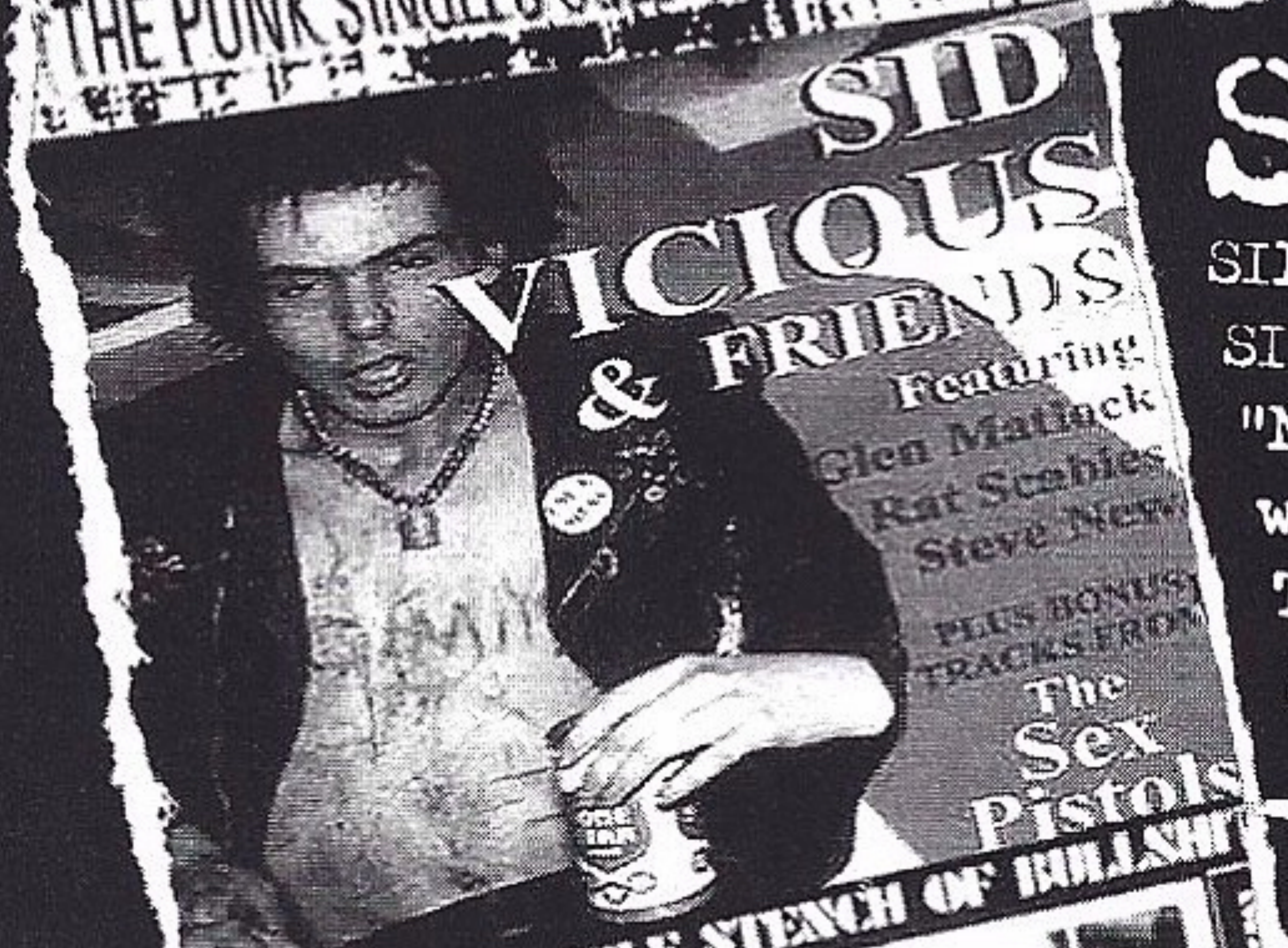
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Steve New
PLUS BONUS TRACKS FROM
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SUPERSTARS of the UNEXPLAINED

POPsmear goes on a talent search for new freaks...

by: Jeff Gilbert

There's some new weirdos on the block and we don't like you anymore.

Everyone in the world is so tired of you paranormal guys and your so-called "mystery" and "intrigue." You are all a bunch of overpaid, over-glorified fartknockers who've bilked the public for years, and the buck stops right here, right now. This is the '90s—people want more than footprint ashtrays or coffee table books filled with blurry photographs of tree stumps floating in Scottish lakes. And what about the eerie Mars face? Nothing more than a really big lunar stool sample. Even talk show testimony from El Loco Mexican farmers who claim their unwashed goats have been sucked in half by terrifying creatures has lost its advertising punch. If you're going to be in the T-shirt selling game, baby, you gotta do more than park your spaceship into the side of a cliff or stick a fin out of the water and wave at a tourist long enough for him to shit his pants. To paraphrase a common-held 20th century dictum: you're so 15 minutes ago.

Today's superstars of the unexplained are far more versatile and marketable. Double-dribbling werewolves. Mayoral monsters. Brainy barn beasts. Color-coordinated dancing dinosaurs. As hip as Evian ketchup and cutting edge as Foam Domes, these worldwide wonders are as commercially viable as a Big Mac—and just as digestible. With that, we introduce you to the real head-scratching headliners, so you'll know where to redirect your disposable paranormal income. Don't let the door hit you in the ass, Dover Demon. See you on the b-side, Virgin Mary crying statue. Take a long walk off a short pier, giant monitor lizard.

TEEN WOLF

Talk about pubic hair getting out of control, this hairy high schooler woke up one day to discover he had fur where there was no fur before—along with a new found thirst for beer, broads, break dancing and basketball. Unexpectedly transforming into a werewolf at the of 17, Scotty was unaware of the familial curse, though telltale signs were imminent: eyes glowing red at the mention of alcohol; an increased sense of rhythm, not unlike someone who dances with wolves; rampaging chick magnetism, more hair than usual on palms. After a few rough moments, Scott got it together and took his fuzzy ass to the hoop—literally—by becoming the school's preeminent basketball star, effortlessly besting numerous (and better-shaven) teams in the league. Needless to say, he got laid a lot, thereby earning the nickname of "Peen Wolf."

H.R. PUFNSTUF

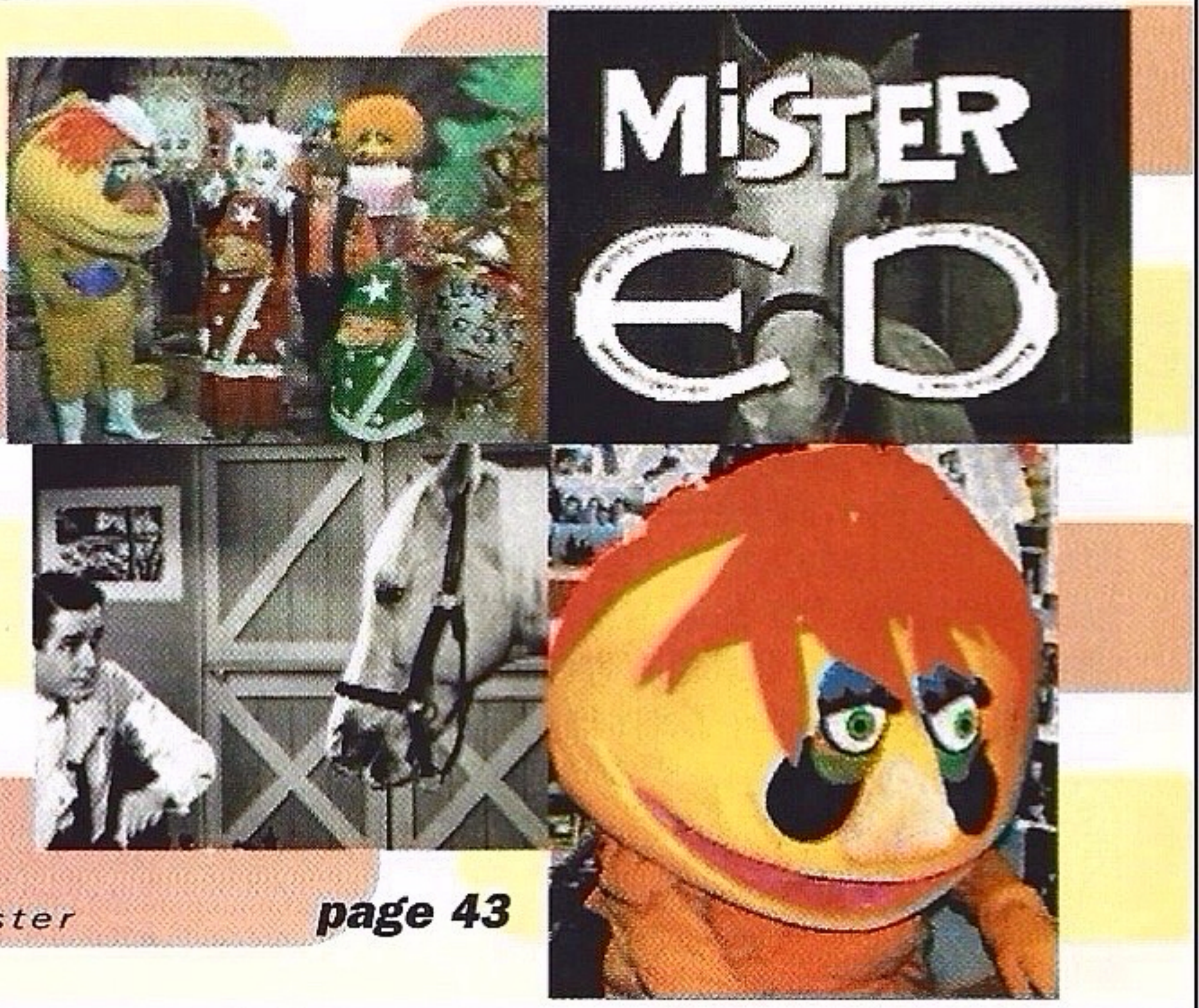
Simply hideous beyond description. A bulbous-headed hybrid (part puppet, part zipper, part humanoid), H.R. Pufnstuf presides over Living Island, a land filled with animated atrocities, including Jimmy, an imbecilic British kid with a talking woodwind sticking out of his pants. Sexually harassed by a hyperlunged bitch by the name of Witchie Poo, young Jimmy's anxiety ridden, magical skin flute is in perpetual danger of a stroke. This unfortunately causes the sprite Londoner to sing in an intolerable cockney accent, and Barney-esque Pufnstuf to dance poorly and quip in a poorly rendered Georgian inflection. "Golly, Jimmy—we better hide! Witchie Poo is coming... and does she look mad!" Though benevolent by nature, Pufnstuf often scares the bejesus out of the pajamas when first witnessed by young eyes.

MR. ED

An albino-esque Palamino symbolically white like the fabled dove of peace, Mr. Ed's real manifesto was to create unrelenting havoc for the one called Wilbur (last name withheld by request), a seemingly normal schlep of a man who smote God by having questionable relations with a farm animal. Wilbur was subsequently condemned to be harassed, heckled, and jeckyled by this hellspawn horsy. A smart mouth troublemaker, Mr. Ed embodied with an astonishing vocabulary range (he knew lots of swear words, but cursed only at screenwriters), utilized his powers to create chaos and embarrassing social situations. His trickery became evident when he would speak only unto Wilbur, and then not say a word when other humans came around. Can you imagine Wilbur's frustration? A living hell to be sure.

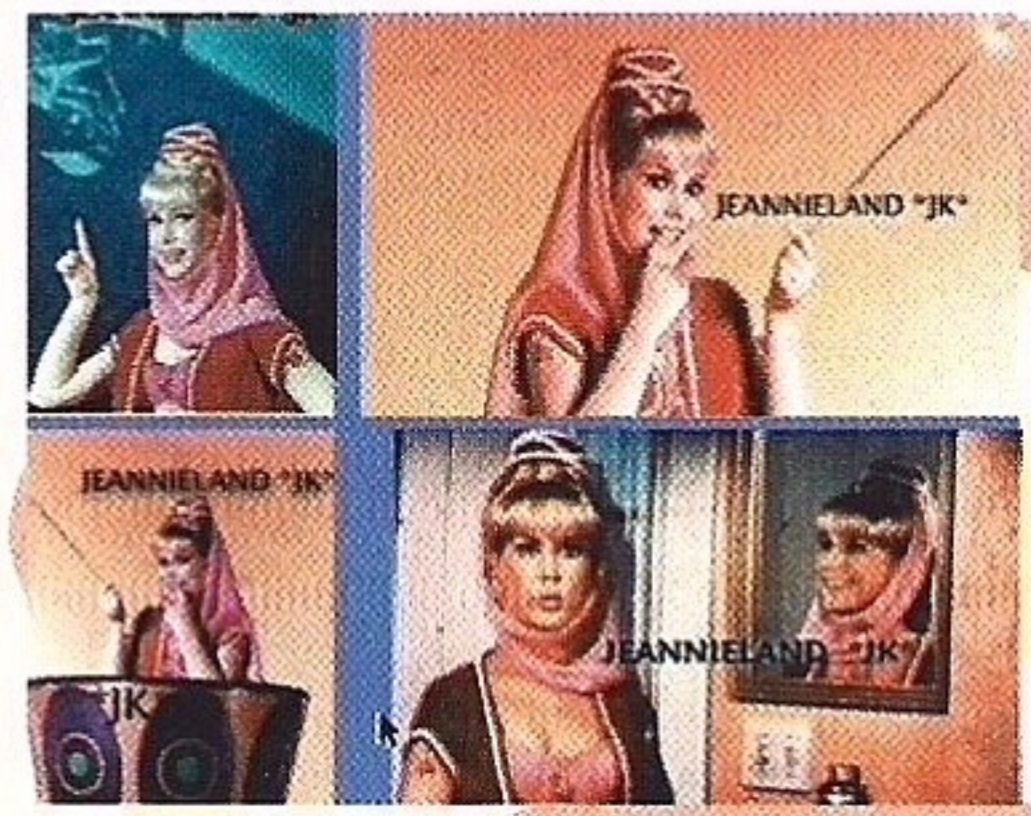
LASSIE

A super-smart wonder dog capable of emotions that, if crossbred with a pit bull, would rip your arm off, and then go for help. Thus was the inherent guardian angel aspect of this patron pooch. A kind of four-legged 911, if it weren't for this helpful hound, little Billy would have tasted the bottom of the abandoned mine shaft, been attacked by bees, pursued by runaway hay balers, and eaten by rabid bears. Like the Green Lantern corp of engineers, there existed a legion of Lassies, doggie Borgs if you will, whose sole purpose was to protect the human race from itself.



Truly a thankless task. What few rewards there were came in the guise of Kibble. May God help us should the Lassie collective choose to turn on their masters.

JEANNIE



Like most things magical that come out of a bottle, the wish-granting Jeannie was a mythical jobber whose purpose was spelled out in no uncertain terms: obey your master. But like all women, this mandate was subject to the interpretations of her monthly mood swings. As could be expected, said dispositions caused many a grief-ridden day for the one she called Master, who often found himself transported like an unwanted Tribble into disquieting locations, such as outer space or his employer's kitchen. Loyal to a fault, it's unclear whether or not "dijinni" walked around topless while magically cleaning up the kitchen and/or vacuuming the living room as she was commanded to do. Her most powerful feature: she could turn to pink smoke and retreat back into the bottle whence she came if the Master decreed Jeannie was talking too much. Needless to say, she spent a lot of time in there.

Welcome
To
Jeannieland

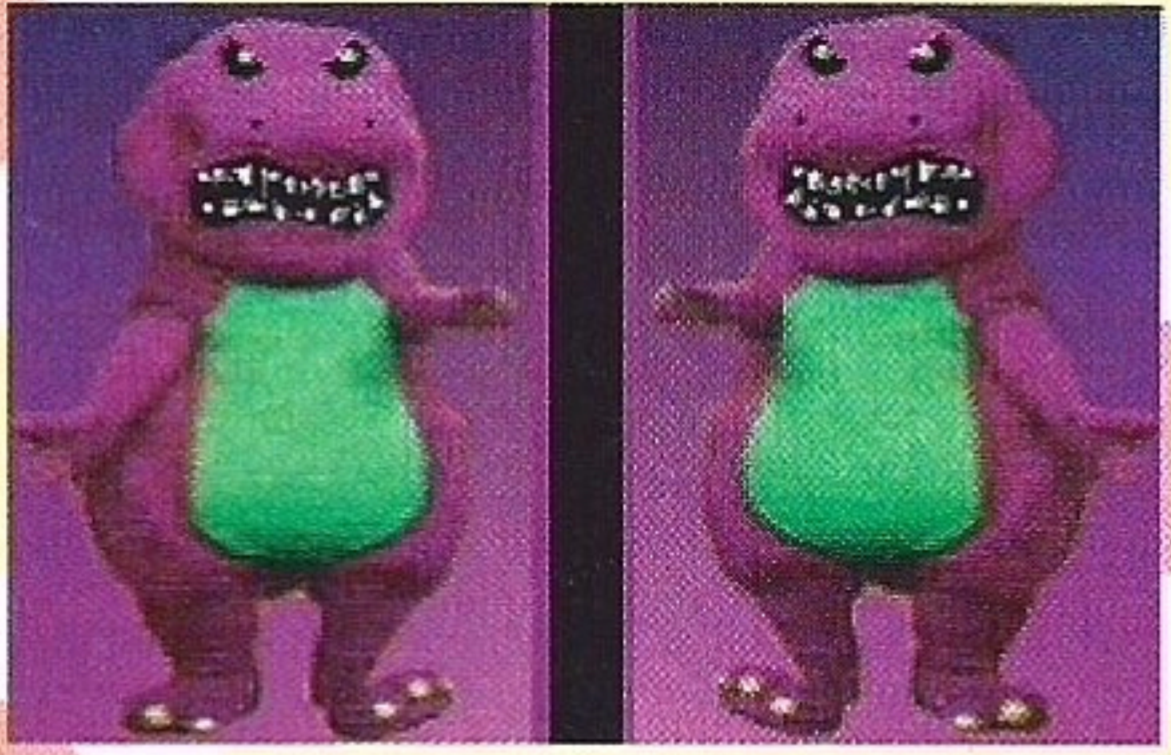
UNCLE MARTIN

Uranus buddies with Klaatu, Uncle Martin, assigned to our world to observe Earthers in their own environment, was a Martin sentinel who could move objects with invisible rays shooting out of his finger. Equally as impressive were the television antennae that rose out of his head, allowing him to receive HBO and Showtime (but not Cinemax) without the benefit of a transmitter box. Naturally, this kept him in hot water with the local cable company. Nevertheless, Uncle Martin was the first alien to get ratings. As long as he kept his hardware retracted, Martin walked among us undetected. Occasionally, the satellite dish that was his head would malfunction, rousing momentary suspicions. His post was later assumed by the insufferable Mork, who was then thankfully recalled and replaced by the much-revered ALF.

"Lassie is a super-smart wonder dog capable of emotions that, if crossbred with a pitbull, would rip your arm off, and then go for help"

BARNEY

Ghastly and gag-inducing, like a baloney sandwich discovered under the car seat several weeks after it was hidden there, and wolfed down in a fit of pronounced drunkenness. Mysteriously appearing as an overweight dinosaur to battered children in need of a hug, Barney is, in truth, the Anti-Christ, turning impressionable youth into pillars of sticky sweet sugar. The brainwashing techniques incorporated by this singing and dancing entity are indeed subtle.



Preaching an unattainable gospel of love, friendship and holding hands, this prehistoric pop star makes millions off phat merchandise licenses, video and pay-per-views, and is one of the only two entertainers covered in purple felt to have back to back platinum records. Barney is truly an inexplicable superstar.

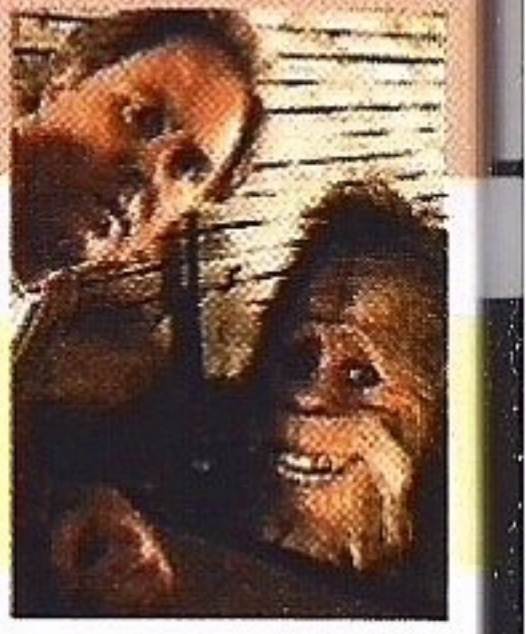
ARNOLD ZIFFEL

This incredible edible is really a super-intelligent sow capable of cryptically communicating with pitchfork-toting bipeds in a language as yet indecipherable by NASA. Head of a barnyard think tank, the ambiguously-named Ziffel employs psychic brainwaves to command human drones to do his bidding. Assisted by Drobny, the war-decorated mallard, their systematic mind-control efforts are centered in rural America's unwitting farming belt, where independent thought is shunned. With a planned leadership role and running the county with a cruel hoof. As in all conspiracies, there remains one unbeliever (Oliver Mulder), who isn't buying the "pampered pig" routine, and is constantly trying to expose Ziffel for the Christmas ham that he is.

"Jeannie was a mythical jobber whose purpose was spelled out in no uncertain terms: obey your master."

HARRY HENDERSON

A card-carrying SAG member, Harry Henderson is Hollywood's missing link. While similar in essence to Bigfoot (large feet, penchant for camping), Harry has one distinct advantage: He has an agent. Moreover, Sir Henderson has capped teeth, straight toes and a well-coiffured Rod Stewart-style shag. If that doesn't scream sequel, nothing does.



CHUPACABRA

A late entry in the paranormal sweepstakes, the Brazilian import Chupacabra (foreign language for "he who sucks goats"), triggered an exodus of gay barnyard animals applying for South America passports. In the wake of such controversy, dance clubs, such as the popular Chupacabana now play host to a variety of alternative lifestyle critters, all linking up like something that needs to be milked on a daily basis to get into the posh rave. You'd have better luck gaining entrance into a burning building than the exclusive Chupacabana on "Goat Blower" Night.

BUBBLING UNDER

UNEXPLAINED SUPERSTARS HEADED TOWARD THE TOP 10:

- Francis The Talking Mule
- Flipper
- Himey The Robot
- My Mother the Car
- E.T.—The Extraterrestrial
- Pee Wee Herman
- Those Wizard of Oz Flying Monkeys
- Herve Villachaise
- David Hasselhoff
- Scooby Doo

Jeff Gilbert wrote "Superheroes Whose Asses You Could Easily Kick" (12.0) and "Ward Up!" (14.0). In real life he is the editor of ManSplat, one of the greatest zines ever invented. Check it out on the web at http://home.earthlink.net/~mansplat/, email them at mansplat@earthlink.net or write to 2318 2nd Ave #591, Seattle WA 98121. Send $2 for the latest copy.

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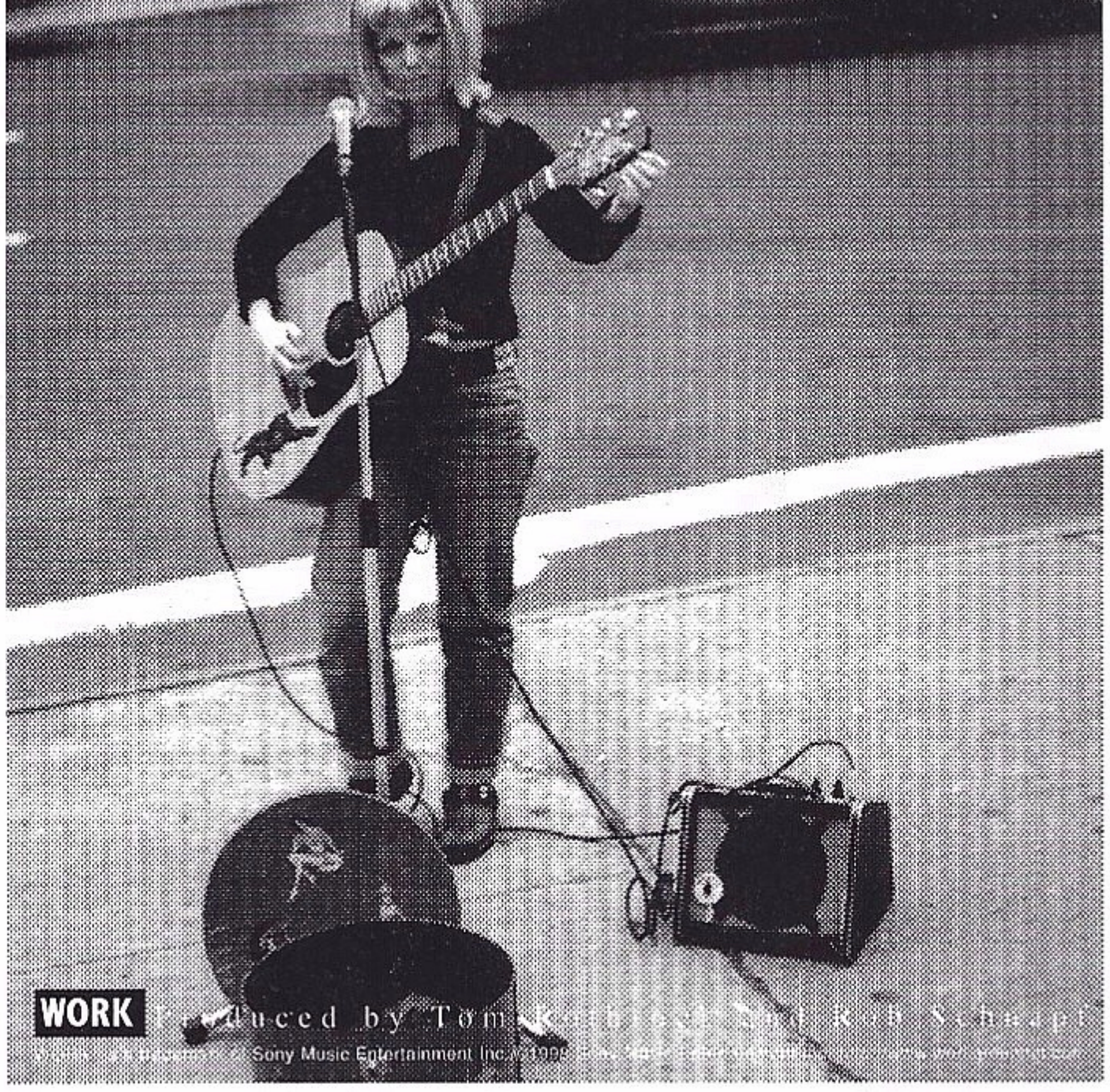
GOT NO SHADOW
the new album



WORK Produced by Tom Rothrock and Rob Schnapf
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DO THE RIGHT THING

A Quiet Struggle of Doctors' Etiquette vs. One Person's Survival

by Dr. X

Until last night, I had a good thing going. I had a lover; not a girlfriend, not a one-night stand, not even a friend who I would occasionally have sex with, but a lover. She was light-hearted and beautiful and sufficiently cool, but aside from a mutual physical attraction, we had nothing in common. Last night I screwed everything up. All because I saw a man die before my eyes. But losing a lover isn't what this is all about.

I was walking down Ludlow Street after coming out of Max Fish about four this morning when I saw an ambulance and a police car pull up in front of Ludlow Bar. In the 15 seconds it took me to get to them, the paramedics had brought the stretcher down the steps of the bar and were struggling to get this guy on it and up the stairs. From what I could gather, the guy was a bouncer at the bar who'd had a very bad asthma attack, and while reaching for his inhaler, he just flat passed out cold, right there in front of the bar. He must have weighed at least 200 pounds, and just getting him on the stretcher was an effort, but soon enough he was up the stairs and in the back of the ambulance.

The guy obviously wasn't breathing, and his stark flaccidity told me his whole body was in the process of shutting down. I have never seen such chaos on the street at four in the morning. It took probably two or three minutes to get the guy from the stretcher to the ambulance. During that time, the cops, the paramedics and the gawkers were all bumping into each other, and the people who were supposed to be in charge, i.e. the paramedics, didn't seem to have much of a master plan. One of them would pump on his chest while the other was on the radio, and then he would come over and breathe for the guy with the ambubag, and then the one who was pumping would stop and talk to a cop and the breather would stop and check for a pulse and then the first one would come back and put electrodes on for the EKG and then start breathing for the guy again—it all seemed very much by the seat of the pants. Meanwhile, there's people all over the street, trying to get up close to see what's going on, and the guy still wasn't breathing. By the looks of the EKG, he wasn't doing much of anything.

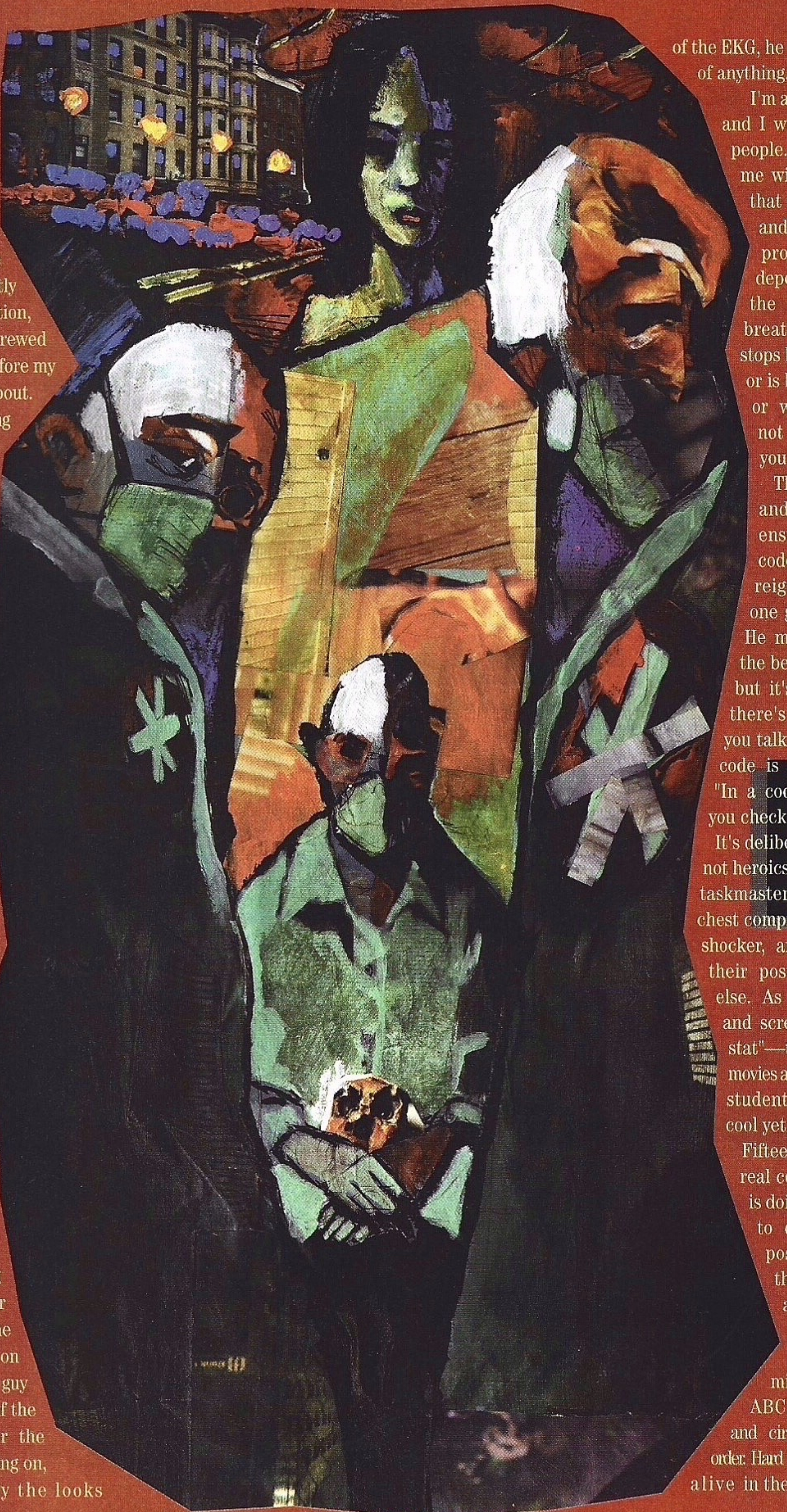

Illustration by Matt Cauly

I'm an anesthesiologist and I work on pretty sick people. They try to die on me with such regularity that it's almost routine and a standard set of procedures exists depending on whether the patient stops breathing, his heart stops beating completely or is beating irregularly, or whatever. And it's not like the madness you see on *ER*.

There are two rules and one maxim to ensure a successful code. The rules: calm reigns supreme, and one guy calls the code. He may or may not be the best man for the job, but it's his show, and if there's a disagreement, you talk about it when the code is over. The maxim: "In a code, the first pulse you check is your own."

It's deliberateness we want, not heroics. Every task gets a taskmaster: a breather, a chest compressor, an IV guy, a shocker, and no one leaves their post to do anything else. As for the bumping and screaming "stat, stat, stat"—that's only for the movies and first year medical students who just ain't cool yet.

Fifteen seconds into a real code blue, everyone is doing what they need to do, as quietly as possible, and only the code leader is assessing and making decisions. Foremost in his mind is what we call ABC: airway, breathing, and circulation —in that order. Hard to keep someone alive in the absence of those.

Things were a little different on Ludlow Street. It was like the Three Stooges had carjacked an ambulance. I was chomping at the bit, wanting to get in on the action, partly because I thought it would be pretty cool to walk out of a bar and into a code situation, but mostly because somebody who knew what they were doing needed to take charge and organize this sordid affair.

Realizing that to everyone there I was just another bystander, I wanted to offer my services as discreetly as possible, so I walked up to a paramedic who didn't look too busy and told him I was an anesthesiologist, which didn't get much response. I followed it up with, "If you need to tube the guy, I can pop one in about five seconds." With the bad press the fire department got last summer about fucking up breathing tubes, I thought I would at least get a warm "thank you," but instead he said "I'll keep it in mind. Now please step away from the ambulance."

Things didn't get any better, and the muck-arounders continued to muck around. It's hard to describe just how I was feeling at that moment. I was standing there, tight as a spring, waiting to jump into action, but held back by etiquette: both the etiquette that says bystanders should stay completely out of the way of police and paramedics and let them do their job; and the etiquette of the hospital, which says that until a code leader gives his job over to you, he is absolutely in charge.

In the end, the guy died. I saw the EKG flatline through the window of the ambulance. Plus, you know that when an ambulance drives slowly away with just its lights on and no siren, it's a bad sign. So there I was, standing on the street at 4:30 in the morning, having witnessed another transition from living, breathing, cognizant human being to inanimate object. But this time, instead of being able to fall back on the knowledge that I had done everything that could be done, that it was just his time to die, I was left with the feeling that I had allowed myself to be coerced into following the rules of the game, that in the interest of discretion and conformity, I had stood by while someone had passed into oblivion.

Some people may think that having witnessed as many deaths as I have, that I would have become immune to the emotion of such situations. Just the opposite is true. The first time I saw someone not make it through a code, I was more wrapped up—as I think the people on the street were—in the wow of the situation, the drama, the action. But now, having seen more situations like this than I care to recollect, I find myself with an increasing awareness that this man's brain, his life experience and everything he had come to know, had ever so suddenly become irrelevant. And it's hard to explain, but each time it happens, the person's essence, his life force becomes more of a loss to me.

As I walked toward my car, I felt overwhelmed with guilt for having followed orders at the expense of what in retrospect was doing the right thing. And I started thinking of other situations where people have been so concerned with doing what their boss tells them to do that they discount the fact that people are dying because of their actions: German soldiers in World War II, hell, any soldier; some husband in Westchester who works for a PR firm whose job it is to rationalize the raping of the environment; whoever it is who formulates the policy whereby homeless people still freeze to death under the Coney Island boardwalk. And me. Granted, I didn't shoot anybody, I didn't even work in the munitions factory that made the bullet, but still, someone may have died because I was more interested in not rocking the boat than doing what I knew then was the right thing to do. That bugged me, and I really wanted to get it off my chest.

Luckily, or so I thought at the time, my lover works at a bar that closes at six a.m. My lover, with whom my deepest conversation until then had been about what turns her on and what mistakes other men make in bed, was going to be the repository for all my angst. So away I sped.

Even at five o'clock the bar was still going strong, so I had to endure 45 minutes of some drunk asshole asking me, "Why so glum?" When I finally told him, I had to listen to him tell me over and over that it wasn't my fault. I knew it wasn't my fault, you fucking moron, I was upset over the tragedy of the human condition that leads us to such predicaments. To top it off, my lover couldn't get away to talk. Instead she poured my Jack and Cokes until the asshole became just a white hum, but the dull buzz of my surroundings only made my introspection and misery worse.

It was like the Three Stooges had carjacked an ambulance

Finally, six o'clock came, and I asked her if she wanted a ride home. "What do you think?" she asked.

In the car, I leaned over to kiss her, and asked her how her night went. She gave her usual spiel about how all these barflies cried on her shoulder and tried to get her to care about their lives in what she thought was a feeble attempt to sleep with her. That should have been my clue to keep quiet about the evening's events, and in fact, watching her as we drove through Manhattan, her beauty and sensuality dispelled any sense of loss that I had. When we got to her apartment, she led me to her room, and soon enough, I was marveling over the smoothness of her skin, the small of her back, the softness between her hip and her pubic hair. I knew I wasn't her only man, and normally I couldn't help but let that bother me, but at that moment it was me, and I was enjoying the escape. Looking down at her, I watched her close her eyes and softly bite her lip, and I closed my eyes as well. There is no better experience than mixing the physical sensation of sex with the vivid imagery of a good fantasy; that feeling can take you so far away from wherever you are. But at that moment, all I could think of was the earlier events of the evening: the bouncer's flaccid body on a stretcher, me being rebuffed by a paramedic, the EKG going flatline. Apparently it was obvious that my mind was elsewhere, because she asked me what was wrong. The floodgates opened, and I must have sounded like the fast-talking guy in the old FedEx commercials, barely taking a breath between paragraphs. It was all the weirder because I was still inside her. When I finally glanced down at her, the expression on her face said, "that sure as hell wasn't what I expected," and immediately I knew I had crossed a line that shouldn't have been crossed.

She wiggled up and extricated herself from me and looked at me for about a minute. Just then, a minute was a very long time. I saw about a hundred sentences start in her mind and end before they reached her lips, and I knew the content of each one of them. She heard enough of other people's problems. She was still trying to sort out problems with her ex-husband. We had a deal; unspoken, but a deal nonetheless: we found each other attractive, but our lives were full enough as it was. It seemed like a good deal at the time, until I took an emotional step toward her and sent the deal under. I took a deep breath and she didn't, but we were still standing on the same plane of thought. And then, as suddenly as I had entered her, she was a million miles away.

"Look, if I knew you wanted a relationship, I wouldn't have gone home with you the night I met you," she said. I started to tell her that I was not looking for a new girlfriend, that I had just had a traumatic experience and had to tell someone, but none of this was changing her mind. We both knew I had someone else I could tell my troubles to, and she insisted that this was just the first step toward something she didn't want to be a part of. I couldn't argue with her. I wanted to tell her that it was her freeness, her lightness that made me want to unburden myself to her. That she had been through so much and she was still OK, that she had a gift of not taking anything too seriously and I wanted a piece of it. That in her self-gratifying world, the lives and deaths of other men meant nothing and if she could just take me there....

You can never go back. At least she had the decency to walk me to the door. "Listen," she said, "you can still come by the bar. Where else are you going to get a free drink at five in the morning?"

"The last thing I need is more free drinks," I said.

The sun was coming up over Randalls Island, and the last of the Hunts Point hookers were hustling their wares outside the convent. Last night there were five billion people in the world, and today there's one less. I wish it could be different, but that's just the way things are.

Super Bad @ 65

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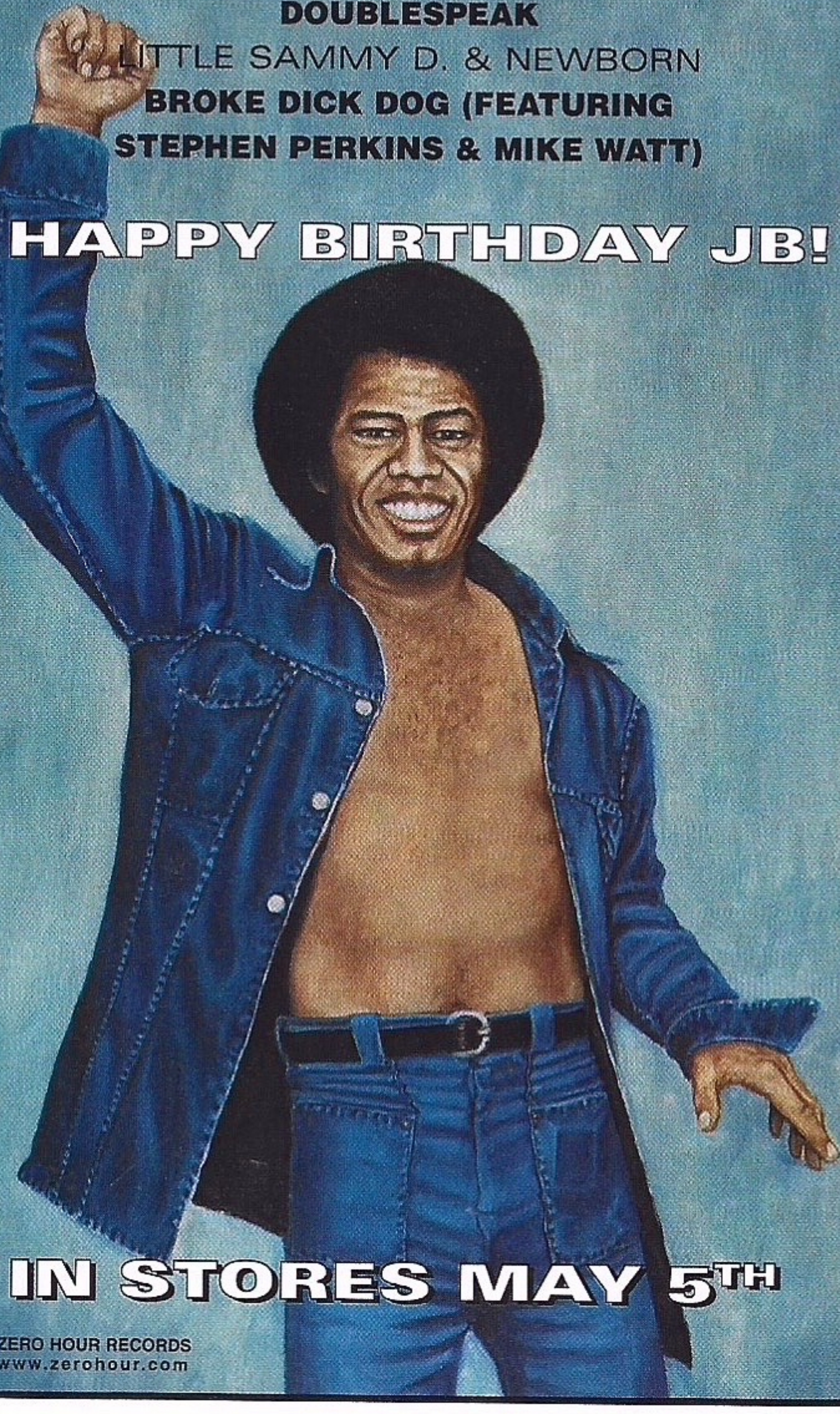

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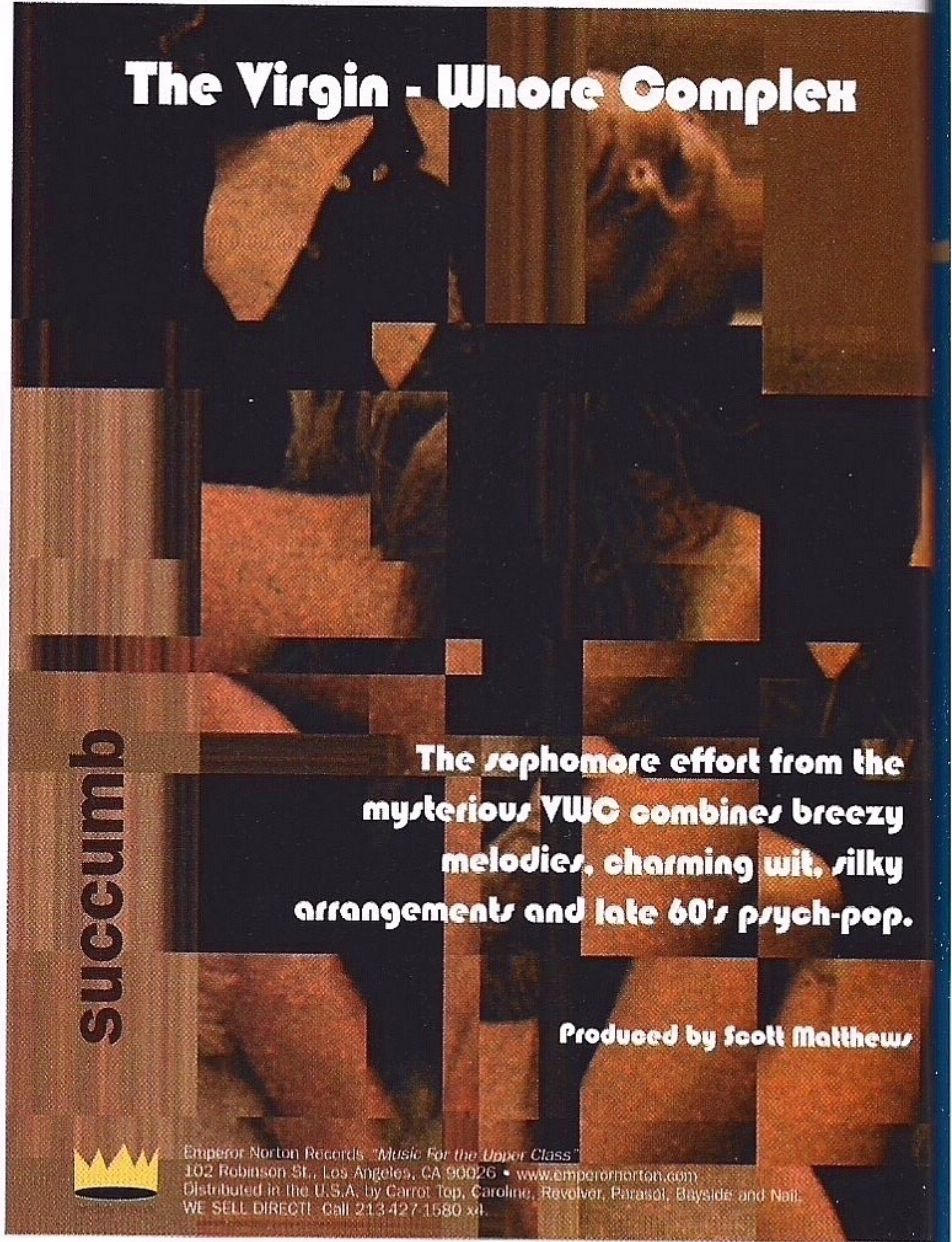

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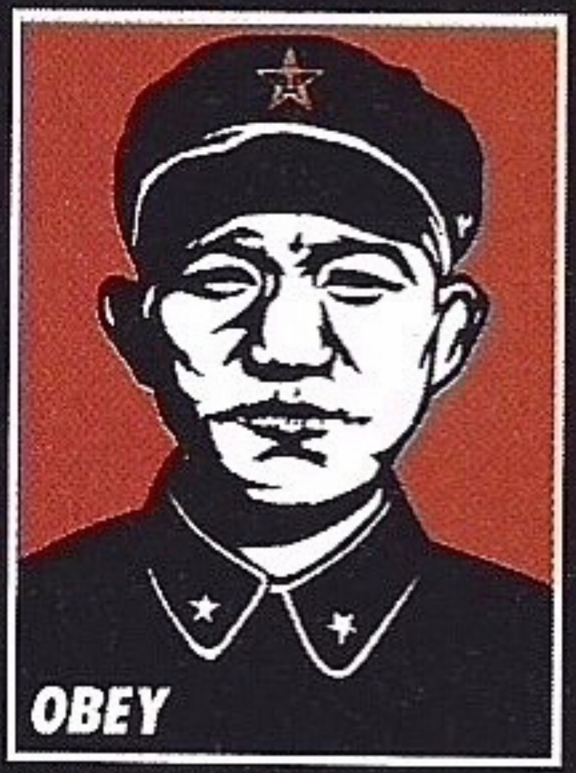
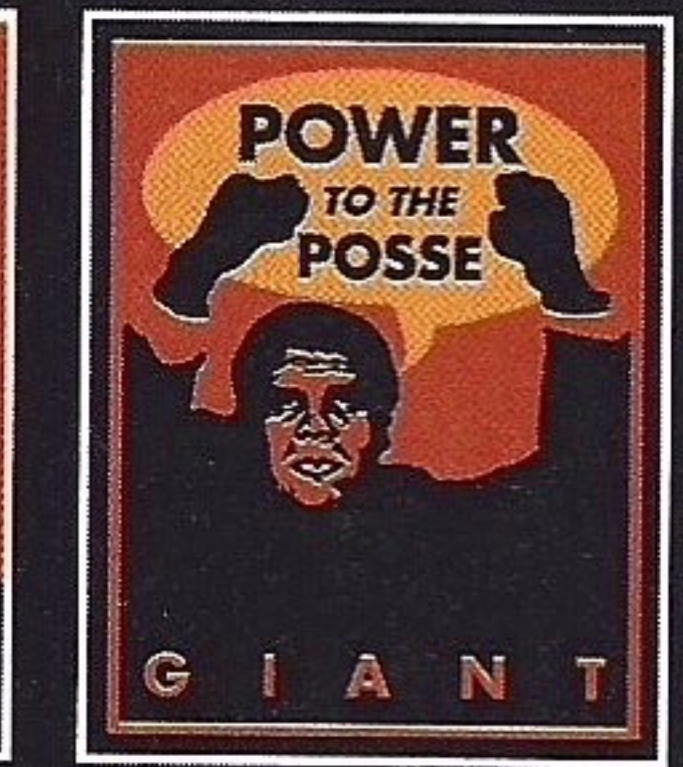


"CHINESE OBEY"(18X24)


POWER TO THE POSSE
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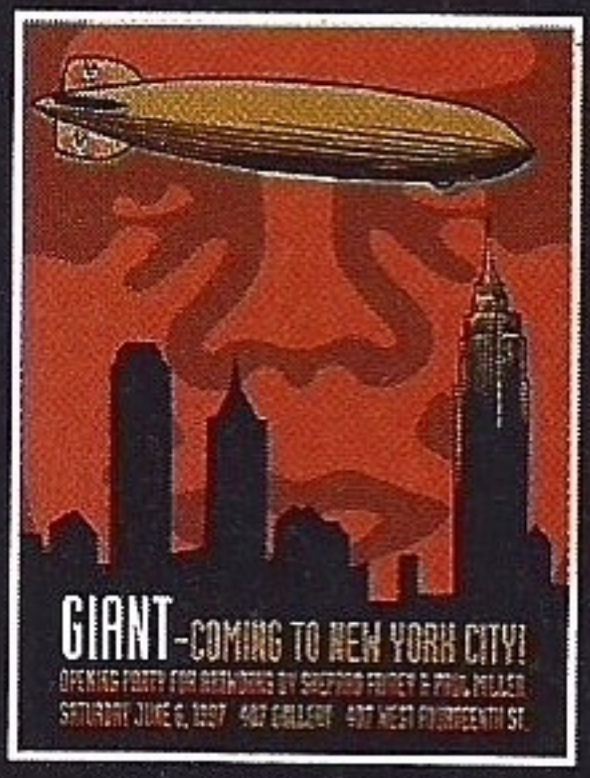
"POWER TO THE POSSE"(18X24)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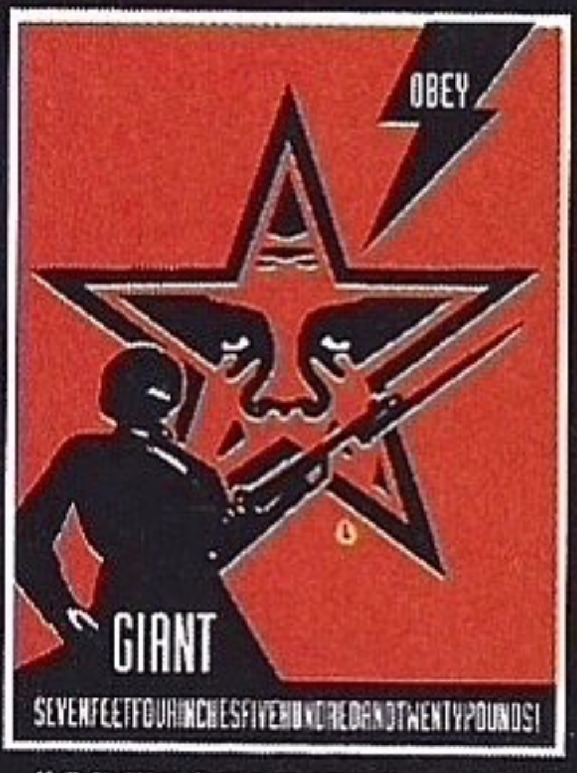
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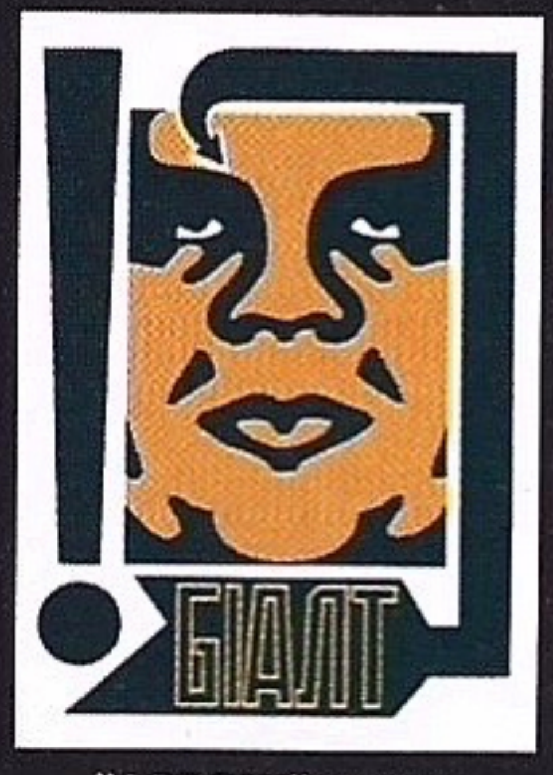
"OBEY SOLDIER"(18X24)



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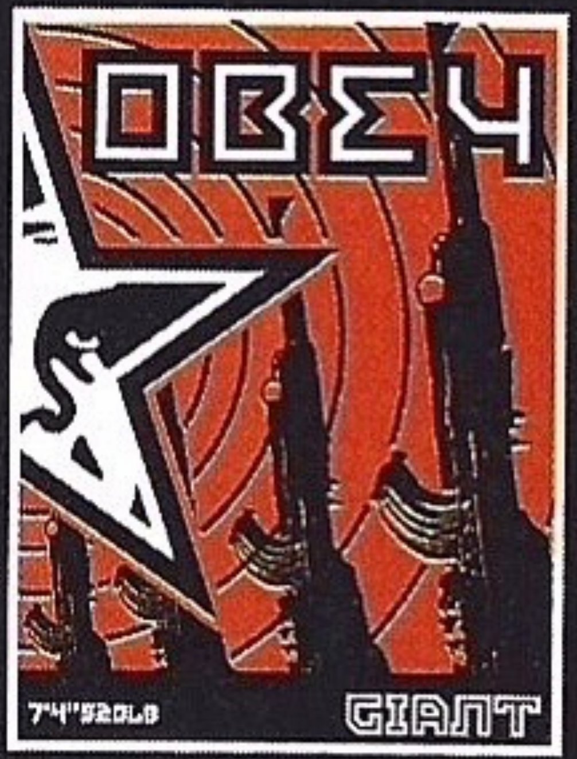
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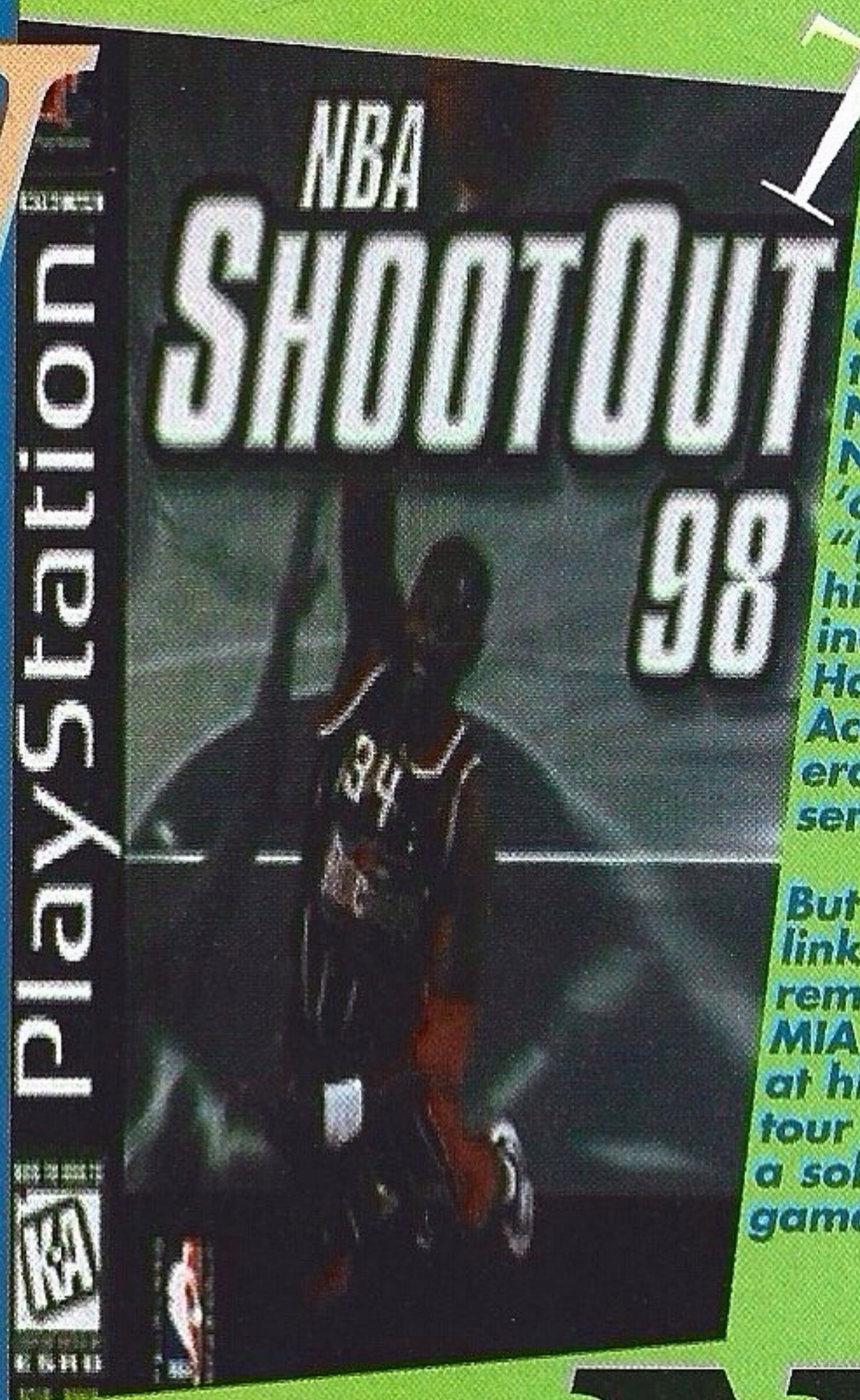
Neil H. VS Neil H.



Two Neils, in fact not just Neils but two Neil H's, have been put to the test. The mighty Sony Playstation®, the next level in the pursuit of vicarious nonactual video gaming, has issued an assignment to these two acknowledged masters of tragicomedy. The agenda: to assess this mechanism, to observe and to comment, but most of all to compete with each other, using NBA SHOOTOUT '98. And these Neil H's credentials for the job are impeccable. The first, Mr. NNNEeeeeeeillll Hammmmbuuurrggerrr is a live comedian whose 'act' has been repelling attractive audiences and vice versa with his "interesting" "take" on "things" for the last several seasons, and his manager assured me that this "take" could be stretched to include the world of animated basketball. The other Neil H is Neil Hagerty of the group known as Royal Trux, whose new album Accelerator can actually be seen as the aural equivalent of a golden-era video game, both in sound and philosophy. As such, it made sense to approach him as well for this duel of the stars.

But stars are stars, and they tour so hard that there was concern a link-up could not be achieved. Hamburger's groundbreaking tour of remote and racist regions of Australia had marked him with a virtual MIA status for the past several months, according to a spokeswoman at his label, and Hagerty too was about to commence an American tour to climax at the SXSW conference in Austin. Sony stepped in with a solution, and shipped out one Playstation® a piece, in order for the games to begin. Let's let them, shall we?

NBA SHOOTOUT '98 FOR THE SONY PLAYSTATION

NEIL HAMBURGER ***Player 1***

Just because I am a comedian people assume I don't have feelings. But that assumption is wrong, and over the years I have felt terrible about my lack of athletic prowess. My lack of *comedic* prowess is oftentimes my own fault, but the blame for a lack of athletic prowess must rest squarely on the shoulders of the fast food industry. And soft drink manufacturers are at fault, too: there's no reason Pepsi can't add some Vitamin C or B21 or whatever to their cola!

But anyway, due to my hectic career and mediocre physical condition, I have been unable to partake in playing the sport of professional basketball alongside modern legends like Hakeem Olajuwon. Until now! The great people at Sony sent me a Playstation® game console, along with their hottest, most realistic basketball game NBA Shootout '98, and I am only too happy to shill for them. This thing is fantastic, Sony. And though I would be happy to say whatever they wanted in a paid commercial advertisement situation, the truth of the matter is I'm NOT being paid by Sony and I still love this product!

Sony also has a line of popular record labels and from what I understand, does not currently have a huge success rate with their comedy acts. I hope to someday make a record for the Sony people and change all that. I'm willing to tour to promote it too! And a movie of my life would be great. Do you have a movie production company, Sony? They must, they make all the VCRs. But for now, my job is to just tell you all about my experiences with their GREAT product, the Playstation®, and this dream-like new game (feel free to quote me on that, Sony!) NBA Shootout '98.

First off, I must state that I am unfamiliar with previous editions of NBA Shootout. I also must state that I am unfamiliar with the procedure for installing the Playstation®. The fact that it took me half an hour of trying and still I was unable to make any progress is not due to any flaws in the Playstation®, but has more to do with flaws in my own personality and mind, flaws that 15 years of therapy and 14 years on the stage have not yet completely corrected. However, my manager, Art Huckman, has several estranged children of his own and knew all about this sort of mechanism. With his help, the game was hooked up and ready for action. He made it look as easy as plugging in a lamp, though he did curse a bit when he banged his head on the top of the table getting up too quickly from plugging in the electricity.

Sony also furnished me with an NBA Shootout '98 t-shirt, which I was happy to wear during the playing of this game, as I had spilled tomato sauce on my white button-down pajama top. A hat was also provided and I'm wearing it now. I'll try to wear it while on tour.

OK. Game set up. We're ready to roll.

With NBA Shootout '98 you can play against all the famous National players like Shawn Kemp, Jason Kidd, and Dennis Rodman. I don't know who these people are, but Art Huckman says that they're quite famous, and indeed one thing I noticed while playing this game: when the famous players are on the screen, Neeeeeeeillllllllll Haaaammmmmmbbbbbuuuurrrrgggeerrrrr's gonna lose!

This game doesn't fool around. There's a book as big as the Bible to go through to figure out how to play it. Of course, if you're already familiar with the game of basketball, or with these particular players, or with using a Playstation® or similar video game mechanism, you can probably skip the book. It's all new to me and I tried to read through the book as best as I could. Finally, I got restless, wanted to see some flashing lights and move my thumbs, and decided to get the game going.

The good thing about this game is that you have a lot of choices. Players and teams can be chosen or even created! I would've liked to create a one-legged player who ruined the game for his team and cried a lot, but Art Huckman, my manager, insisted we use already existing players and teams and do the job right. I started to create a "Neil Hamburger" player but became impatient (through no fault of the game or of Sony!) and stuck with Art's advice. Nonetheless, it's nice to know that it can be done, and that kids of all ages are doing it across the country at this very moment. Thank you Sony, and thank you Art.

The existing players come in two colors, white and black. I chose some of each, and tried to get a good mix of players alphabetically. Other choices you can make include the type of "dunk" you make, the type of "pass" you make (these are technical terms) and even the year you want to play in, 1997 or 1998. This game thinks of everything. Perhaps Sony should refocus their efforts and be given more control over people's day to day lives.

While playing, I was impressed by the sounds, particularly of the crowd. Crowds this big and this responsive do not come along everyday—trust me! Obviously Sony has done it again! Another thing is that these computerized robotic players look completely human at times, which can be disturbing. If not for the fact that they're on a one-dimensional flat screen, they would be in 3-D. They move and jump around and throw the ball around, and it's all very real and deceptive. I would like to know what kind of money the actual human beings these players are based on are making. What sort of contract, and do you sign in blood? This is sinister stuff.

The advertising in the background as the players run around is not at all realistic, however. They should improve that for future versions. I'm sure that Avis, Coca-Cola, Gatorade, and Marlboro would all be appropriate background advertisements for a game of this nature.

The "camera angles" were phenomenal. It really felt like there were people earning a living filming our little game. Of course, that's not the case, it's robots who are making the killing here, while Americans go unemployed. But that's OK because humans couldn't do the job: it would require them to be packaged with each Playstation® NBA Shootout '98 disc: and most people refuse to be shrinkwrapped! But all incoherent kidding aside, I felt like my every move was being broadcast out to a disappointed TV audience.

I can't tell a lie. And especially not to the good people at Sony. I performed terribly with the game. It was not the fault of the game itself. A bad carpenter blames his tools—but I'm not blaming my tools! (Though I don't happen to be a good carpenter, either.) Maybe I'm just too old, though I'm sure there are old basketball weirdos who probably do very well. I will have to try again. But for now, I lost. It was nice to see all the pretty colors and the exciting action, and to feel like I had the power to control all these people and the game, even though I didn't have the wisdom to do it correctly. (Is this how it feels being the President?) I would like to suggest that this Playstation® technology be put towards a computerized Comedy Laugh-Off. I would further like to suggest myself as Master of Ceremonies for this game. It could easily be incorporated into the Sony Playstation®. Please contact my management so that we can proceed at once with my idea.

PARTING THOUGHTS FROM NEIL HAMBURGER

To my opponent

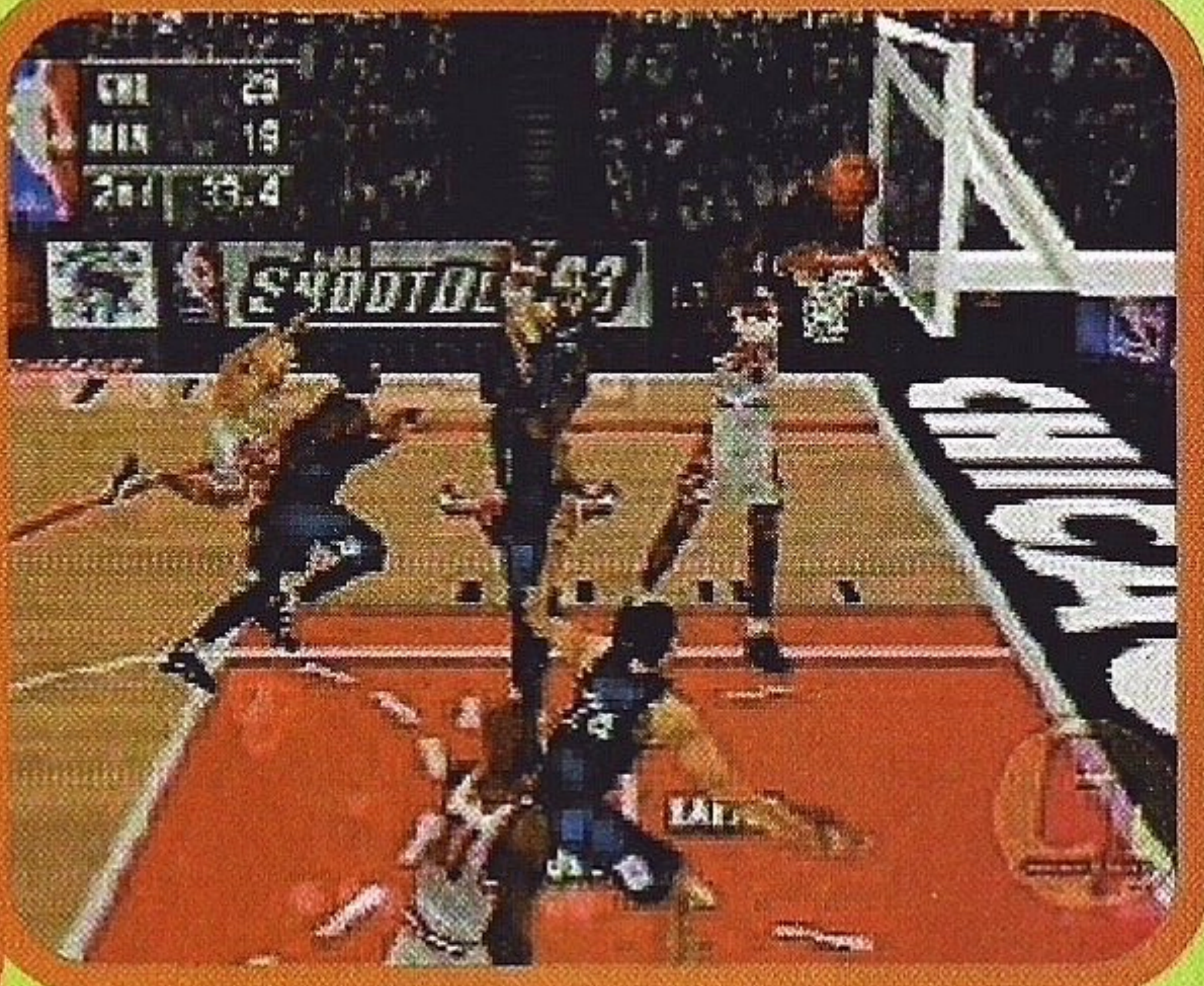
"I'm sorry if my poor playing and lack of familiarity with the game made your win "too easy." If you ever want to pitch pennies: watch out! I'm unbeatable."

To the Youth of the Nation

"You are so lucky to have a convenient way to forget your troubles and sublimate your problems. Sony's Playstation is truly a great way to spend Youthful time and energy that could otherwise be spent crying into a pillow."

To Sony

"You've got a winner here! Now market the Hell out of it! Give me a call, I can do radio and TV ads on short notice."



THE MATCH

Bar-B-QuEHamburgeR

"for Charity" event. Using the player creation screen we assigned their respective personalities to the players. Basically, Hamburger was given to fatigue and passing. Hagerty played a chaotic inside game. Through Hamburger's manager (Art H.) we dialed into the top-secret government phone system known as the internet (Hamburger was on a club tour of Guam and American Samoa, Hagerty was holed-up in a Tennessee hotel) and hooked them up.

RESULTS

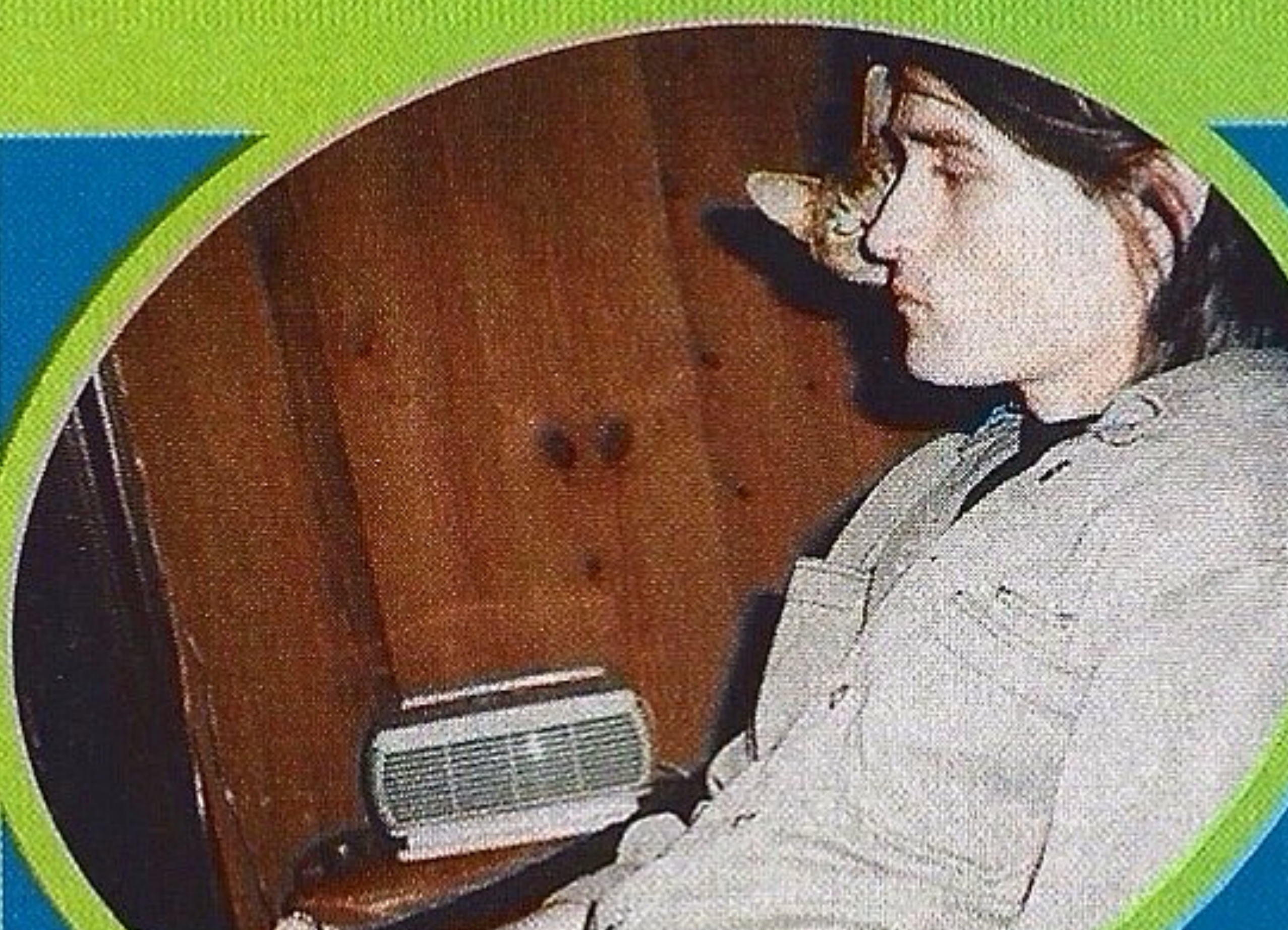
HAGERTY / NEW YORK KNICKS	52
HAMBURGER / SACRAMENTO KINGS	41

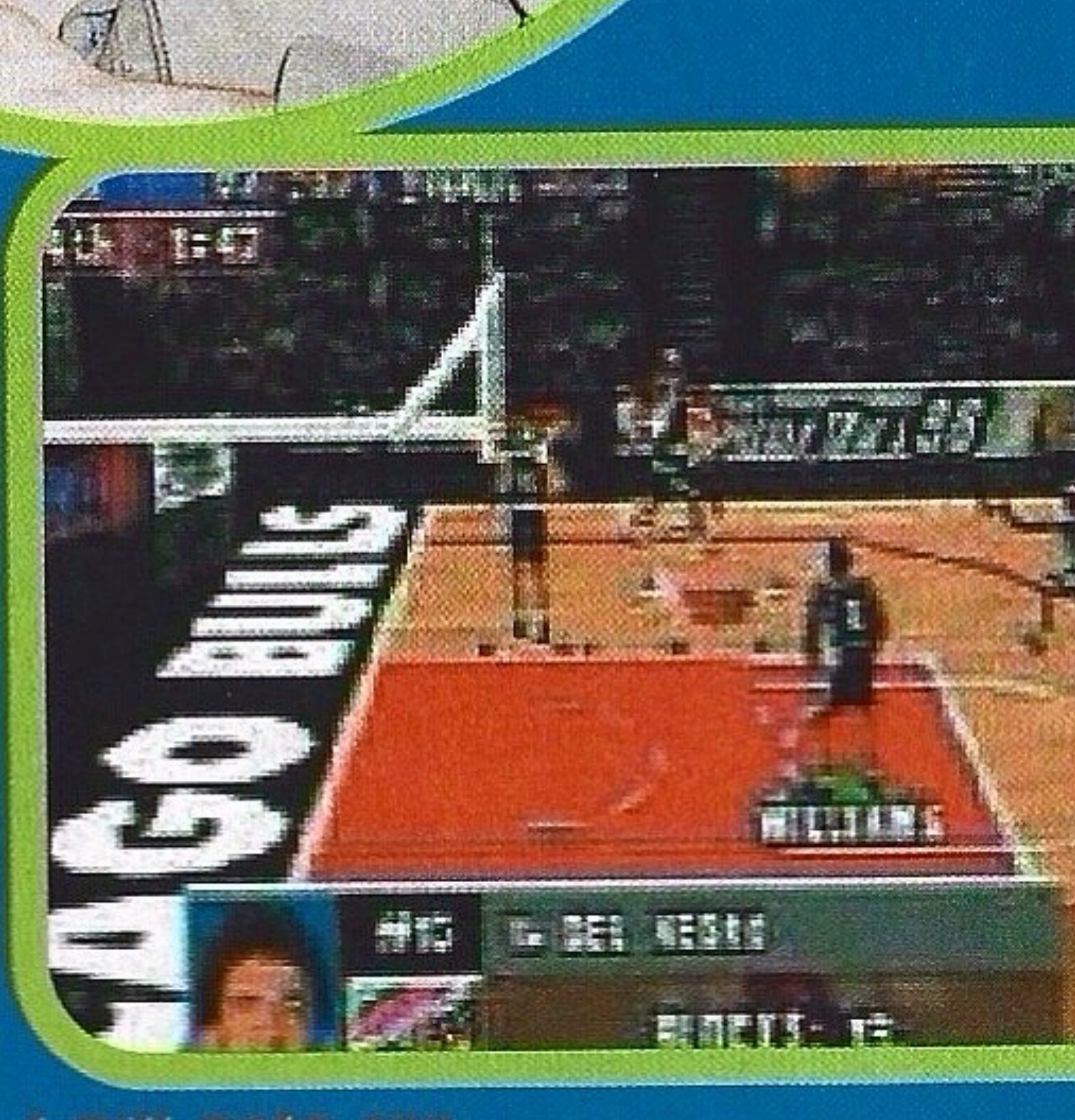
	PTS	REBS	ASTS	STLS	BLKS	FG%	3-PT%
HAGERTY:	7	3	1	0	2	3/4	0/1
HAMBERGER:	2	2	8	1	0	1/6	0/2

NEIL HAGERTY *Player 2*

Overview: The Playstation® system looks like the best new platform to me. Graphics-wise it has some weird artifacts. Sometimes a player at the top of the key seems to be floating above the line. The announcer lags sometimes, calling out the name of the jam while the other team is taking the ball out. The keypad is locked down, you can't change what button controls what. It took me like 40 minutes to get used to the setup. Then I started to draw blood. Compared to what I had been playing (Sega Genesis and Sega CD), and compared to the other new platforms I've played at the mall, it's very cool. The game is fluid and you can shut off all the extras (crowd noise, efx, etc.) and put on some music. This is a good way to level off after playing a show. The hat and t-shirt can be sold or given away to some dumbass. There is a memory card add-on so that you can store a lot of roster changes and schedules, etc. If you want to play a full season you can skip over playing for example the Mavericks and get a result via the Sim function. In my case (I was the Knicks), I skipped the Washington Wizzers to get to the Miami Heat so I could break P.J. Brown's cheekbone. In this game you can foul people intentionally. (Thank you Charles Oakley.) There's also a serial port on the Playstation®, so I guess that's how we were able to play over the phone. One minor gripe I have is about the connectors. It uses RCA-type plugs rather than coaxial cable. Therefore I have to unplug my satellite/VCR hookup to play at home. Plus most hotel rooms only have coaxial inputs so if the lazy bastards at Sony could stop counting their bonuses long enough to send me an RCA-to-COAX adapter it would improve my onroad enjoyment of their fine (and free) machine immensely.

Warming Up: I'm currently playing an entire New York Knicks' season (Shut up). The games are pretty realistic, for example I beat the Sixers 56-50 (2 minute quarters). We were 29 of 53 from the floor, 30 blocked shots. Ewing had 19 points, 6 rebounds. And we lost to the Bulls 42-52. The bald "mystery" guard had 17 points. I guess they can't use Jordan's likeness, as NIKE owns him. Another cool thing is I can switch the rosters around and replay the championship game against the Rockets. (And yes, Starks is in there). Knicks usually win. For me, these games are more about seeing my team conquer (and wasting time) rather than showing off my own electro-cyber-hoops skill. There probably are professional Playstation® zipperheads, but who wants to know about it?





The Strong Arm of the Lord

by Craig Kapitan

TALKING WITH A CHRIST

Once again it was the nostalgia that pulled me in. I remembered flipping channels in a pathetic state of TV-induced serenity quite often as a young pre-adolescent--every once in a while finding a very special surprise as the clicker landed on the religious channel. I would laugh aloud as these muscle-bound crusaders for Christ lifted logs over their heads and broke things flaming with kerosene, as the audience sang hymns and an 800 number flashed across the screen. This unfortunately all ended, though, when I moved away from the house with cable and was forced to survive a living hell of TV constricted to the airwaves.

So when I saw an advertisement on late night television one night, complete with a monster truck rally announcer's voice echoing "THE POWER TEAM! Power Team! Power Team!" I knew it was an event I had to be a part of, even though I had long since given up Christianity. When I got to the show, I found it hilarious, yet sad at the same time. These people really believe in this stuff. The saddest part was when evangelist ringleader John Jacobs announced it was time for the offering.

I tried a head-break one time at a school and I only broke the top two bricks, and I had a headache for a whole day.

He told a seemingly rehearsed sob story about how the team needed to raise thousands of dollars in order to fly to another performance by the end of the week and save more souls. He then asked people to hold their wallets in the air and pray for them. Just in case you didn't have your checkbook with you or you felt guilty about not donating the $20, $50, or more they suggested, they passed out self-addressed envelopes as well (you provide the stamp), so you could send your paycheck later. I felt obligated, since I was getting an interview out of this, so I gave all I had (approximately 79 cents). It made me almost sick, though, as I glanced through the audience who looked like they really couldn't afford expensive donations (some of them had probably been receiving donations), but were now convinced it was their spiritual duty.

My mind flashed back to the hallway, where they were selling $17 T-shirts, posters, water bottles ("If you fill them with sand, they make great weights as well!" Jacobs' ditzy wife proclaimed) and even broken remains of bats and bricks for members to sign. Yes, they were even selling their trash! They made plenty of money on merchandise alone. Even if they charged $15 at the door they would have made more than enough money, but not as much as if they made the God-fearing patrons feel guilty if they didn't at the very least pull out a twenty.

So I watched the show with skepticism and tried to repress the laughter as they broke things and sighted Jesus as giving them the power to do so.

The name of the guy I interviewed isn't really important. The team seems to have no personal thoughts or morals that aren't directly stated in the Bible. So the answers I received probably would have been the same from any of them.

How did you get into this and what was the idea behind the Power Team?
I've been on the Power Team for five months. I'm the rookie. The way I got involved in the Power Team is kind of strange. I used to play ball for Florida State University. But for two years my coach knew that I had a heart for the Lord. He knew that I loved to speak. He always felt like, you know, I'd be good for the Power Team. I'd never heard of the Power Team. He showed me a tape and I thought "There's no way I'd do that. That looks silly. Breaking bricks? C'mon, look at those outfits they're wearing." I wasn't too thrilled about it. I thought he was insulting the way I played football. So I took it as a challenge. "I'm going to play pro football and I'm going to show him." After I finished at Florida State, my eligibility finished kind of earlier than I expected. I had played ball at two other schools. I went to five colleges and my eligibility ran out real soon. But I could really prosper as a football player, so I left early to try to play professional football. So I played for Tampa Bay, but I pulled my hamstring two times. For a full year I had to sit out, and my coach kept saying I should join the Power Team. "No way, coach, no way." Then a guy came into my Bible study; a recruiter for the Power Team. He talked to me for a little bit about it. Honestly, my heart wasn't in football anymore. I was there for the money, but I was getting tired of football--I really was. I like to watch the sport, but.... So I went to the Power Team--my heart grew towards it--and voila, here I am.

How big of a role does Jesus have with the stunts you do on stage?
The stunts are just there to get attention. The message is with Jesus.

How much time do you spend in the gym?
I average about four days a week in the gym--about four hours per session. I used to spend eight hours in the gym sometimes, but I average four hours.

What's the circumference of your neck? 19 inches.

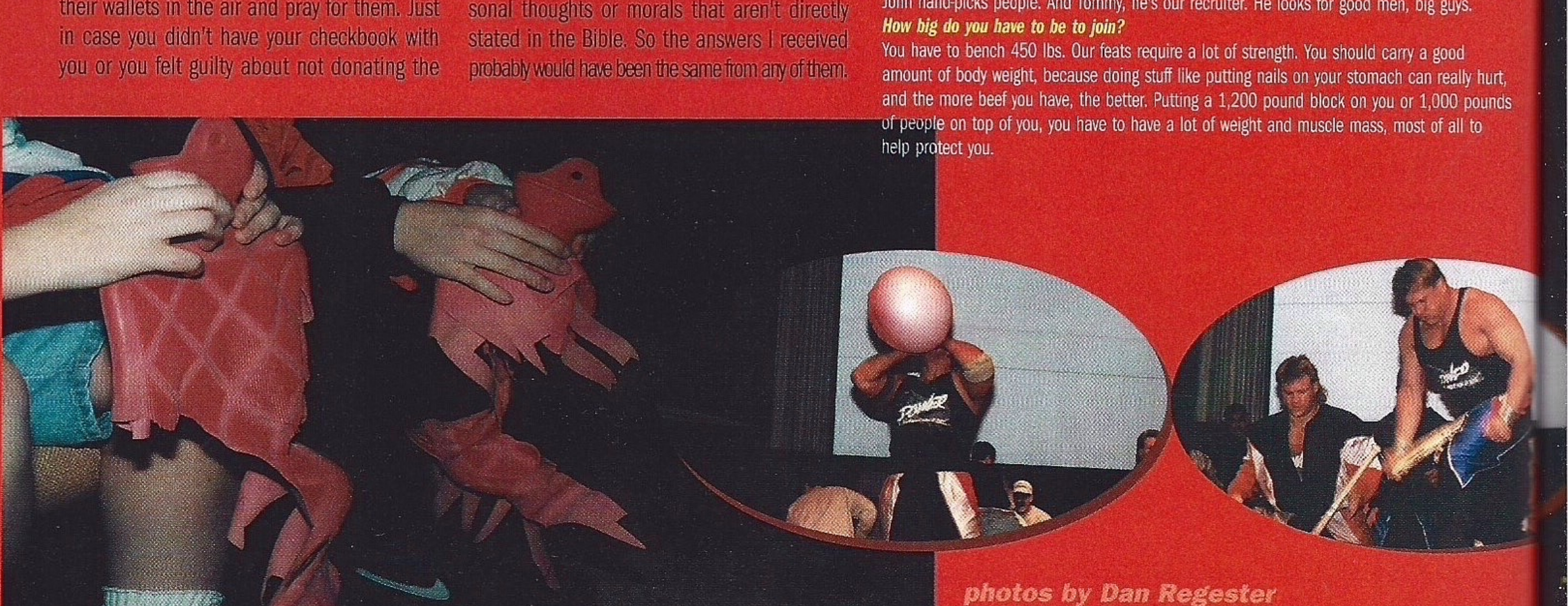
Seriously? That's a big neck. What would you consider one of the hardest stunts you've ever done on stage?
I tried a head-break one time at a school and I only broke the top two bricks, and I had a headache for a whole day.

So you're allowed to perform in schools?
We get good reactions from schools. Some schools are more cooperative than others. Some schools are like, "Ah, come on. That's fake," so we make sure we show them the bricks are real, the bats are real, especially with Missouri--the "Show Me" state. Show me, you know? When we get to the speaking part of it, the kids are so hyper, it's hard to get them calmed down to listen, because they want to see more. So we save a special feat at the end, and say "if you behave yourselves, we'll show the most dangerous feat at the end." It's a good way to get their attention.

Do you have any trouble playing at schools with separation from church and state laws?
Not at all. At the schools we're not allowed to mention Jesus Christ, so we give them a positive message. Anything positive is from God. We invite them to the night shows, and show them the real message of why we're positive.

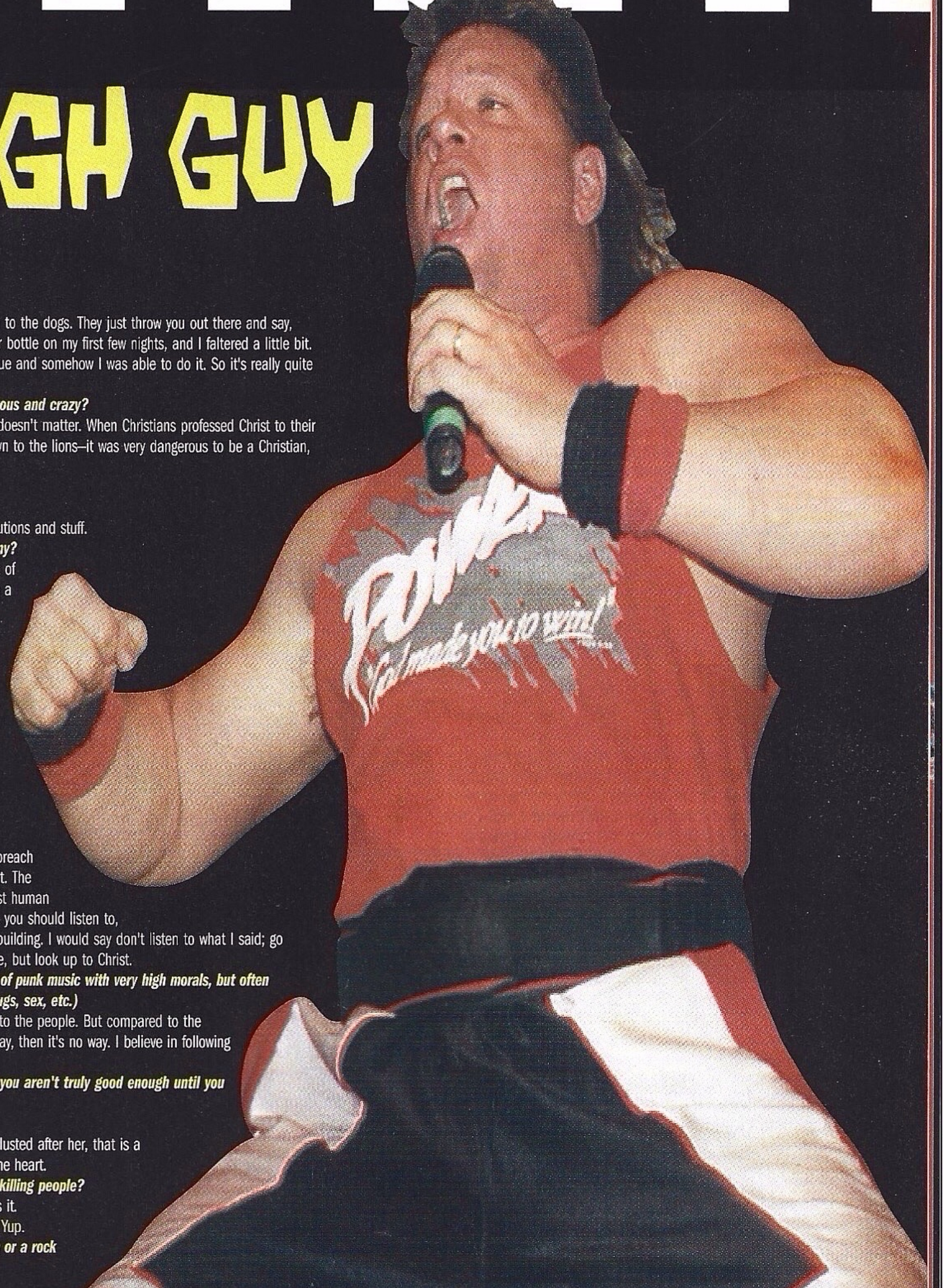
How would someone go about joining the Power Team?
Well, I would say it's from God. It's really God, but in a less abstract, concrete way of saying it, John hand-picks people. And Tommy, he's our recruiter. He looks for good men, big guys.

How big do you have to be to join?
You have to bench 450 lbs. Our feats require a lot of strength. You should carry a good amount of body weight, because doing stuff like putting nails on your stomach can really hurt, and the more beef you have, the better. Putting a 1,200 pound block on you or 1,000 pounds of people on top of you, you have to have a lot of weight and muscle mass, most of all to help protect you.



photos by Dan Regester

IAN TOUGH GUY


POWER
God made you to win!

What kind of training do you need?
I always thought there was some kind of training, but they throw you to the dogs. They just throw you out there and say, "Here's a bat. Try to break it." I remember they gave me a hot water bottle on my first few nights, and I faltered a little bit. When I was up there, through trial and error, I corrected my technique and somehow I was able to do it. So it's really quite unique the way they do it.

What would you say to the critics who say this is just too dangerous and crazy?
Whatever it takes. If souls are being won, Amen. If it's dangerous it doesn't matter. When Christians professed Christ to their lives, they were persecuted. They got their families persecuted–thrown to the lions–it was very dangerous to be a Christian, so I say Amen, because I'm doing it for the grace of glorious God.

Is this how you guys earn a living? Yes.

Does it pay well? We are well paid. For a single night, it's OK.

And you get most of your money through donations? Yes. Contributions and stuff.

Why exactly don't you want to be sponsored by any major company?
A lot of major companies, like Nike or Reebok are very secular. A lot of companies, for instance Kmart–Kmart supports pornography. There's a hidden agenda for a lot of companies and we'd rather be supported by God's people than any secular company.

I guess when you're out there to make money, you're out there to make money.
Yeah. A lot of private companies will tell you they'll support you, but they'll probably tell you to change some things too. They have that kind of power.

Do women find your act sexy?
Sexy? I don't know, man. That's a question you'll have to ask the women. I really don't know–I couldn't tell you.

What do you think of evangelism and the current scandals associated with it?
Romans 3:23 says all men will fall short in the way of God. I could preach out of foolish gain, and the Lord could take my message and bless it. The people who are evangelizing, we're just flesh and blood. We're all just human beings. We all fall short in the way of God. But it's the message that you should listen to, not the person. If I tell you to jump off a building, don't jump off a building. I would say don't listen to what I said; go look at the Bible and see if it's true for yourself. Don't look up to me, but look up to Christ.

What do you think of straightedge music? (explain that it's a form of punk music with very high morals, but often uses cursing to identify with its audience and preaches against, drugs, sex, etc.)
I think uh...Isaiah 64:6 says that.... I could do a lot of things to get to the people. But compared to the righteousness of Jesus Christ, it's a filthy rite. If I don't do it God's way, then it's no way. I believe in following the scriptures.

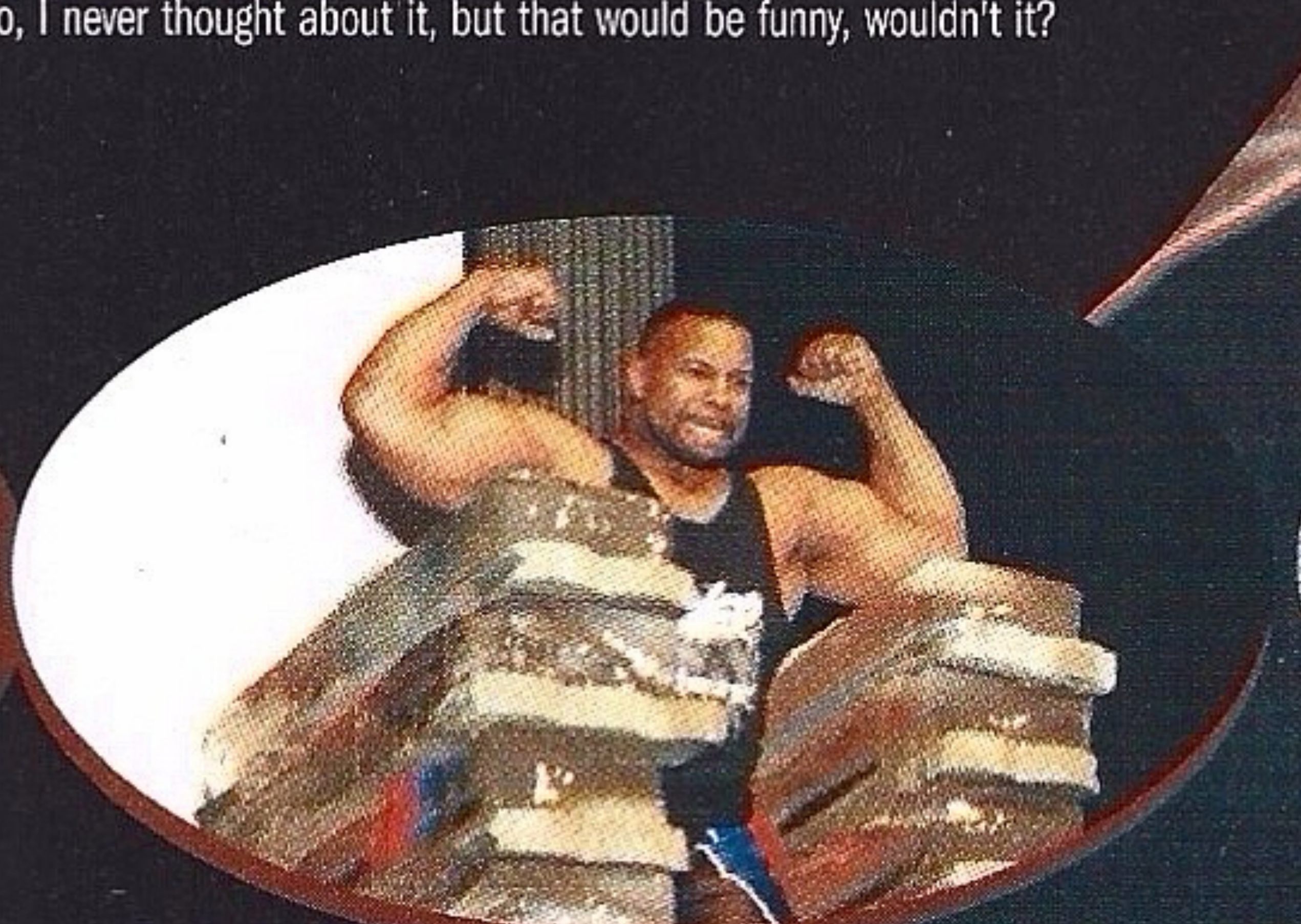
So you're saying no matter how clean or moral you live your life, you aren't truly good enough until you find... Jesus.

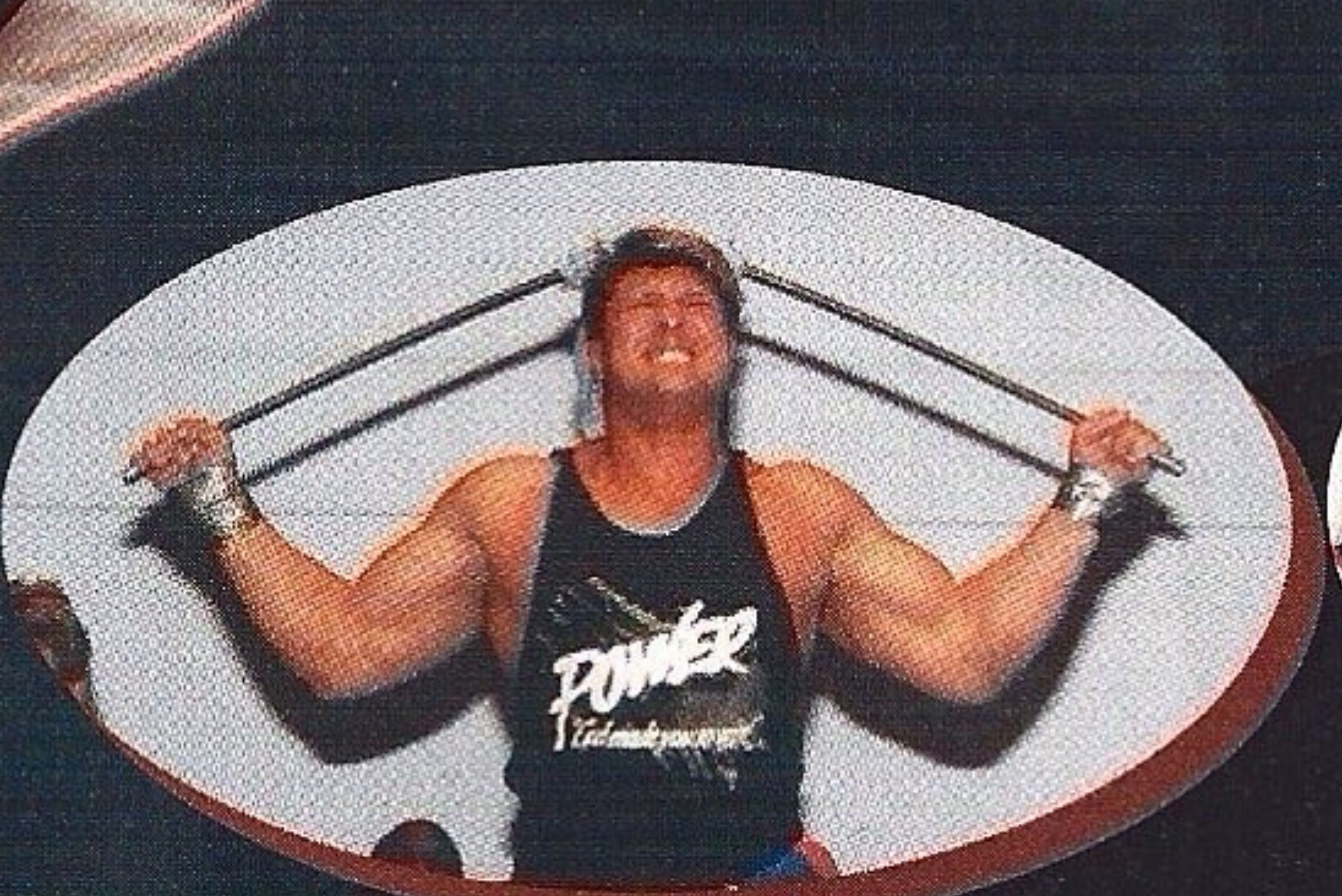
What is one of the worst sins you've ever committed?
My sins are equal in the eyes of God. If I've seen a woman and I've lusted after her, that is a sexual sin. There are two types of sin: sins of omission and sins of the heart.

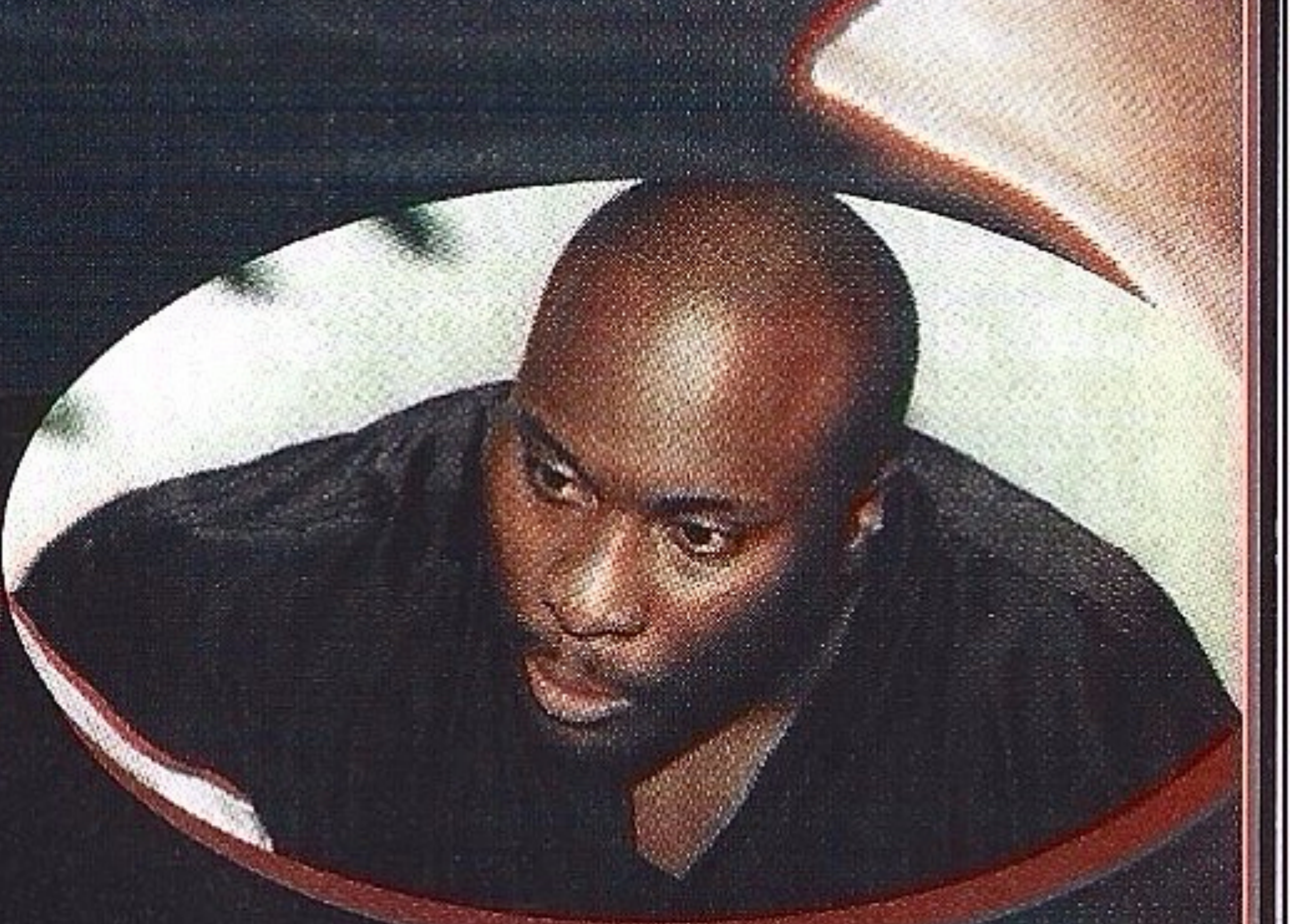
You're saying there's no difference between sexual thoughts and killing people?
Yeah. That's how God sees it–not how I see it, but the way God sees it.

Can you move your pectoral muscles up and down on command? Yup.

Have you thought about doing it to the rhythm of music, like a hymn or a rock song or something?
No, I never thought about it, but that would be funny, wouldn't it?







The Bible says if you live by its words day and night, you're allowed to be prosperous and successful.

Does bruising and things of that nature ever present a problem for you?
Yeah we get bruised a lot. Scraped, bruised, cut, get headaches. It's hard to travel, it really is.

What's the age span of the team?
I'm the youngest, 24 years old. The oldest member is 37.

Do people sometimes come to the shows just to see the stunts, and leave as believers?
It happens.

Have you ever been tempted to use your strength in more of an evil way?
Honestly, no. It was just the way I was raised. When I was young, I used to be bullied and picked on. Now that I've gotten older and bigger, I never seek revenge. But instead I got respect.

What is one of the weirdest things that has happened on stage?
Once of our guys got knocked out by a 2x4. He was knocked out cold for about five minutes. We woke him up and he said he wanted to do it again. And he did it again–he broke the 2x4s, but his ribs were shot.

What would you say to the people who are reading this interview, and might still be skeptical of your cause?
In life you have the freedom of choice. You can do anything you want to do. I could say anything about power of faith, but it's up to you. It's your choice, but you will never have the freedom of consequences. If you don't live a good and righteous life, your consequences won't be good and righteous. The Bible says if you live by its words day and night, you're allowed to be prosperous and successful.

What would happen if it was found out a member of the Power Team used steroids?
I would pray for that person. He would still be my friend and I would still love him as much as I did in the beginning, but I would know there was a problem that would need to be dealt with. I'd do the best I can to help him through his problems. But he'd be a bad witness, because drugs are wrong. First scriptures 25:2 says your body is a temple, the body of Christ. It's not ours.

Do you feel a bit frustrated that you spent your whole life avoiding vices and hurting others and guys like Mike (another member who confessed to dealing drugs in high school before being saved) are able to preach on the same level as you?
No, not at all. I feel God uses everything for a purpose. I feel God uses guys like Mike so that he can be an example for those who went through the same situations that he went through, and God uses people like me to be a good example for those who went through the same situations that I went through.

A middle-aged female fan temporarily interrupts the interview: "You know you guys inspired my brother and I to get into weightlifting and to get back into church."

Do you think your show is helpful to people of other religions?
We think it's good for anyone. I feel it's not us who gets the people's attention. I feel we just plant the seeds, but through prayer, God waters those seeds. If someone from another religion were to come to me and say, "I don't believe in what you're preaching because that's not my religion, there's nothing I could do to change his mind. Only God could change his mind. But I planted a seed. I made him think of something, and I pray that God, through that message, changes him.

So you don't believe most religions are good in that they are all shooting for the same point, just maybe with different names and words?
No, I believe in God's word. God's word says that religion is worthless. In other words, it's not about religion. It's about Jesus Christ. The word Christian is only mentioned three times throughout the whole Bible. People call them Christians because they were disciples who follow Christ. They were so much like Christ, they become Christians. Really that was supposed to be an insult. "Look at those Christians. They're so much like Christ." It's not about religion. It's about being a disciple of Jesus Christ. If any religion that calls themselves a religion doesn't believe in the trinity, Jesus Christ the father and the holy spirit, then no. Religion is worthless.

What are the team's view towards homosexuality, abortion, and masturbation?
The Bible's views towards homosexuality is that homosexuality is wrong.

Is that your view as well?
We believe in the Bible, so...it's wrong. Masturbation: basically people use that to mend their sexual desires. They use that to substitute our sexual desires. God wants us to be his desire. That's why when he created the church, the church is the bride and Christ is the groom. Where we desire a woman is how much He desires us, and He wants us to desire Him. Whenever we have that feeling, He wants use to yield to prayer, and use Him to fulfill that desire; Not ourselves–our flesh–to fulfill that desire. That's just like lust, that's using lust to fulfill the desire. Other people use that when they're under a lot of pressure and stress. You use Him to prevent stress, so I think that's wrong. I don't believe in abortion That's a very sensitive topic, but no. I think it's wrong.

Which do you think is worse: racism or homosexuality?
I think it's all the same. The Bible says sin is equal.

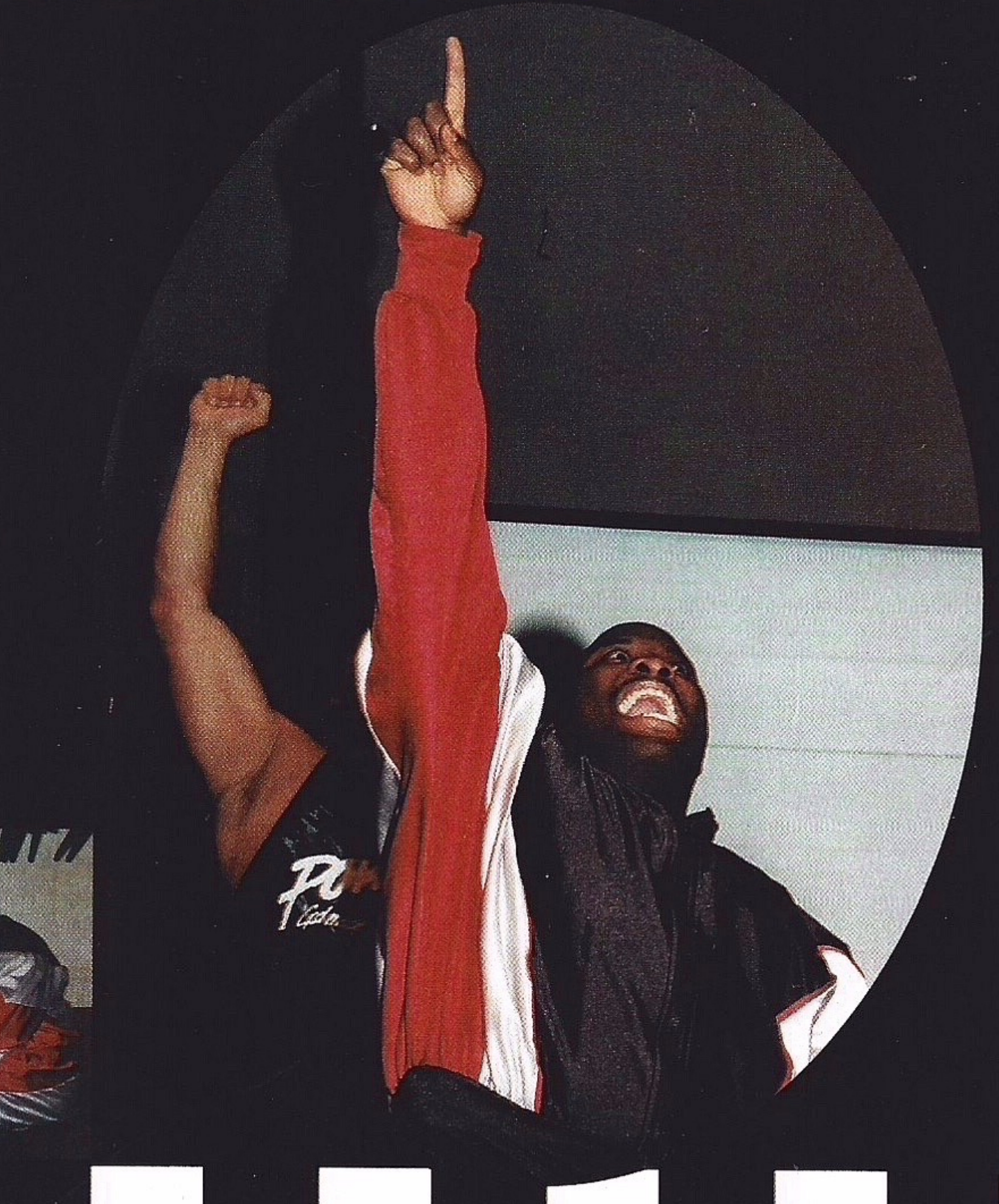
Do you have any different opinions other than what's stated in the Bible?
I think it's all...the Bible's true.

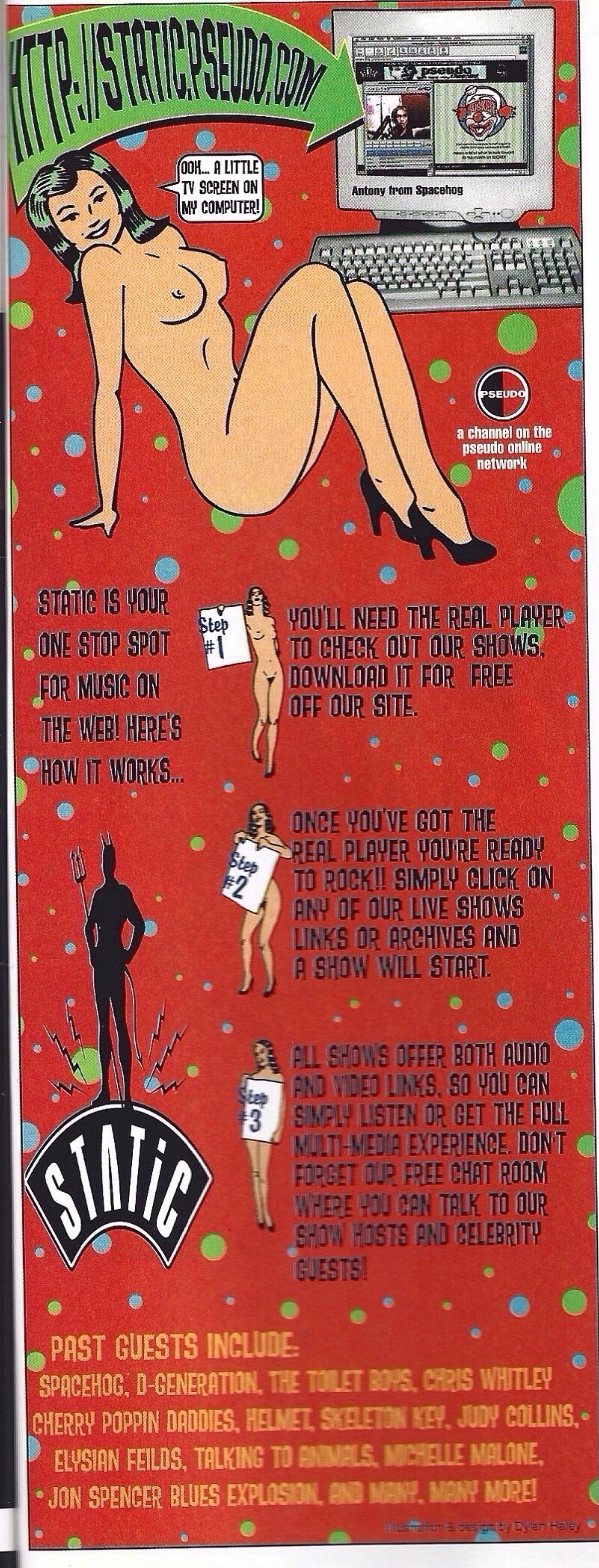
If you didn't have your muscles, what do you think you would be doing with your life right now?
I have no idea. I might be a mathematician. When I went to Florida State I was a double math major, so I'd probably be a teacher. Who knows?

Craig Kapitan is the Editor and Publisher of Poon Tatum. To get yourself the latest copy, send $2 to Craig Kapitan, 14125 Locust St, Olathe KS 66062.

You can also check it out at http://digiscape.com/platypus/chief_d/pt/pt.htm

> At the schools we're not allowed to mention Jesus Christ, so we give them a positive message. Anything positive is from God. We invite them to the night shows, and show them the real message of why we're positive.

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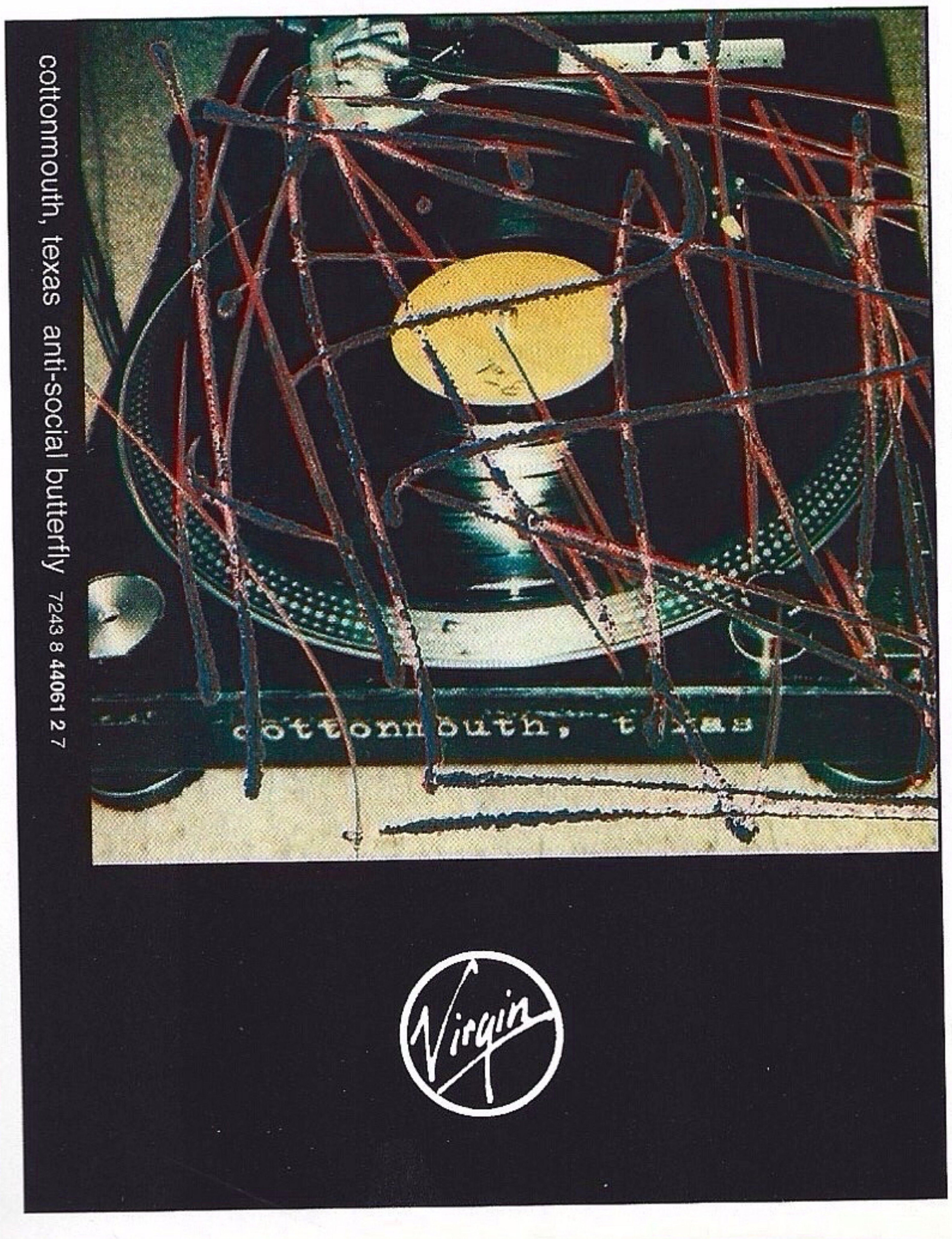
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MISSION: ABORTION

KLEINER 3'98

art by: Steven Kliner

I was in a foul mood and on my way to a new temp job. It wasn't quite 8 am. Already, you could tell that it was going to be a gorgeous day. One of those early summer days where you want to go sit in a park and drink a gallon of wine and smoke a bunch of pot and have sex with someone you hardly know in the woods.

But this time I really needed the money. So I was going to spend the day answering telephones, acting dumb and exhibiting a thinly concealed hatred for the pigs I'd be working for. What I won't do for the money.

by: Bambi Slunk

I had just gotten off the bus and was walking toward the slave camp when some squat bitch with a moustache and sour breath ran up to me and shouted, "They're killing babies in there!"

"Good," I replied and she waved a glossy picture of a bloody mess in my face and screamed, "SEE!"

I was too mentally inert to retaliate. I thought for a moment about spraying her with the pepper mace in my purse, but I walked on like all the other lumbering grey automatons. Meanwhile, the sow moved on the next dazed serf strolling past the clinic on their way to a day filled with nothing.

I didn't do much work that morning. All I could think about was my brief encounter with the ugly little abortion freak. What really pissed me off about the episode was how lame my response had been. Of course, you can't argue with these types—they're dogma junkies—but you can fuck with their minds a little; plant some festering weirdness in their heads that will linger like the odor of a diseased turd.

But what the fuck did I do? I walked on like all the other muttering shoe gazers in the money hive.

Just before lunch, the office manager approached me and said that I wouldn't be needed for the afternoon. "Really?" I replied with an obvious excitement in my voice. Since they had requested me for a full day, they were going to have to pay me for a full day, regardless of how inept my performance had been.

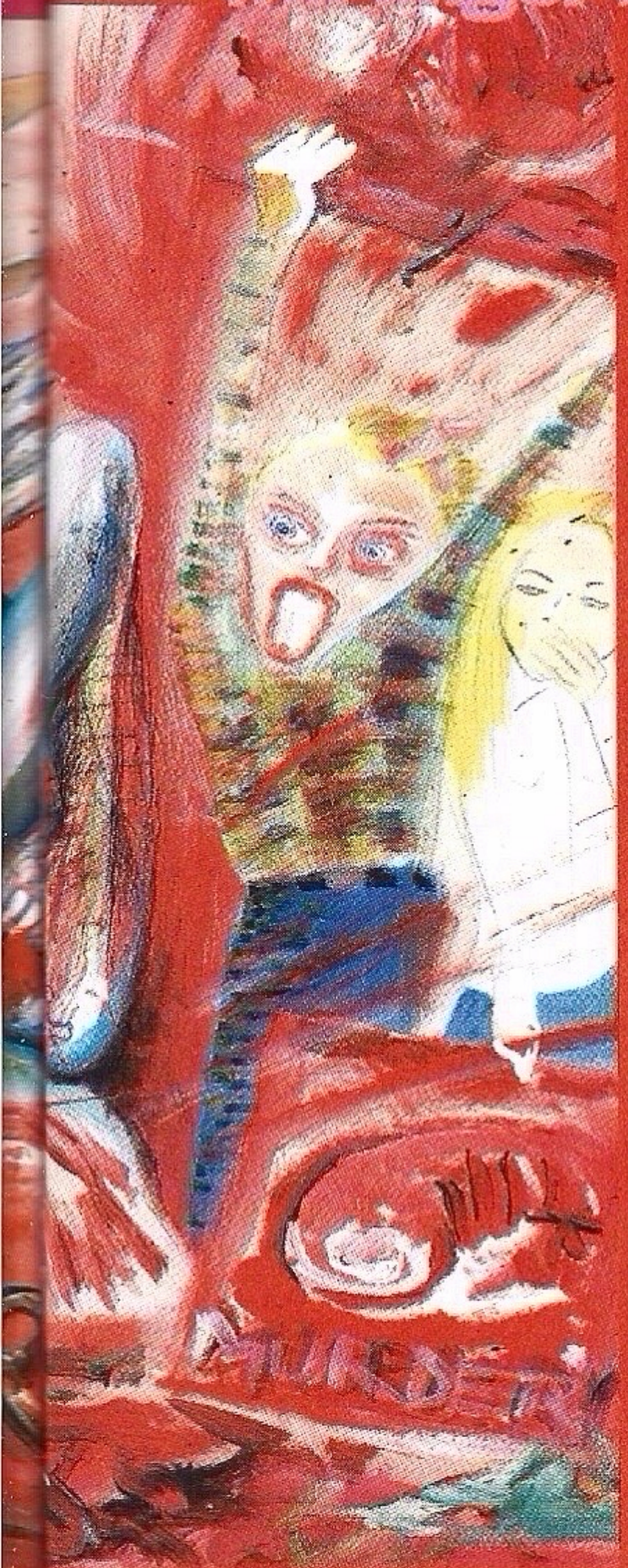
The office manager said "blahrrggo," and proceeded to berate a full-

Having FUN with the pro-life contingent

timer. Things were looking up.

I immediately headed off for the clinic to see if I could catch the abortion freaks. I was thinking maybe I'd moon them or something—anything—but they were gone when I arrived. They were probably off lunching on veal and putting fresh bugs up their asses.

plant some festering weirdness in their heads that will linger like the odor of a diseased turd



But I still wanted my chance. The more I thought about it, the more resolved I became to do something. I kept thinking about how these cranks run around fucking with anyone who happens to cross their path. It was time for someone, namely me, to fuck them right back.

So I did.

When I got home that afternoon, I called my friend Terry and told him my plans. He was all for it and we spent the rest of the afternoon prowling thrift stores and butcher shops for things we'd need.

The next morning I woke up and called in sick on my temp assignment.

At 6:30 am Terry arrived at my apartment and, with the help of my roommate, we got into our costumes. By 7:30 we were out the door and tooling down the street in Terry's car on our way to the clinic.

The abortion freaks were already out there ranting about dead babies and waving their ugly pictures in the faces of the passing wage slaves. I tried to figure out which one of the retarded beasts had molested me the day before, but I couldn't single her out. Each face was masked by a consuming idiocy that made it difficult to tell them apart.

Terry parked the car in a tow-away zone just around the corner. I flung my door open and tried getting out, but discovered I couldn't stand up in my condition. Terry had to give me a giant shove from behind that sent me stumbling out on to the sidewalk. Right off the bat I started getting some very strange looks. Probably because I appeared to be about 40 months pregnant.

Terry walked me up to the corner. People were stopping in their tracks to stare at us. He had a rusty coat hanger in one hand and a half-full bottle of Heaven Hill brandy, which I hadn't seen before, in the other.

"What's that for?" I asked nervously and by way of reply Terry uncorked the bottle of rotgut and poured it out on his chest. "It'll be the perfect touch," he said. I realized then that Terry was into this even more than myself.

Terry gave me a shove and I went tottering around the corner and into the crowd of abortion freaks. Everything sort of stopped for a moment when they caught sight of me. I had on a cheap polyester dress and a rat's nest wig. I was barefoot and looked like I was about to give birth to a teenager.

As they stared at me I ran my hands around the sides of my swollen gut and moaned, "Get me an abortion...I need my abortion."

At that point an odd-looking man stepped forward and shouted, "You can't have an abortion!"

"Fuck you," I screamed back. "I've been saving up for eight months. I got an appointment, motherfucker."

Some of the others began to holler. They were stepping toward me as they waved their glossy little pictures and spouted streams of gibberish.

Then Terry came racing around the corner.

"Get away from my goddamned patient," he growled and charged at me.

He was dressed up to look like a doctor, but as he came toward me he looked more like a meat cutter. There were streaks of blood all over his white gown and latex gloves. And he reeked of cheap booze, of course.

They scattered back as Terry approached. All but the odd-looking man who Terry grabbed by the collar and sent sprawling onto the sidewalk.

"You'd better work quick, Doc," I said, sounding as though I was being strangled. "I think my water's about to break."

And with that I gave a sharp twist to the balloon under my dress that held nearly a gallon of water mixed with tomato soup.

A heavy flow of mock amniotic fluid drained from between my legs. "Hurry," I pleaded.

This was the last good look I got at the abortion freaks. They were lined up against the clinic wall staring at the puddle of pseudo birth juice gathering around my dirty bare feet. I can't say it was fear I saw on their faces at that moment or even anger. It was more like deep, deep confusion. To me it looked very funny and I was about to start laughing when Terry roughhoused me to the ground and shoved a coat hanger up under my dress.

"I'll get that fucker," he shouted and with his hands he began tearing at the bag that was belted around my hips.

"Get it!" I screamed as I rocked on the concrete.

Terry was into the bag now. It held nearly a pound of ground beef, a big cow tongue, a couple of bloody livers, a bunch of chicken skin, two salmon eyes, and a half a pound of assorted giblets. A bloody mess.

The first thing to come out was the tongue. Terry threw it over his shoulder and I heard it smack when it hit the concrete. Someone screamed but I couldn't tell who it was.

"Get it all!" I shouted. Now Terry really started flinging the shit around. A steady barrage of bloody meat was sailing over his shoulder. From what I could tell, only one piece actually hit an abortion freak. It was a woman who looked to be about 20 years old and she was up against the clinic wall. There was a messy blob of ground chuck pasted to her shoulder. Her head was slowly shaking "no" at the piece of meat and her hands were waving in the air like fans.

Terry pulled me up and I noticed then that a fair sized crowd of office servants had accumulated. They'd have something to talk about during their coffee breaks today.

As they stared at me I ran my hands around the sides of my swollen gut and moaned, "Get me an abortion...I need my abortion."

As we ran away from the scene, stray pieces of meat dripped from my groin bag. It made me laugh so hard I could barely run.

But we hauled ass back around the corner and jumped into Terry's car and flew out of there.

As we sailed up the street, I leaned over and gave Terry a giant kiss on the cheek that smeared lipstick all over the place.

"Thank you, Doctor," I told him. "I think I'm cured."

Special Travel Guide!

Mad Tramps

by Mark John Davies and Ali Ghani

The POPsmear Guide To London

Many people and countless tourist guides would have you believe that London is all about Buckingham Palace, the Houses of Parliament, the Royal Family and over-polite cockney chaps with an accent culled from Dick Van Dyke in Mary Poppins. This is what the Tourist Board spouts out year in and year out, and whilst we are sad to report that these disturbing elements do exist in our beloved capital, there is also an altogether more pleasant, seedier strata of sub-human scum plying its filthy trade and fulfilling its every wanton desire, which any self-respecting thrill seeker would be loathe to ignore when visiting us here in our humble metropolis.

First up, if you will allow us to indulge ourselves, a word of warning to any potential visiteur from the US. You will need a strong stomach and even stronger shoes if you are to join us on this journey around some of the more interesting and, in some cases, hitherto unheard of sites. We would also wish to suggest at this point that any plaid that you may be carrying is left firmly at the bottom of your suitcase, along with your camera, as many of these sites do not allow photographs. A pen and paper is acceptable and in some cases necessary. You will also need some money, a piece of cheese, and a miniature rat trap–fear not, all will be revealed!

A good start for any self-respecting pervert visiting these shores would be a clothing store. I mean, what are you going to wear so that you don't stand out from the crowd? Nobody wants to look out of place, so we suggest that you head down to Soho or Covent Garden and get yourself kitted out in all the latest Anti-Nuclear gear from one of the many new shops which are starting to handle this stuff. This tour is all about Urban Survival in its myriad of forms, and you can't let the big bomb dropping or a mugging stand in your way. You have been warned. On the plus side, you will blend in straight away. Instant chic–don't knock it!

Once you are properly kitted out in your gas mask/wetsuit combo, one place you should definitely go is the Museum Of The Royal College Of Surgeons, which is situated at 35-43 Lincolns Inn Fields WC2A 3PN (tel. 0171 973 2190). These guys have some of the wildest things you could ever hope to see (or rush away from while holding your stomach, depending on how you look at it). Put more simply, this place is to deformed medical specimens what Kasparov is to chess, only with marginally less formaldehyde. Many are the afternoons that we have spent examining various deformed skeletal structures and dismembered body parts. Watch out for the lungs.

The current "champ tramp" is Lionel "Madjack" Capone, a 17 stone Irish tramp who was discovered fighting street dogs in Dublin

Entry is strictly by appointment only, but well worth it. Perhaps the most amusing thing about this place is the silence. Only in England can you get an embarrassing silence like this. Savour it, you may never hear it again.

A cool game to play in here is trying to work out which body parts are related to each other. The winner gets to take home a piece of gristle all their own.

When we have grown weary of looking at the same old spleens over and over again (you know how it gets with vital organs, the thrill just wears off after a while doesn't it?), we tend to feel the need to reconnect with the spiritual elements in our lives. Fortunately this is also catered for in Neasden in North West London, where one can find the Shri Swaminarayan Mandir, a beautiful Hindu temple made out of marble. The amazing thing about this place is that it is the site of a real life miracle. About two years ago, a statue of the elephant god Ganesh started to drink milk from a bowl and was declared to have come to life to warn us, although exactly about what we are not sure. Thousands of people flocked to the temple carrying cartons of milk and declaring a miracle, although it was suggested at the time that this was simply a fake dreamed up by the dairy companies.

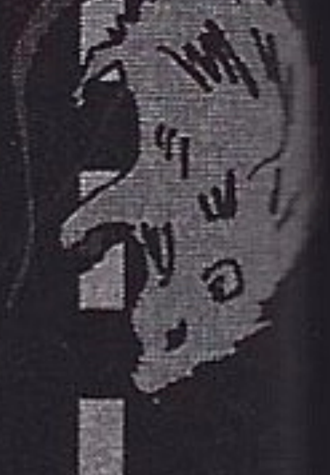
It is a beautiful place nonetheless, so be sure to take a carton of milk and leave your boots at the door and they will certainly let you in.

Now that you are spiritually refreshed and rejuvenated with your karma in perfect equilibrium, you might be grateful to have the chance to rock out a little with some rock stars past and present. We're not talking about lame waxwork museums with models of Sir Elton John, or sitting in row ZZZZZ of the Wembley enormodome eating a corporate burger washed down with major label Coke here, we're talking about real rock n' roll taken to its natural conclusion–the all time classic rock death. Whilst London has borne witness to some of the most dramatic superstar deaths of recent years–Brian Jones, Keith Moon, Brian Epstein, just to mention a few, the all-time number one crown has to go to Mr. Marc Bolan.

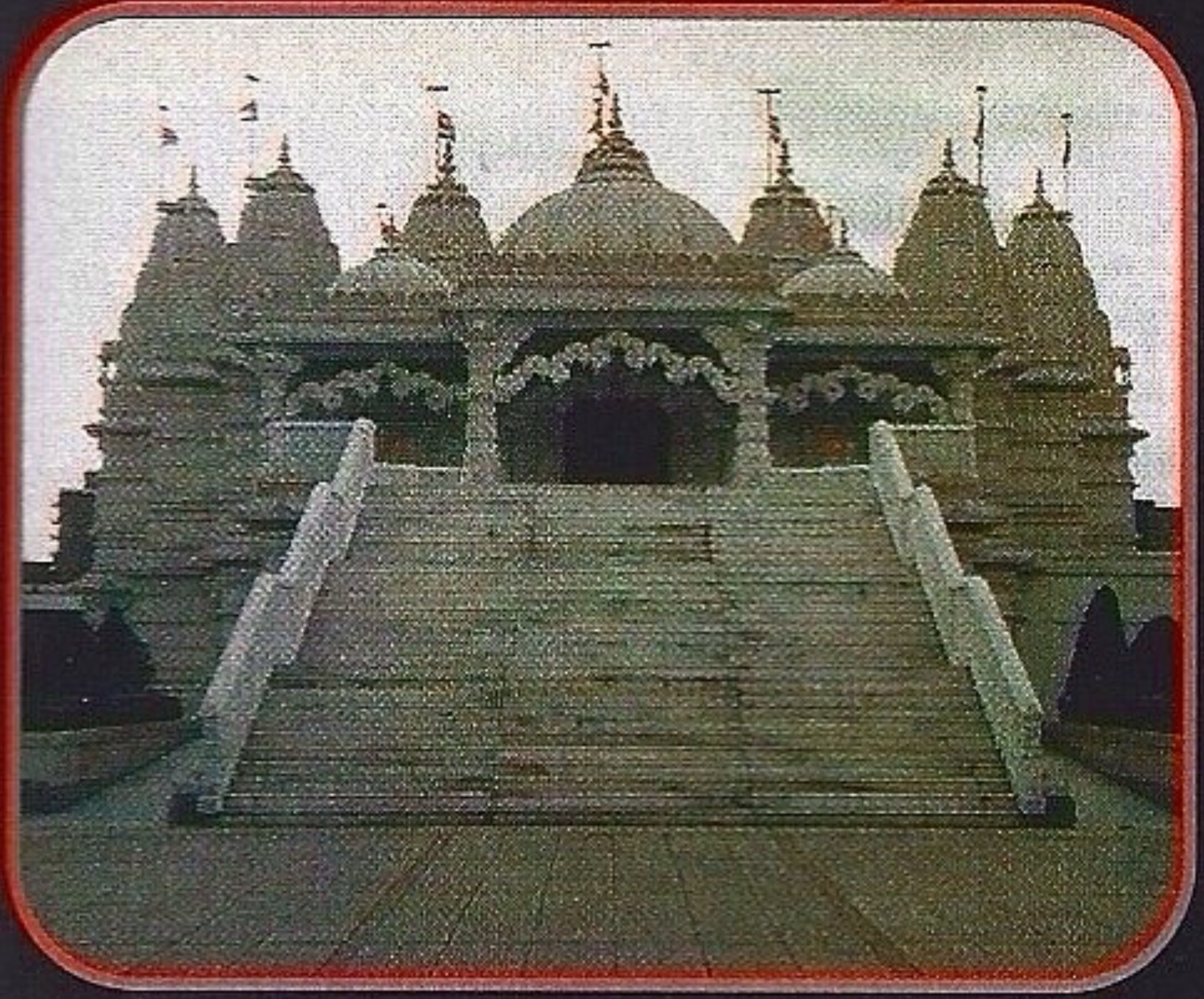
We first discovered the Bolan death tree when we were in Olympic Studios in Barnes, and it has captivated us (as opposed to decapitated us!) ever since. For those of you who don't know the story, Bolan ended up tragically careening off the road in a mini car which was being driven by his girlfriend Gloria Jones on 17th September 1977. They had been out celebrating his birthday and were returning to their house at 142 Upper Richmond Road when the accident happened. So visit the tree, which is located at Queens Ride Bridge SW13 and pay homage to the dandy popster who is sadly no longer riding his white swan. However, you may get lucky, as rumour has it that in keeping with other idols of the last century, this tree does in fact weep real tears of blood at certain dates in the rock calendar such as the Reading Festival in August, and the anniversary of the death itself. So make sure you time your visit accordingly.

If real live rock stars are your thing, you could pay a visit to Noel Gallagher, whose fantastic mansion, Supernova Heights, is located (in true Popsmear style) in Belsize Park NW3. Go pay homage to a great songwriter with exceptional taste in houses. Noel, we salute you sir!

Leisure time is something that we value most highly, and every deviant needs a little time away from ghoulish death pursuits. We regard these pastimes as work as opposed to play, so when we need to relax we take the time to watch a little sport. The



photos by: Mark John Davies



Milking It: Shri Swaminarayan Mandir, where a statue of the elephant god Ganesh is said to have the fashionable milk mustache

UNDERGROUND

Land Down Under: Rat golf's 18th hole

No Sleep 'Til Supernova:
The Noel Gallagher residence

biggest draw on the London sports scene right now is Premier League soccer, and London has more than its fair share of top teams such as Arsenal (our team), Tottenham Hotspurs, Chelsea and West Ham. Enjoyable as it is, soccer is a little banal and mundane in comparison to the new sporting craze sweeping the underground—a brand new game called Tramp Baiting, and its sister sport Inner City Sumo.

Tramp Baiting is in essence a game which has its roots in the 17th century sport of cock fighting. The main difference is that instead of using cocks, the main protagonists are hand-picked, hand-reared tramps who are pulled off the streets and turned into fighting machines. A top tramp can earn upwards of £1000 a week, and as much special brew lager as he can guzzle—you should see these guys go! The current "champ tramp" is Lionel "Madjack" Capone, a 17 stone Irish tramp who was discovered fighting street dogs in Dublin and brought over by the promoters to fight in London. Sadly, Tramp Baiting is very much an underground sport at present, and the times and dates of bouts are kept top secret until an hour before the first bell—this is due to their somewhat illegal nature, but if you get in with the right people you could get to see one. Try hanging out in the Blind Beggar pub, haunt of the infamous '60s gangland kings the Kray Twins; you might get the "special sign" from Filthy Archie.

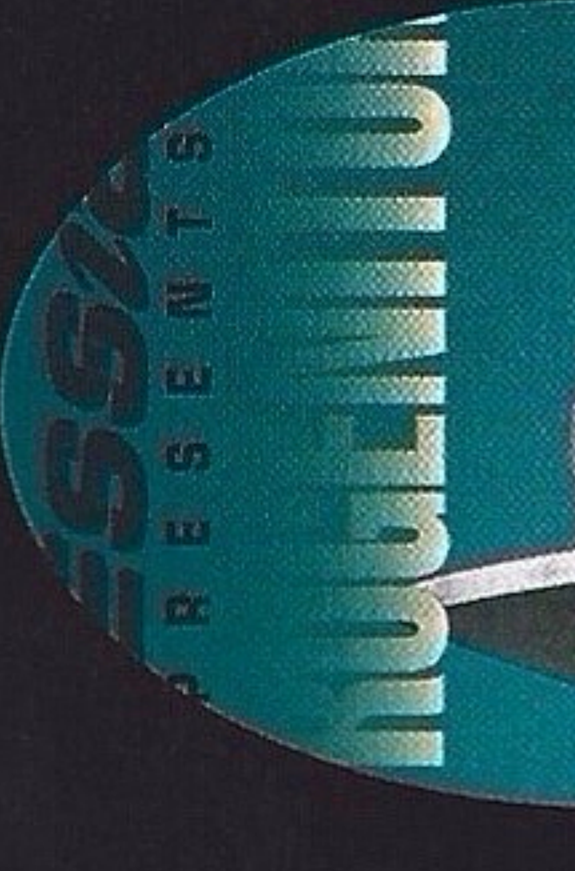
Inner City Sumo is somewhat more accessible than its violent sister sport, taking place in pub car-parks at the same time as car boot sales (rather like a garage sale as a US reader would know it). The protagonists get to fight sumo-style for various cash prizes. This can be highly amusing, especially when the older people get going, so check it out. You will need to go to the East End to see this, but if you are suitably kitted out as described above you will fit in just fine. You may even chance upon a fetish car boot sale if you are very lucky—we won't say too much about this except that you could find yourself being the proud owner of a gimp if lady luck is on your side in the tacky tombola. Live the dream!

We are coming to the end of our tour, and there is one last thing that you will need to check out, and that is tubespotting on your way home. Based on the popular British pursuit of trainspotting, one has the chance to catalogue all the serial numbers of the trains that you see and write them down in a little book—a very "in" game to play, especially since the success of the film. While you are waiting for your tube train to arrive, you can have a quick round of rat golf. If you look very carefully between the railway tracks on the underground you will notice a seething mass of rats. The aim of the game is simple—each player nominates a rat, and has to attract it toward the drain which is to be found at the far end of every single London Underground tube station. This is where the rodent trap and the cheese come in—you use them as bait to entice the unsuspecting little guys into your drain and the first one to complete this task wins a prize, which normally consists of money or food, depending on what you are carrying with you.

Anyway, that brings our little tour of some of the alternative pursuits to be found here in London to a close. We hope it has been helpful and informative to you, and that maybe we'll bump into you at a tramp baiting match or in the museum. We're off now to sample the toxic fumes of South Wales for a couple of weeks.

Mark John Davies and Ali Ghani are London-based technogods Messiah. Their full-length CD, Messiah Presents Progenitor, was released in March on Thirsty Ear. Buy it.

This tour is all about Urban Survival in its myriad of forms, and you can't let the big bomb dropping or a mugging stand in your way.



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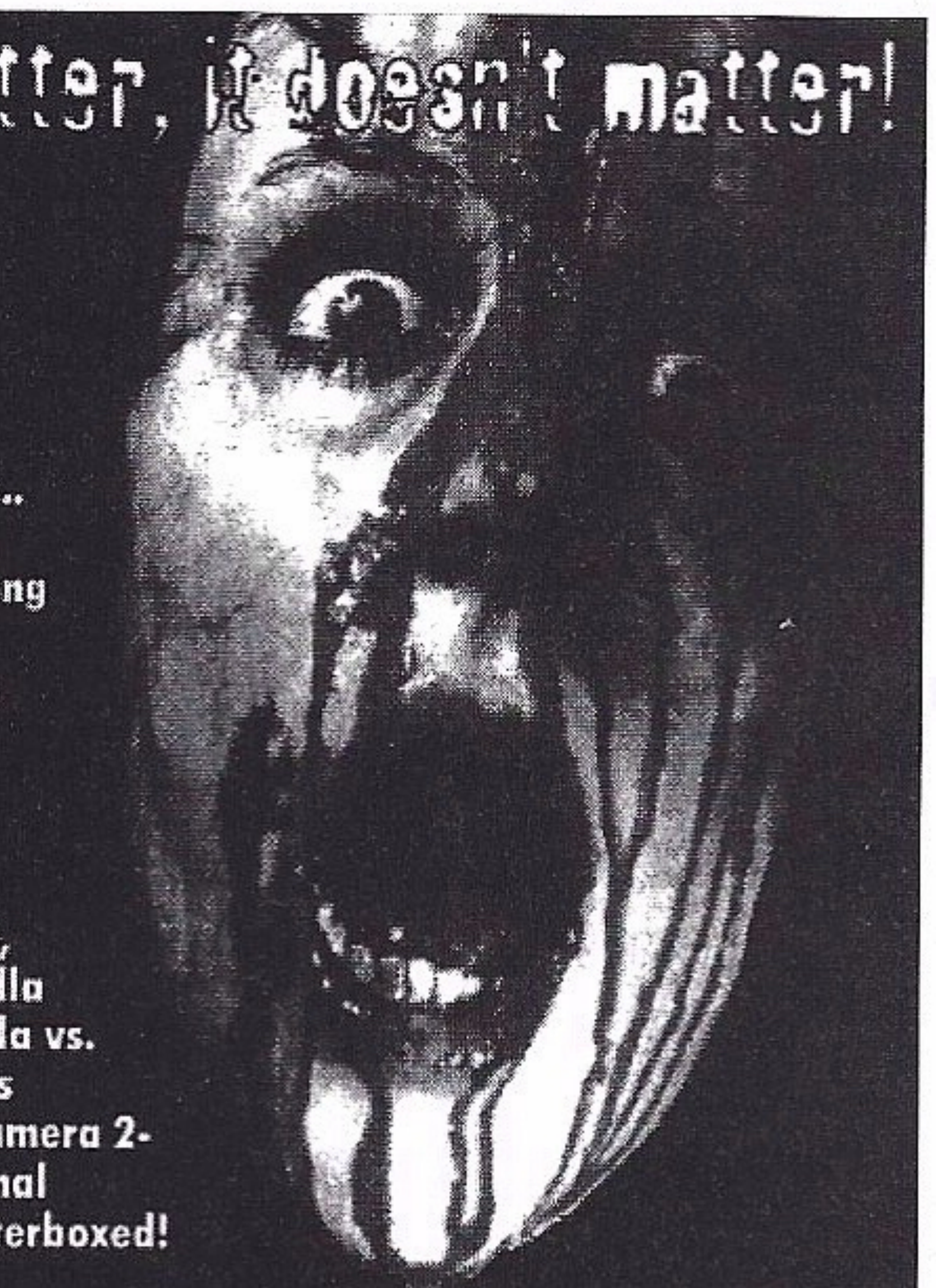

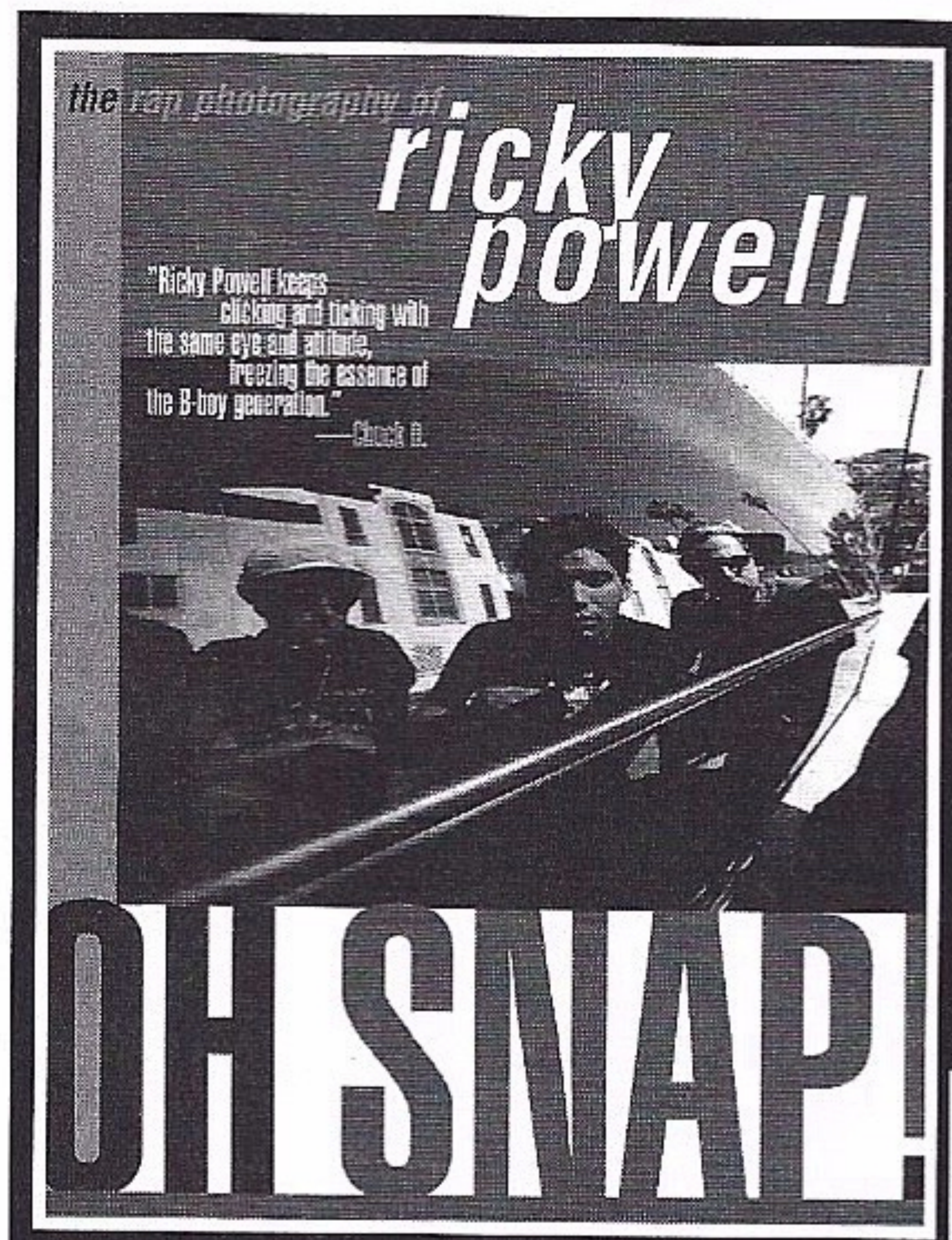

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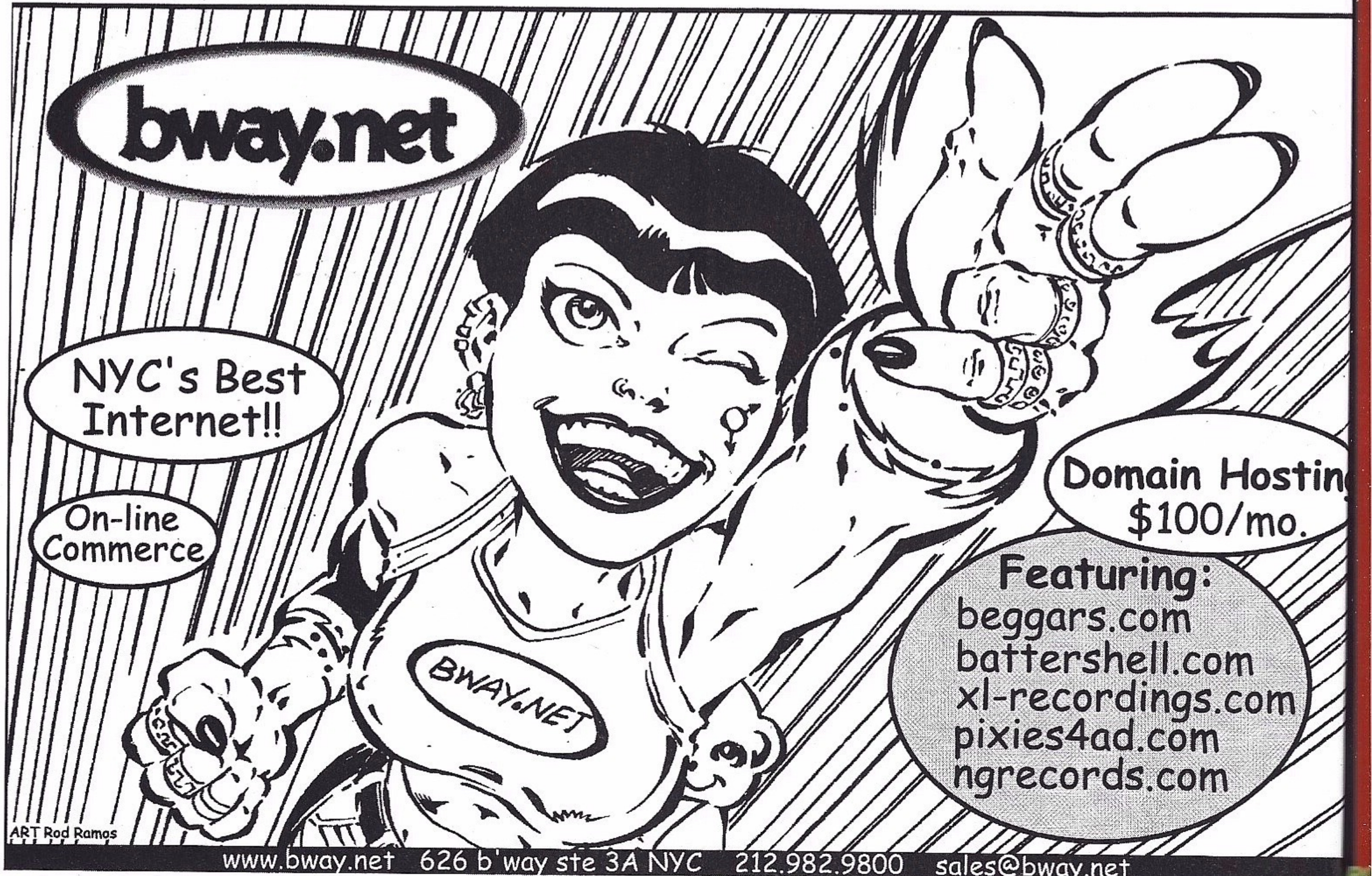

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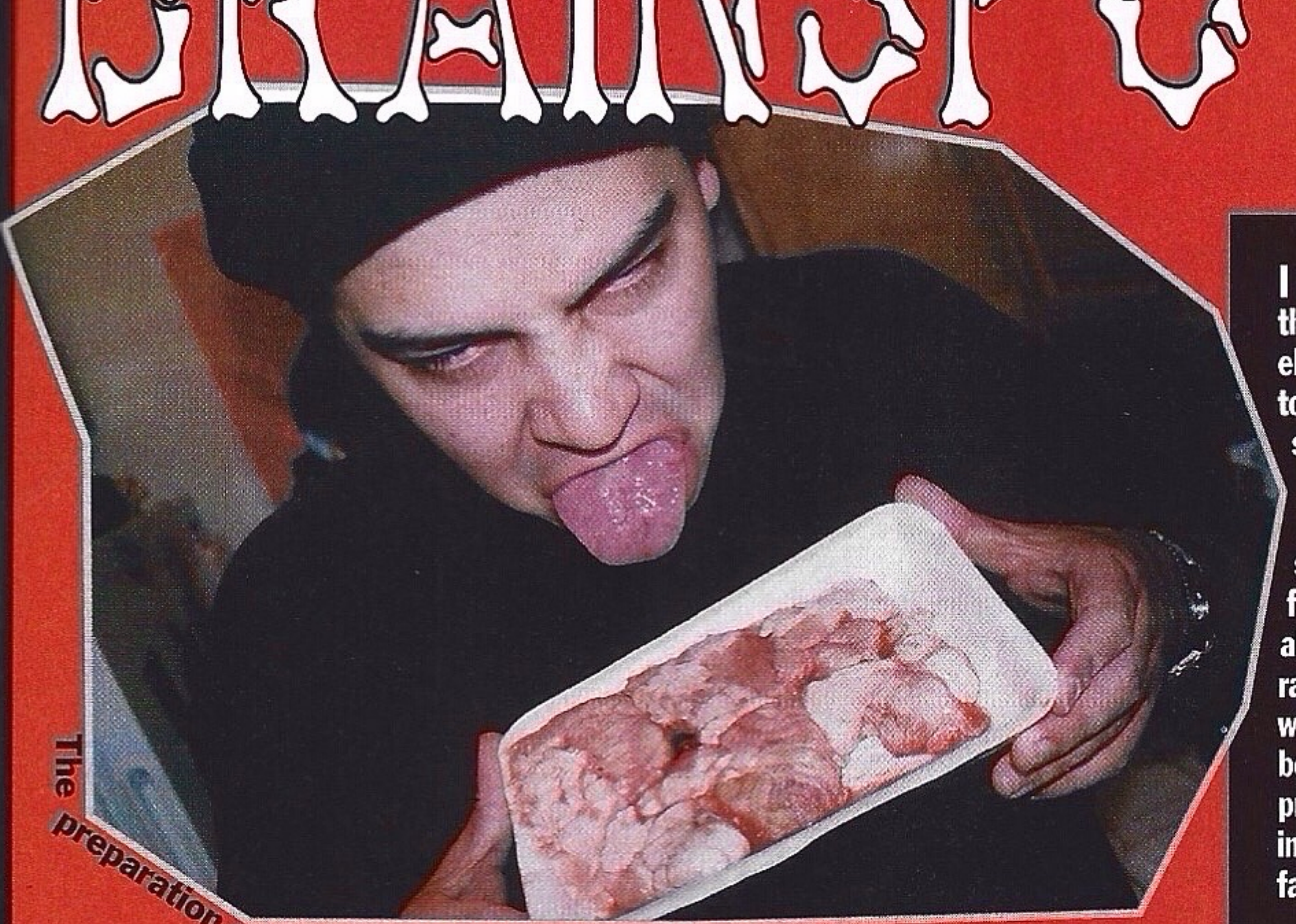
BRAINSPOTTING

THE EATING OF FORBIDDEN MEAT



The preparation of the forbidden meat.

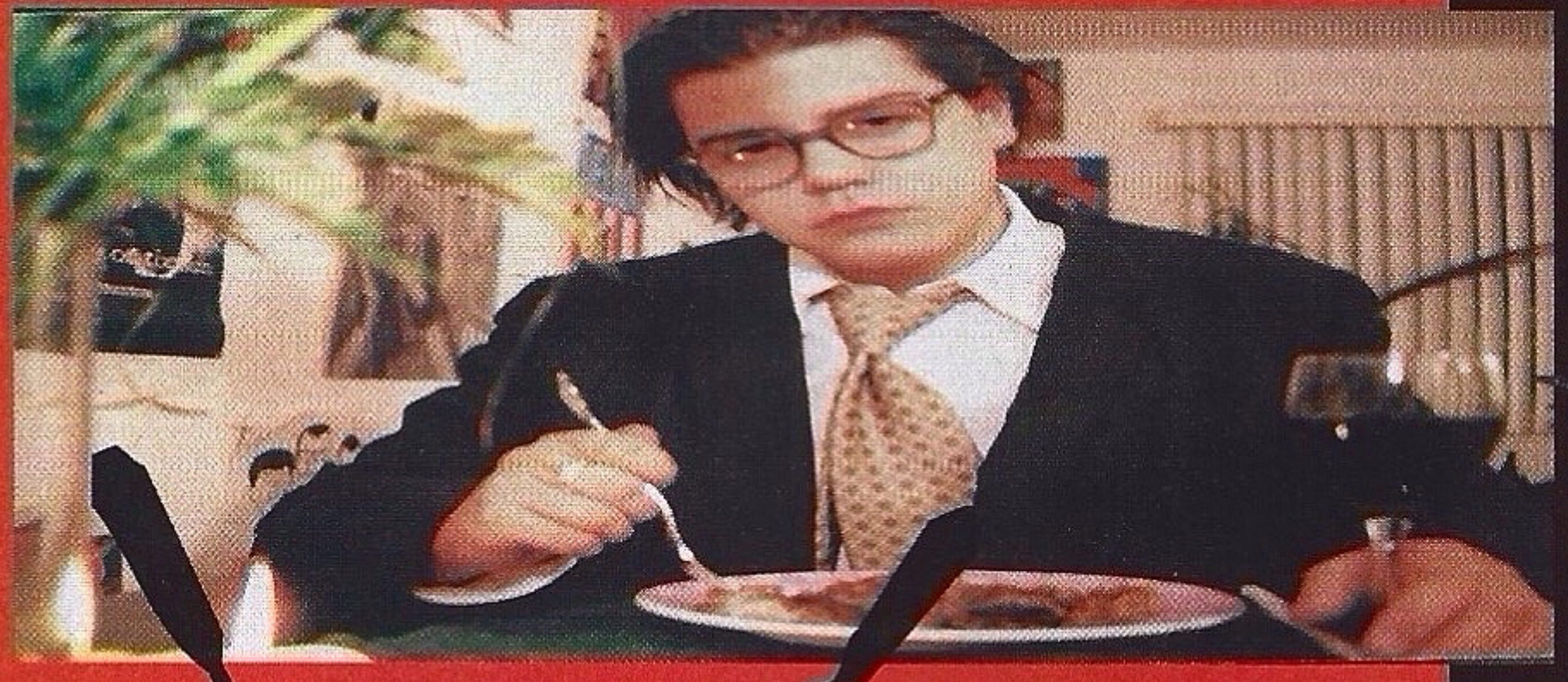
by: Mark Driver

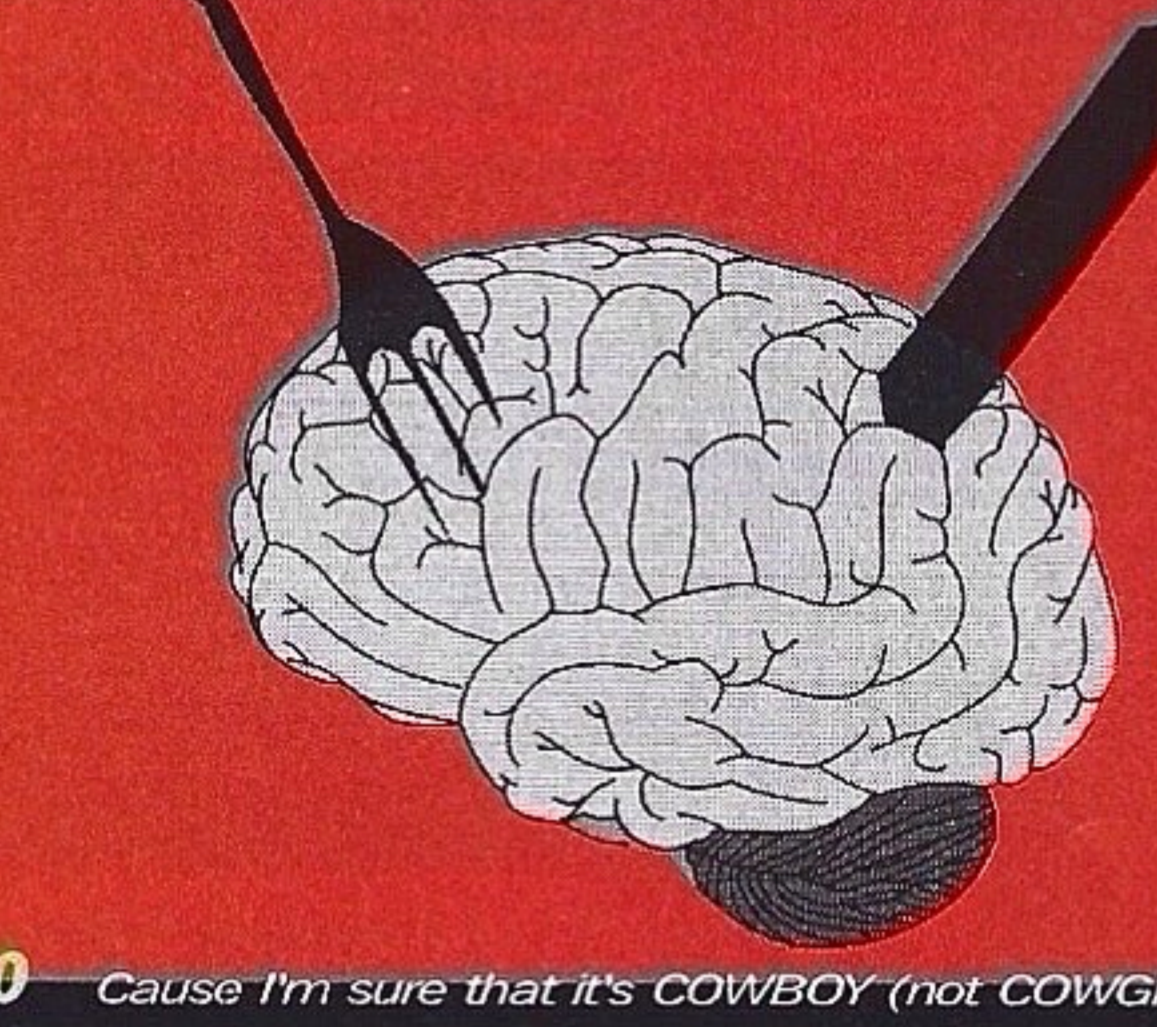
"You're not going to eat these are you?"

I don't know what it is about us Americans that makes us think we're better than everyone else. We infect the world as tourists and expect it to be some sort of Disneyland where everyone speaks English, is polite, serves Budweiser, and has a fully stacked snack bar. We think we can drop a bunch of troops somewhere, blow up some hospitals, and guarantee smooth sailing for oil tankers on their way back to the US of A, all in the name of freedom. We even think we can raise a cow from a cute baby calf, cut off its muscles with a chainsaw, and then throw the rest away to become pet food by-products. Not only is this practice wasteful, it embodies a paradigm smacking of self-congratulatory blowjobs and presents us a false cigar of progress; it is madness.

There are, however, some pockets of sanity in this country. The farmers market in downtown Los Angeles, heavily populated by Latinos on both the vendor and clientele side, champions a healthy array of variety meats, like buche (stomach), tripitas (tripe), beefheart, headcheese, intestines, blood, lamb heads, pig skin, eyelids, spinal cords, and just about every other animal part that doesn't end up smeared on the butcher's apron. Boring meats like chicken and beef flesh barely make the cut.

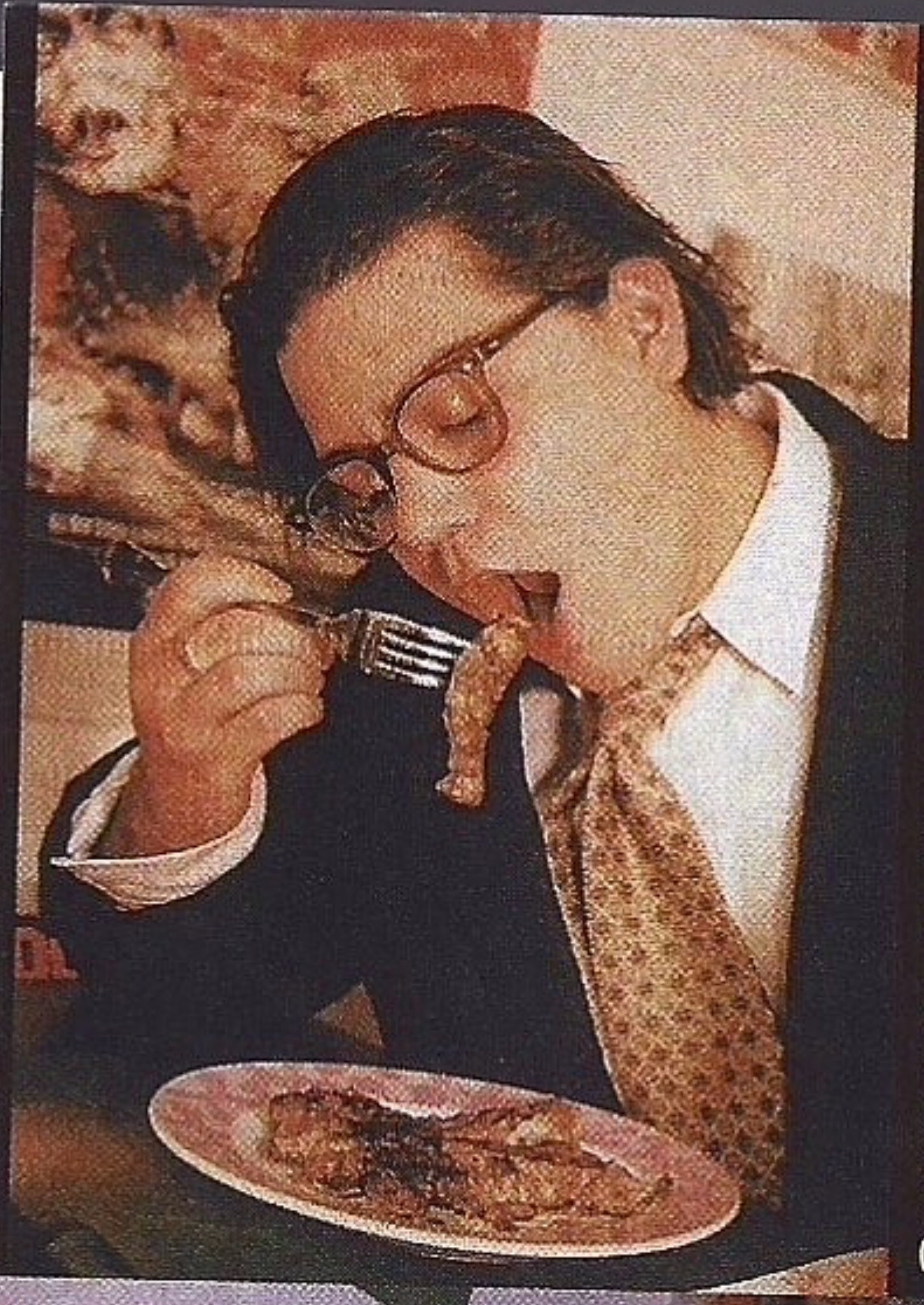
Children and senior citizens alike stumble through thick haze and colorful booths enjoying burritos stuffed with things that most of us wouldn't even fish out of a clogged garbage disposal. These are people who know how to live.



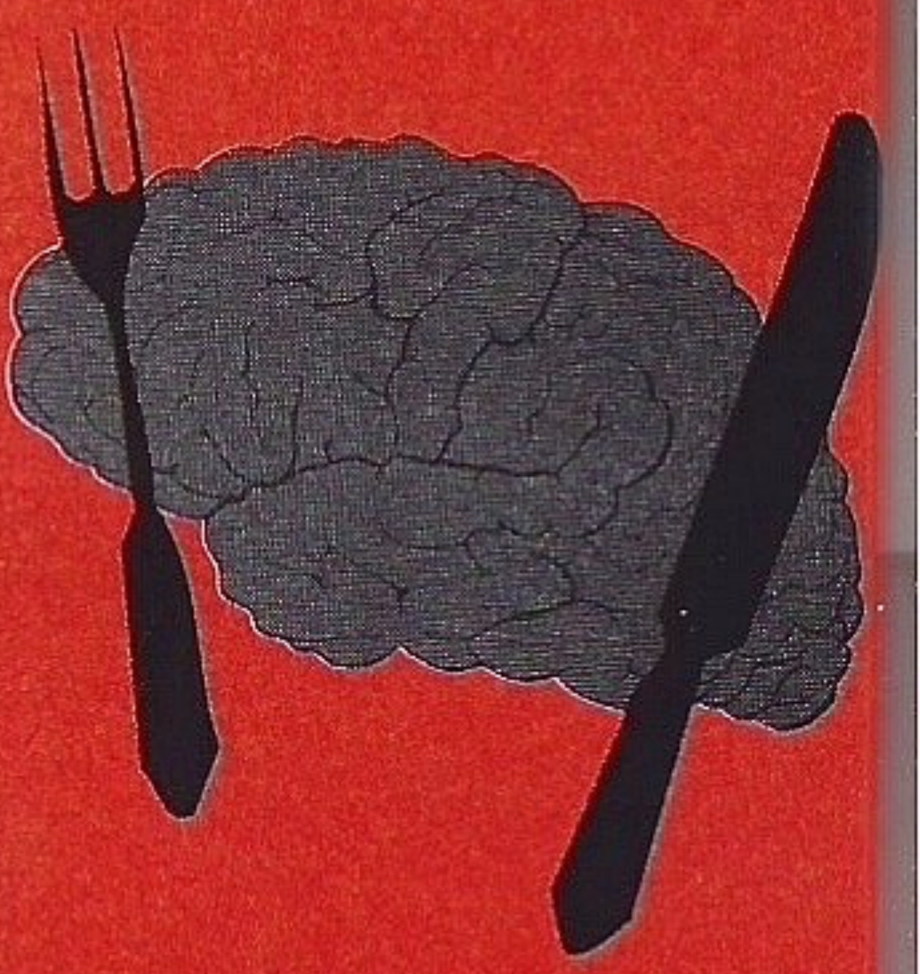


I took my own journey into the heart of darkness to see if these normally discarded, anti-American meat products were actually foul refuse as proclaimed by my peers, or merely overlooked and misunderstood cuts, delicious and worthy in their own right. Seeing as how I'm currently underemployed, I could only really afford one flavor of terror. I chose what could possibly be considered the most foul echelon of the meat hierarchy: The Brain. And I wasn't going to wimp out either, I was going to buy it from the butcher, cook it in my own home, and eat it with my own silverware. I would go all the way.

→



Don't knock it 'til you try it: the eating of the mind



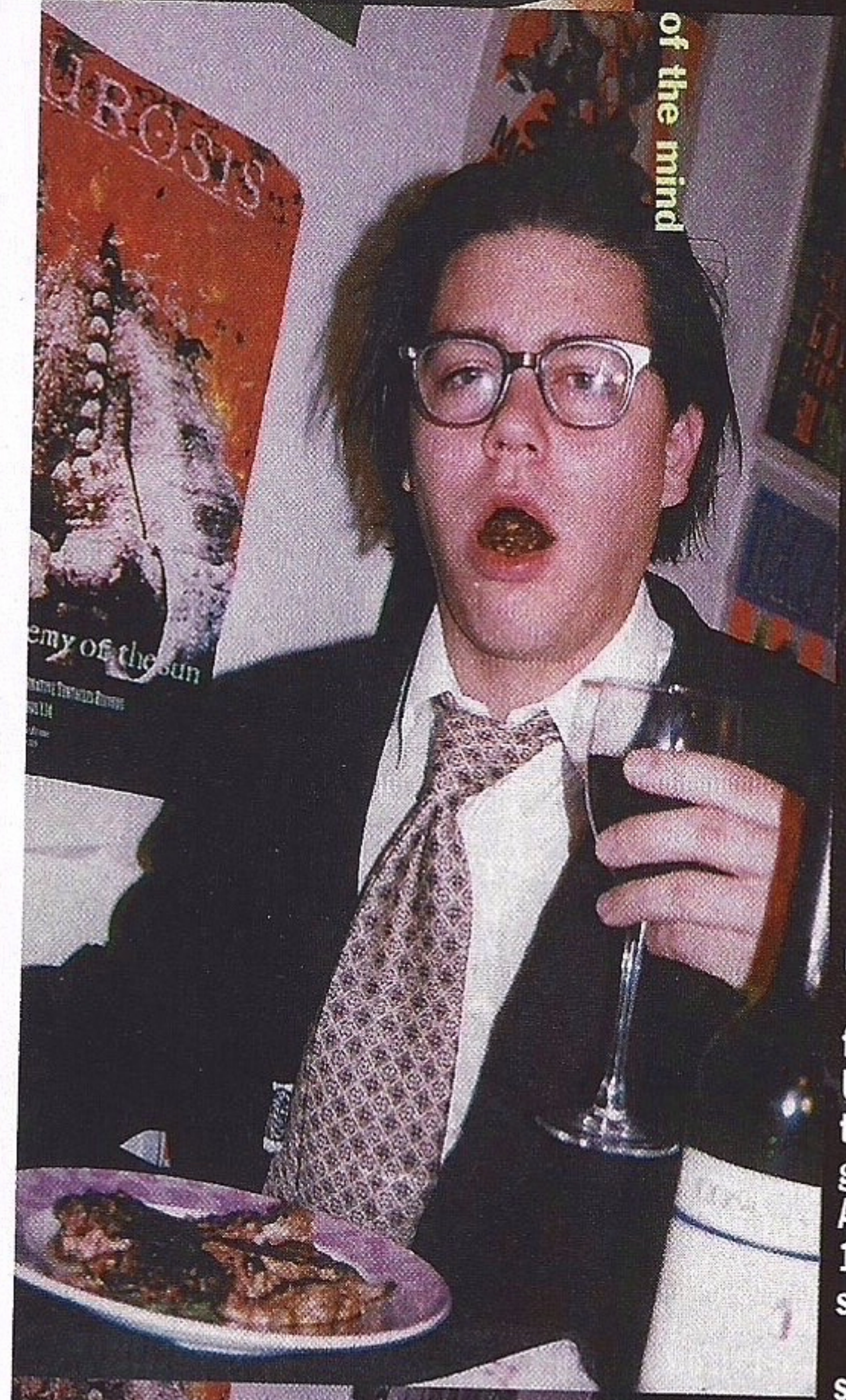
Now before you gag and turn green, let me just say that there's no reason why the brain of a cow should be considered any grosser than muscles and fat, aka the steak, or the slaughterhouse sweepings that fill discarded intestinal wraps (sausage). Chances are you've even eaten brains before, albeit in small portions. It's all part of the slaughtering process. Prior to having their throats slit, cows are "stunned" by a bolt of air shot into the brain, which knocks them out. It also causes severe trauma to brain tissue, knocking tiny chunks loose, into the bloodstream, and right onto your dinner plate. Mmmm. Think about that next time you eat a burger.

I bought a quarter pound of beef brains from my neighborhood butcher, who could not hide his disgust and confronted me point blank. "You're not going to eat these are you?"

"Yeah, why? Is there something wrong with them?"

"No, they're just disgusting."

Always have second thoughts about something that grosses out a butcher.



My quarter pound of brain was a cross-section, a vertical slice of life. Once transported home, the brain was soaked in cold water for a half hour to remove all traces of blood. I perused my inspirational collection of vintage cookbooks, the kinds with people in afros serving pot roasts on the cover. Passing over such '60s classics as Scrambled Eggs and Brains, Brain Fondue, Brains with Brown Butter, and Bacon and Brains, I settled on Brains Fried with Seasoned Flour. I won't give you the exact recipe, because chances are most of you wussies couldn't even find a butcher shop, much less follow this recipe through. But to summarize, after soaking the brains, I blanched them, shocked them in some cold water, dipped them in a plate of salted flour, and threw them in a nice hot pan filled with a quarter inch of vegetable oil. The smells of serious meat filled my apartment and billowed out my window, causing excitement in the apartment complex one slum over. My neighbor yelled from his second story balcony. "That sure smells good. You make enough for the neighborhood?"

"Sure, it's cow brains. Come on over."

"It's what?"

"Cows brains. The brains of a cow."

"And you're eating that?"

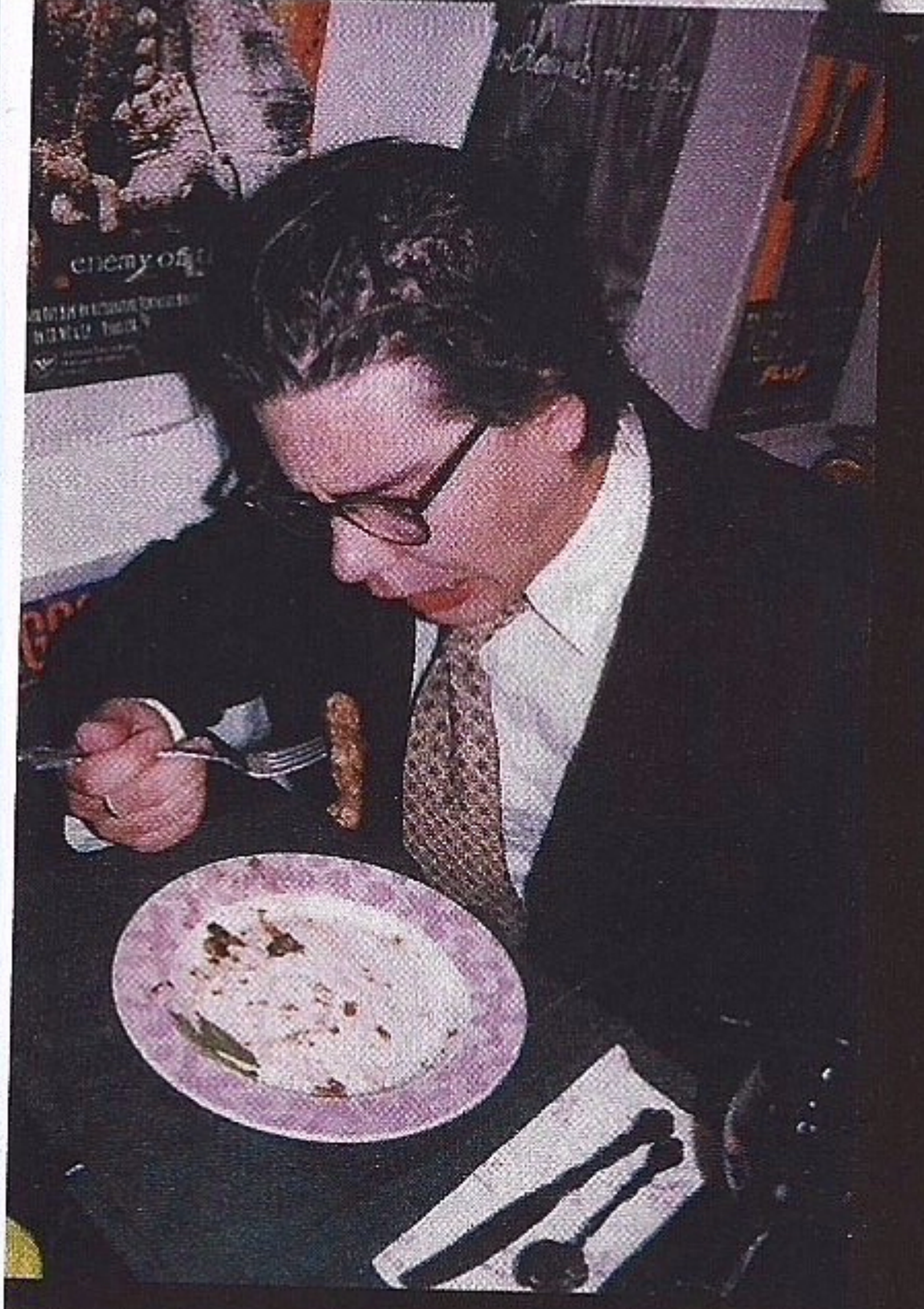
"Yup."

"Sheeet. You can keep it. And shut that window while you're at it."

Developing a taste for brains means never having to share.

After the brains seemed good and fried, it was time for the plating. Using a spatula, I neatly plopped the chunks onto my dish, and garnished it with a bit of melted butter and some bay leaves. As brains are a red meat (I suppose) I served them with a 1996 Chilean Merlot from the vineyards of Concha y Toro, a smooth, fruity wine with a lingering finish, a perfect accompaniment.

"That sure smells good. You make enough for the neighborhood?"



Upon first tasting the brains, I was overwhelmed by the flavor of a slightly charred fatty steak that gave way to my teeth and released a wave of tender, juicy beef stock upon chewing. The consistency was somewhere between cooked mushrooms and fat, and wasn't altogether displeasing. While the thought of actually eating the brains of another living creature was nauseating and exhilarating at the same time, I tried to close my eyes and imagine nothing, think nothing, taste nothing but the food in my mouth. And it was OK. Now, I was pretty damn hungry to begin with (I didn't want anything in my stomach just in case it all came back up when the brains hit the skillet), but it wasn't too bad. Not the best, but entirely edible with only slight waves of nausea, which were mostly psychological in nature. But in the end, I survived the brains, nay, I conquered the brains. No, that's not quite right either.

I accepted the brains.

So, as you pass through this world with your cut-off-the-crusts-and-throw-them-away mentality, remember that there are those of us who thrive on what you waste. We live in a country where we can afford to be stupid assholes because the consequences of our actions are rarely thrown back in our faces. But when the bomb drops, and packs of half-starved zombies start roaming the streets with sawed off shotguns and assault rifles, the ones who will survive won't necessarily be the strongest, just the ones who can eat the grossest things. Start training now. I'll meet you downtown.

photos:
Jonathan Schuman

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POP SMEAR MAGAZINE

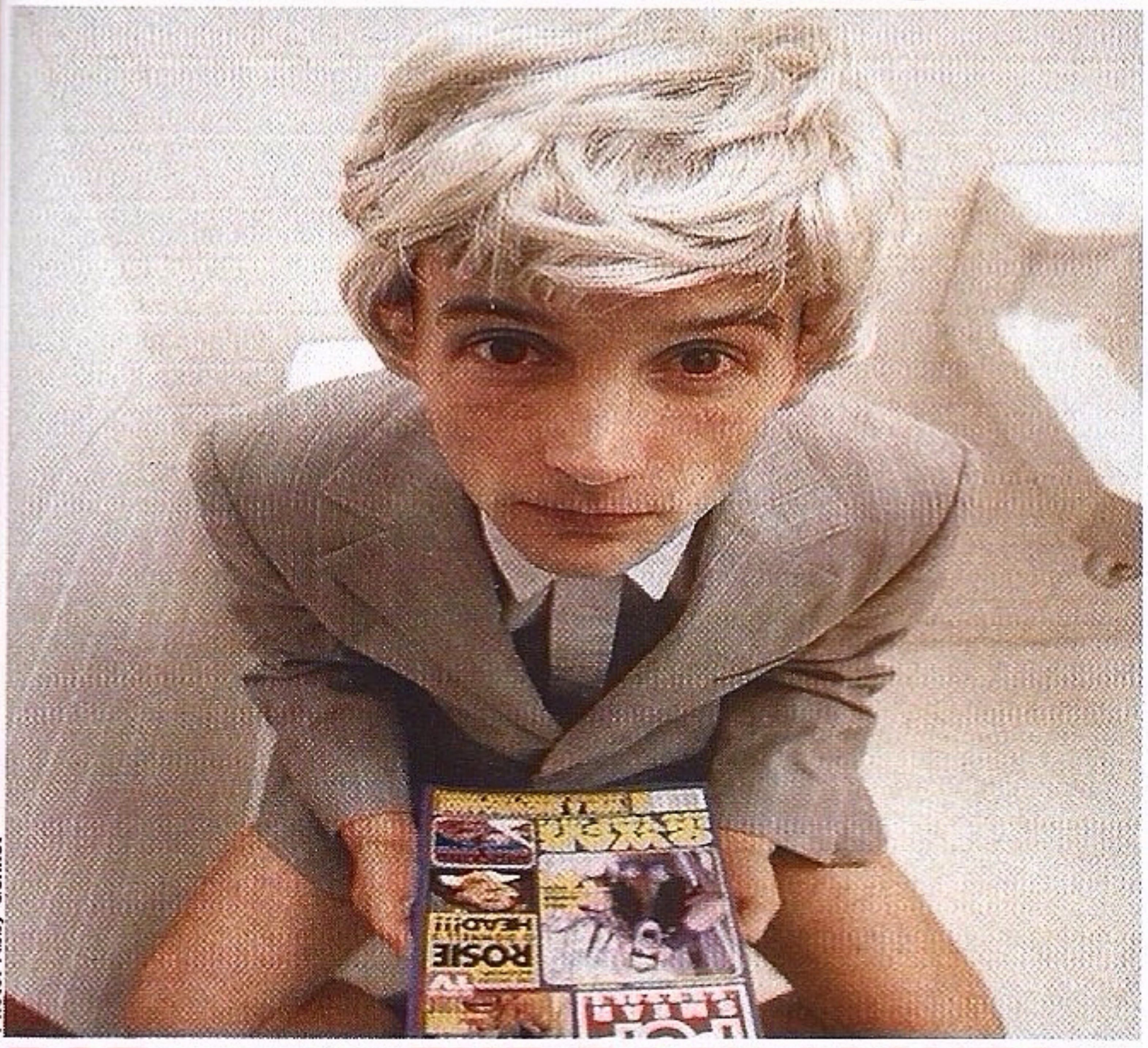


Photo: Abby Gennet

POPsmear: THE BACK ISSUES!

WE HAVE YOUR MISSING ISSUES! COLLECT THEM ALL!

1.0: $10
Vintage yellowed paper, cut and pasted in full black & white, hand-crafted graphics, caustic rants, Cacophony, scams, zine reviews, grave plot telemarketing, hating Long Island, loving the bathroom, underground mail order, the apology line, 800 number prison line....

2.0: $20
Museum of Menstruation, small penis club, hate mail, cool things to check out, Catharsis Island, raunchy comix, stamps of your face, James gets his face kicked in, more scams and pranks, Lisa Loeb's home phone number....

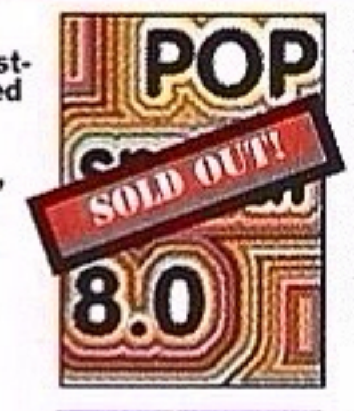
3.0: $10
First issue with color! DIY mail terrorism, guerrilla art you can play on, herbal X, funny stuff we wrote to a magazine, mail art, new and improved scams, Danny's stupid mom, wacked out stuff resource guide, trailer parks and Debbie Gibson's home address....

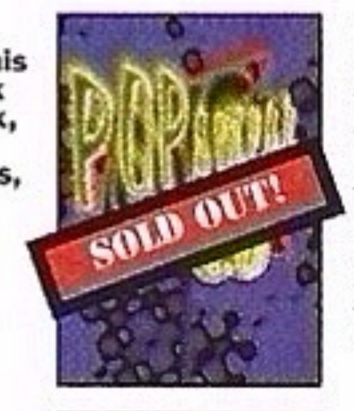
4.0 SOLD OUT!
First full color cover! Tonya Harding naked, personal rants, geisha sex guide, digital section, thrift store fashion spread (as seen in POPsmear), dirty dirty cartoons, scams and pranks, various alcohol-related features and Demi Moore's home phone number....

5.0 $20
Real letters from camp, the other side of Europe, photo scrapbook, the truth on CD's, Joe Crackhead, he said/she said, Digitalia™ rant, Japanimation, Bloodhound Gang pranks and Lorne Michaels' home phone number....

6.0 $20
John Bobbitt's penis, parties you missed, 100 ways to be a man, quitting the zine scene, women who love vibrators, Andre the Giant posse, alien theory, statutory rape, cheeseballs unite, Suburbia game, apology line disconnected, a guy kills himself and no one cares, pranks and John Cleese's home phone number....

7.0 $10
Snappy cover and sassy editorial makes this one a winner! Now you too can own this important piece of history: affectionately nicknamed the "lawyers suck ass" issue. The usual unusual stuff including Hoodopoly game, dating guide, wedding crashing, Elvis archeology, Buffalo, anal beads, rag hag, the contest Petey lost and Cindy Adams' home phone number....


8.0 SOLD OUT!
The candy-coated cover is the mark of your authentic POPsmear. Don't be fooled by imitations! Hotel scams, Sick & Wrong, POPsmear gets sued (again), technoparenthood, Sam Walton for Pope, Deep Elm kiss-ass piece, 25 reasons to masturbate, Apoplectic greeting cards, Asshole of the Month debut, celebrity hate mail....


9.0 SOLD OUT!
Eating ass, celebrity heavy metal email, way too many letters, vicious Asshole of the Month, cheese, insider info, Kill Zinesters, reservations of an airline agent, Spencer Tunick, Big Paul Behind the Wall, cool drugs, Dutch East battles, digital fonts and photos, 7 Inches of Pleasure, cheesy American theme parks and Tommy Lee's email address....

10.0 $30
Nicknamed the "Gee, we haven't been sued in awhile" issue. James and Petey naked, Vaginal Creme Davis, CMJ follies, Ryan J. McGinness, high school hell, Chasey Lain, Sick Shit Art Show, Delch-a-lot on dumping, Mike Diana, more Big Paul, two word reviews, semen chemical composition, flashy subscription cards, Eddie Vedder's home address....

11.0 $5
Bloodhound Gang, Rev. Randall Tin-Ear on oral, Racquel Darrian, Big Man's Mom, masturbation, Cockblister's top rentals, Asshole of the month, Mom on music, Jimmy Pop Ali's anal trouble, why prison beats work, cool postcards, Petey on summer camp, Mistress Shivon's perfect boyfriend, karaoke, Prozac Diaries, Hard Candy, Star Wars, serial cooking, Video Alternatives, Pussy of the Month, Shivon the Intern on Popsmear Postcards, blaxploitation, speed junkie, Cottonmouth Texas' SXSW....

12.0 $5
First full glossy issue! Answering MRR ads, kicking superhero butt, McDonald's scams, Princess Superstar and Luscious Lake's with Ethan Erickson, husband punishment, Tori and Jenny's shopping spree, Jello vs. Johnny, John Doe, avoiding the DUI, Jerry Lewis, Postal Lou, Jackass, Senator Dodd's crabs, Dr. Cynic, hospital scams, Alyssa Love, Cottonmouth Texas' Lollapalooza nightmare, Art Rambo, Maggie Estep, S&M quiz, Depeche Mode scam, Prozac Diaries, Jimmy Pop Ali's philosopheces, Lemmy's home address....

13.0 $5
Rosie O'Donnell's head, Princess Di, Gwar NYC tour and postcard, Pam and Tommy Lee video, Dr. Cynic, POPsmear party review, Jackass, Stallone, Xmas toys, Tyson Meade meets John Paul Jones, Prozac Diaries, Shivon vs. Laura Bond, Vandals, Mojave Desert phone booth, Michael Shelley and Kenneth Keith Kallenbach, haiku winners and losers, Amy Theist, Neoprint, harmless stalking, publicists' guide Gospel, Art Rambo, Prom Mom, Jason Priestley's home address....

14.0 $5
David Lee Roth, Prom Mom uncensored, Mike D at the gym, Spike Lee, Ward Cleaver, Copping Out, vasectomy victim, Prozac Diaries, Junk email revenge, James' cat giveaway, Crystal Method at the psychic, Moby naked, Letters to Cleo kick our asses at pool, POPsmear Spice, Canine Massage, Logic Problem, Ship Happens, Chuck Woolery's home address....

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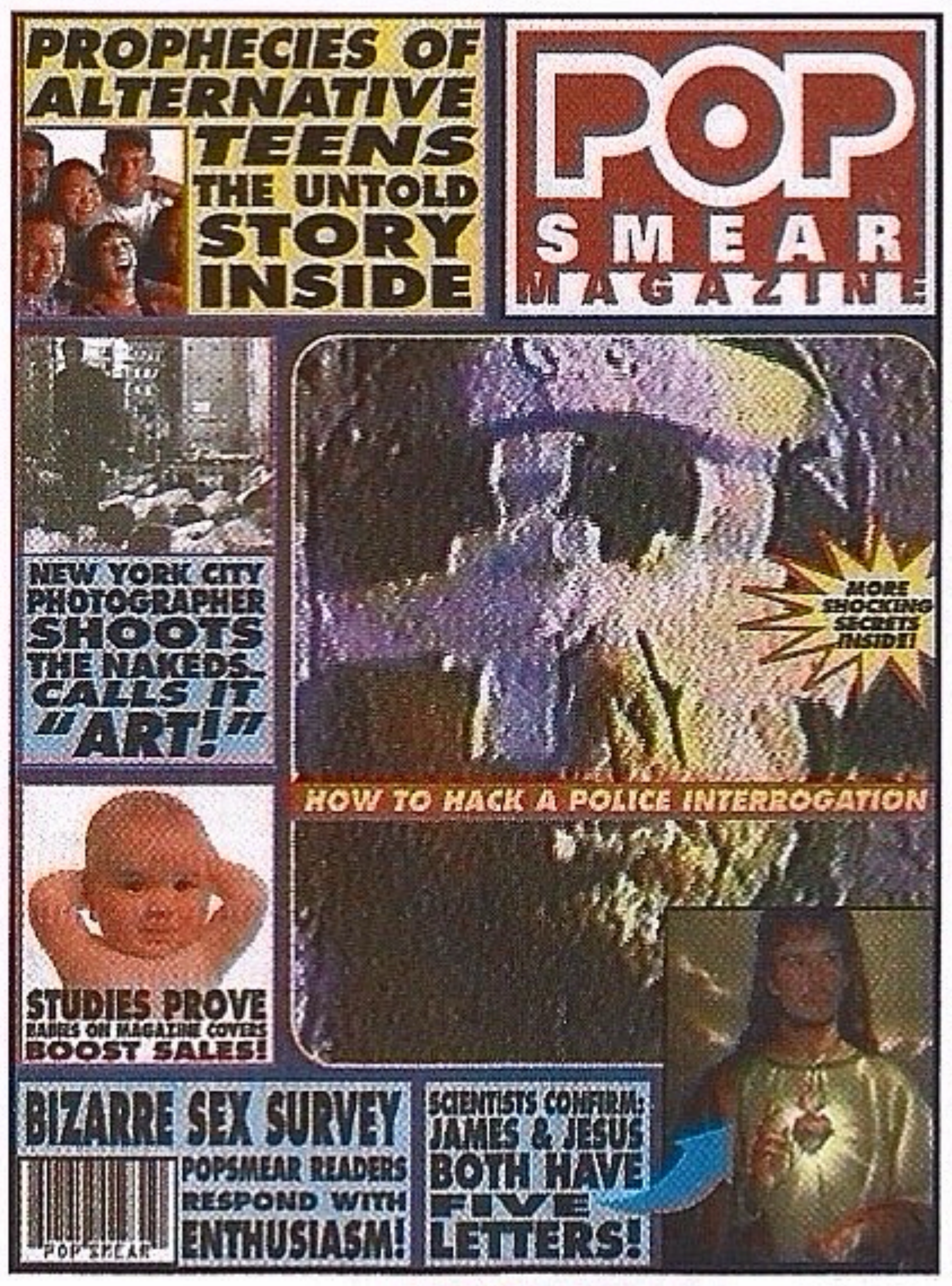
POPsmear: THE LOST ISSUE!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BIZARRE SEX SURVEY
POPSMEAR READERS RESPOND WITH ENTHUSIASM!
SCIENTISTS CONFIRM: JAMES & JESUS BOTH HAVE FIVE LETTERS!
POP SMEAR

Last summer we quietly printed 5,000 copies of POPsmear 11.5, an issue we put together as the glossy prototype to show potential advertisers. It contained some of the best stories from the first 11 issues of **POPsmear**, others exclusive to that issue, as well as several pages of press clippings from the early years, all designed by Ryan McGinness.

Because so few copies remained, this issue has never been available before anywhere. But during our move into our new offices in January, we discovered an extra box of this rare issue. Now we'd like you to have a copy of this very special issue.

All you have to do is subscribe for two years and you'll receive **THE LOST ISSUE,** along with some other goodies. Or, you can subscribe for one year and receive a free **POPsmear t-shirt!**

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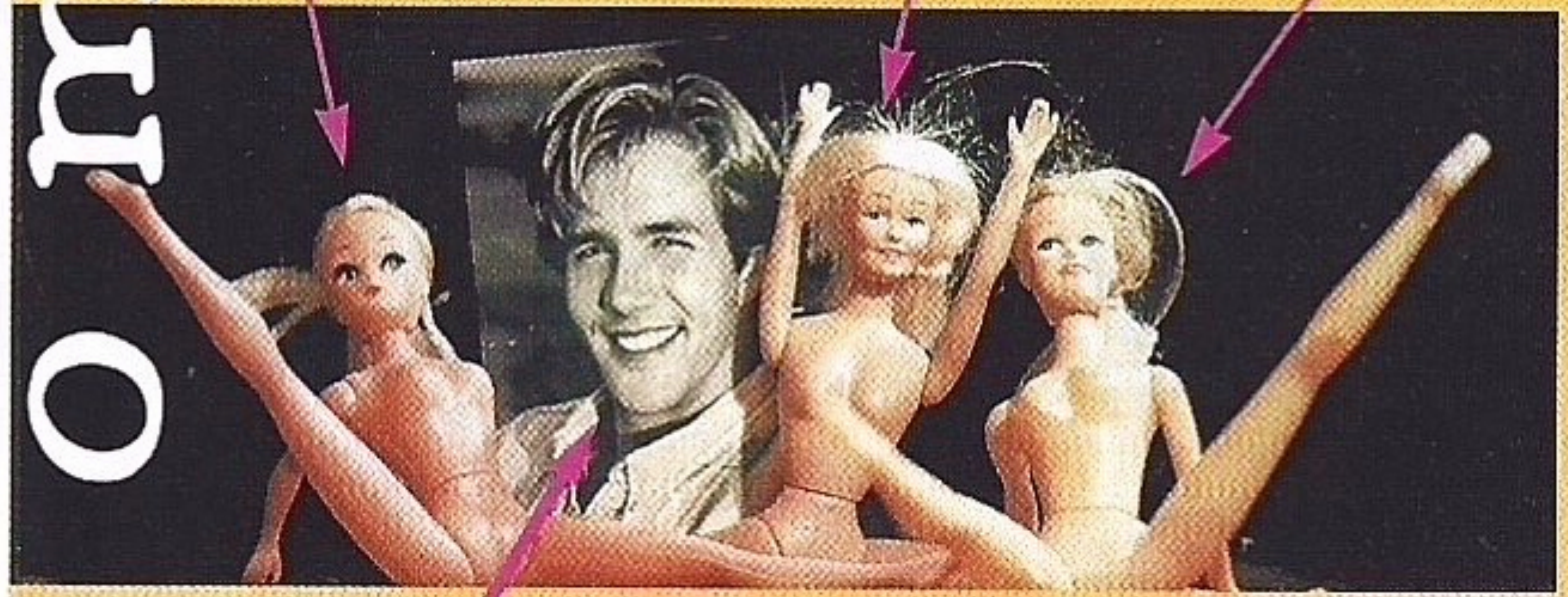
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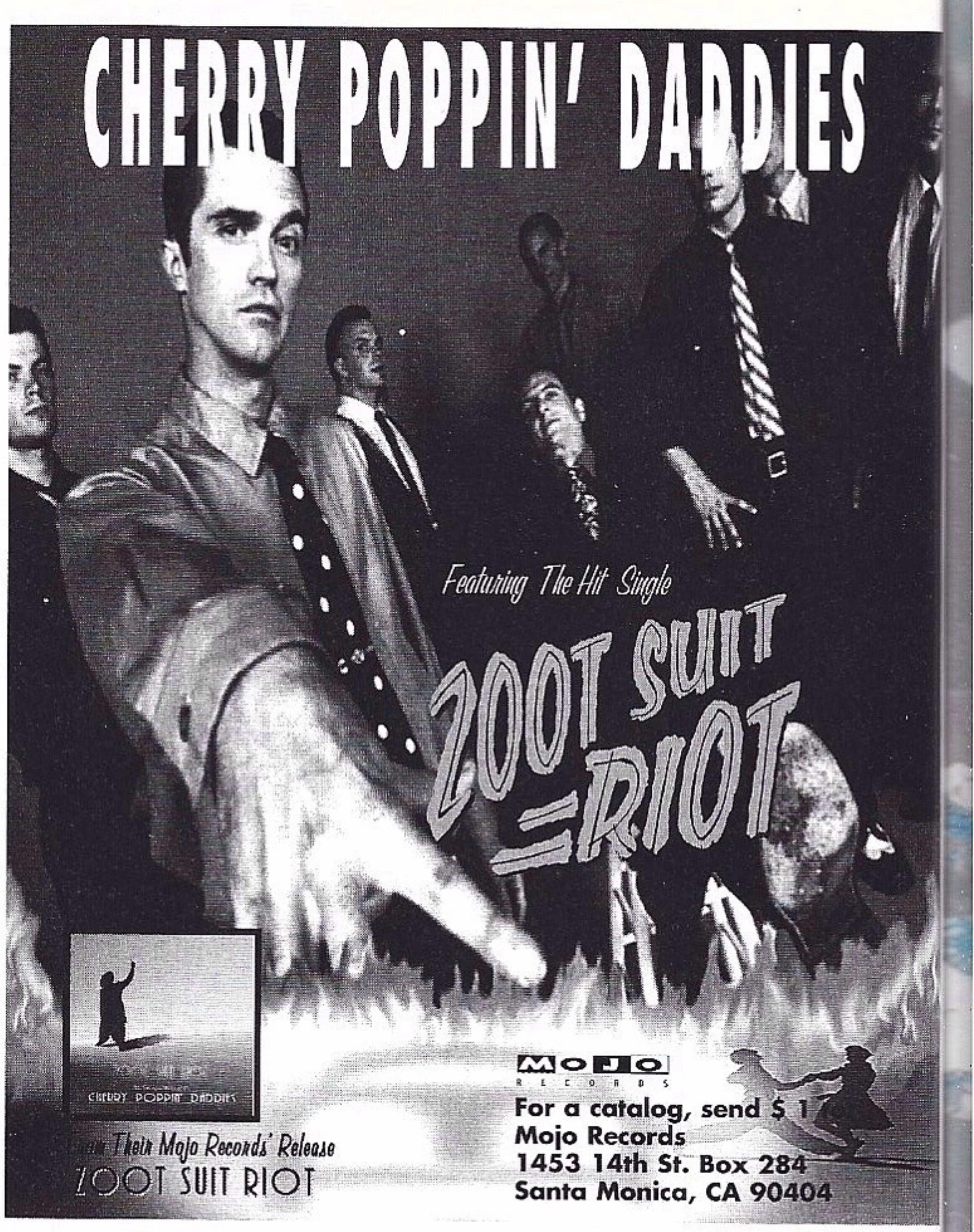
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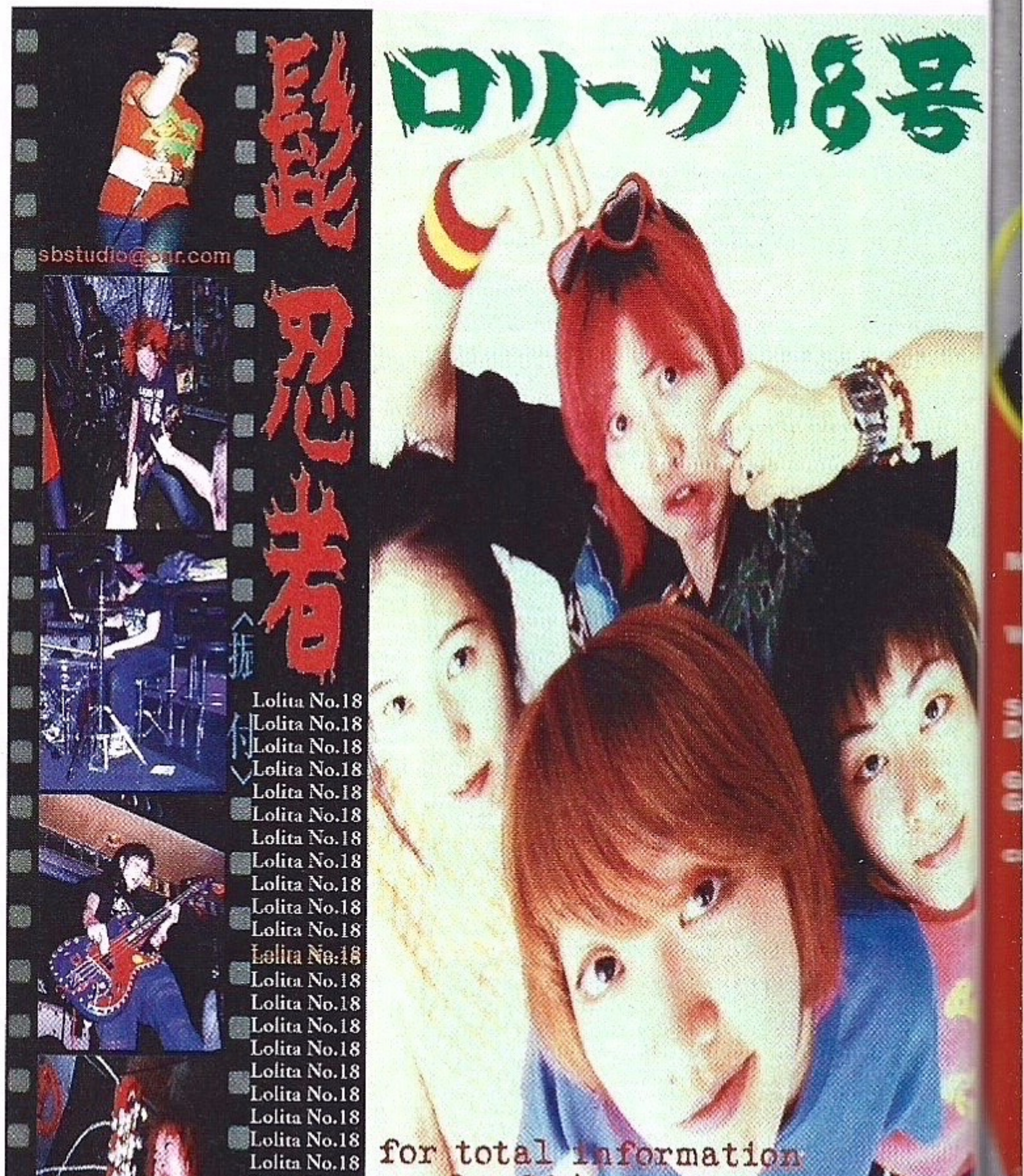
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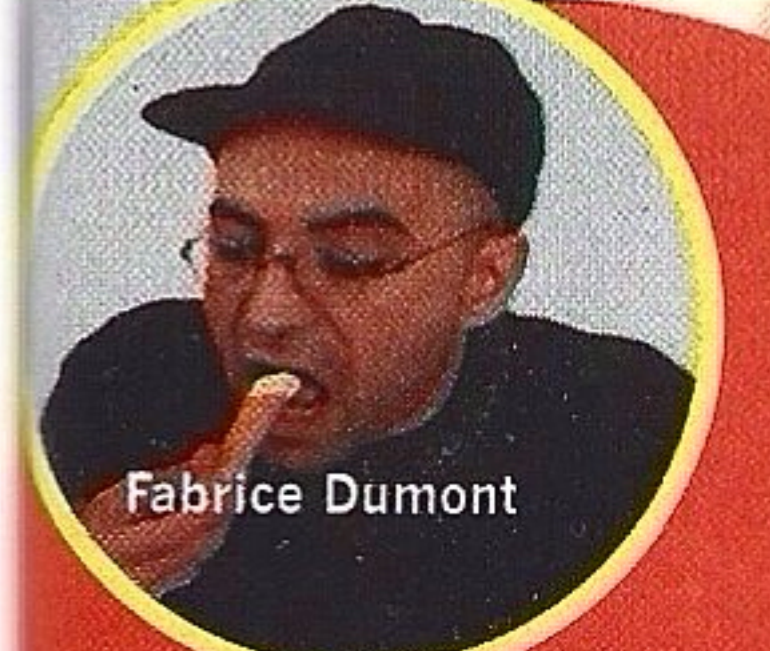
The Great American French Fry Test

by Troy Fuss

So in stroll the French, three of them anyway. They are **Autour de Lucie**, and the night before they packed their NYC showcase at Luna Lounge to the point where I couldn't get past the bar—which isn't a bad place to get stuck—but I couldn't see or hear a damn thing. But all accounts say the band was wonderful, which isn't surprising. Their debut, **Immobile**, is a great album, even if I can't understand a single word of what they say. So much for that 8th grade French class, Mrs. Gardner! Anyway, the day after their Luna show we brought them into the POPsmear offices for a little test. What are you going to have the French test drive but French fries? We sat the band down—Valérie Leulliot, Fabrice Dumont, Jean-Pierre Ensuque—at James' desk, set them up with French fries from four neighborhood locations* and had them try each. They will never eat fries the same way again. If ever.

> **"You know, the real nation of fries is Belgium. I don't know where Americans got that "French" fries name from."**



Fabrice Dumont

	Taste	Texture	Color	Authenticity	Comments
McDonald's	5	7	7	1	Good, nice color and texture but probably not potatoes
Wendy's	3	3	3	4	Bof!!
Sunshine Deli	1	1	3	7	Beurk!! Horrible! No taste, plastical texture, but realistic French fries
Great Gourmet	5	8	7	9	Very realistic French fries, but bad oil

comments: none

Jean-Pierre Ensuque

	Taste	Texture	Color	Authenticity	Comments
McDonald's	0	0	Who cares about the color?	10	Go soft, no taste at all, cold, depressing, soja oil is crap
Wendy's	5	7		4	just dry enough. Taste is a bit weak, but at least potato-like
Sunshine Deli	3	1			can almost taste fish in the oil! too greasy—aaargh!!
Great Gourmet	7	7		8	the only ones that seem to be made out of potatoes; just crispy enough

comments: You know, the real nation of fries is Belgium. I don't know where Americans got that "French" fries name from.

x	Taste	Texture	Color	Authenticity	Comments
McDonald's	1		1		I prefer because smaller
Wendy's	0		0		Too dry
Sunshine Deli	0		0		those are DEAD!
Great Gourmet	3		1		too bad they kept the oil for 5 days

comments: Good French fries need to have the skin on still. It tastes better—Caesar salad sauce is great!! I could eat anything with this sauce, even French fries.

Valérie Leulliot

Photos: Abby Gennet

The big winner: None, but Great Gourmet is the clear choice in French fries for French people!
The big loser: Sunshine Deli. Whattaya want from the downstairs deli?

---

*Sorry kids, we tried to get Burger King fries, but our intern copped out at the last minute and I could only carry so many bags of fries.

CHECK YO

kickin' it with

“Yo, man, I bon
we hit Dallas.
mate.”

If you listen closely to the recording of a certain song on Paul's Boutique, which is a full-length album or compact disc, whichever you prefer, by a popular group called the Beastie Boys, you will hear: "Homeboy throw in the towel/your girl got dicked by Ricky Powell."

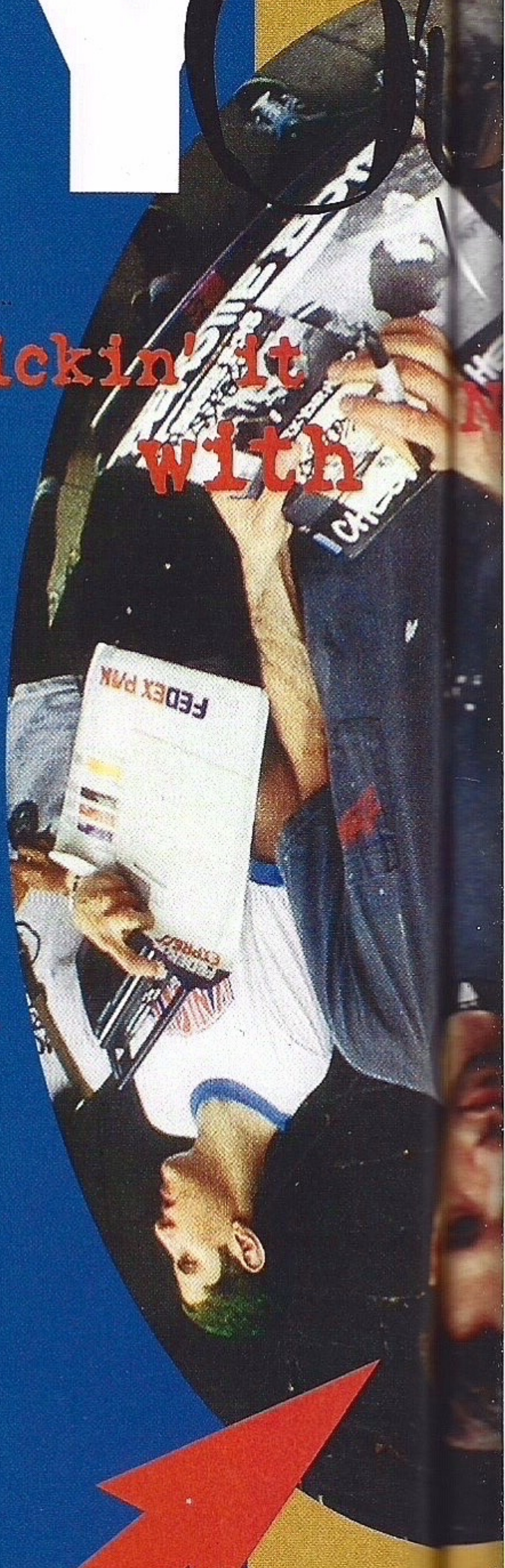
It goes something like that, I'm not exactly sure. Either way, New York native Ricky Powell immersed himself into the early scene of a certain genre of music called rap and hip-hop. Somebody had to do it. Since then, he has turned in[illegible]ru of the scene if you will. Here's a guy who by talkin', sneakin' or smokin' his way backstage to get in with the kids would eventually turn a lot of ears onto this sort of music and befriend them, tour with them and document them. Not too shabby for a guy just hangin' out. Got himself a point and shoot camera and here are the tales that he tells.

Like Ricky always says, "You got to toke and pass..."
—Rodney Sinclair

SIDE A

PS: So I'm interviewing Ricky Powell. His new book is **Oh Snap.** When is it coming out?
RP: You didn't read the subtitle.
PS: **The Rap Photography of Ricky Powell.**
RP: Whatever. So what about it?
PS: How did you get interested in taking photographs?
RP: Well, I don't want to give this girl juice because she is a brown-noser, but this girlfriend I had in '82, '83 or '84, she's an artist. She got me into taking pictures. We broke up, and to help myself get through the dark days I started taking pictures at downtown clubs, and I had a penchant for it. That's what some old lady told me.
PS: When you first started taking pictures, it was from the art standpoint.
RP: Well I would see downtown magazines like Details, and they had pictures of people. I knew a lot of the people in the pictures and I was like, "Yo, I'm gonna take a camera and see what I can do." Because I like hanging out. I like hanging out and taking pictures at the same time. It's not like I'm out on a paparazzi tip.

And then the Beasties, I went to go check them out in '85 at this club and they fucked me up so I just started hanging with them. They asked me if I wanted to come along on these road trips to Boston or Philly or whatnot. I brought my camera along and documented it and they blew up and that opened up some avenues for me, helped me get access to certain rap dudes that were big at that time who they were down with. I used to go up to the Apollo and shoot on my own. It was just unbelievable. This was right after I graduated college. Well, actually '85 I graduated.
PS: Where did you graduate from?
RP: Hunter College.
PS: What did you major in, P.E.?
RP: A lot of science classes, man. Natural science and physical education.
PS: So there's a lot of opportunities with that degree to become a gym teacher.
RP: Yeah, I did that shit. Mostly just played booties up.
PS: What's that?
RP: You know, you throw this ball to people leaning against the wall and they are supposed to catch it. If they drop it, they have to go over to the wall and bend over with their ass out and the whole class just throws balls at their ass.
PS: Hold on, we're getting way ahead. So what year was it that you started doing photography?
RP: Around '85.
PS: How did you learn technique?
RP: I just did it, point and shoot cameras, auto focus. I know a li[illegible]it about photography[illegible]ow what works and wha[illegible]n't. Through trial and [illegible] Th[illegible] [illegible]other [illegible] I [illegible] do a comedy record for Grand Royal.
PS: And you as a comedian, when I saw you, you were kind of known for bombing.
RP: Yes, I was known for bombing. We are not talking graffiti.
PS: How do you think that would translate to an album?
RP: It's not easy. Plus I always get dusted before I go on the stage and forget everything after, "Hello." Every time! Yo, man, I bombed so big when we hit Dallas. It was the ultimate.
PS: OK, let's get chronologically correct. So '80, '82...I thought you knew the Beasties, didn't you know Adrock's sister?
RP: Yeah, well, I didn't grow up with her, but she was in my fourth grade class. She was a little cutie pie. Our school, PS 41, was like a hangout after three o'clock. They used to leave the gates open. So a lot of kids used to hang there, adults playing tennis against the walls, a big hangout. He's five years younger than me, but I used to see him when he was a little skate rat. He was



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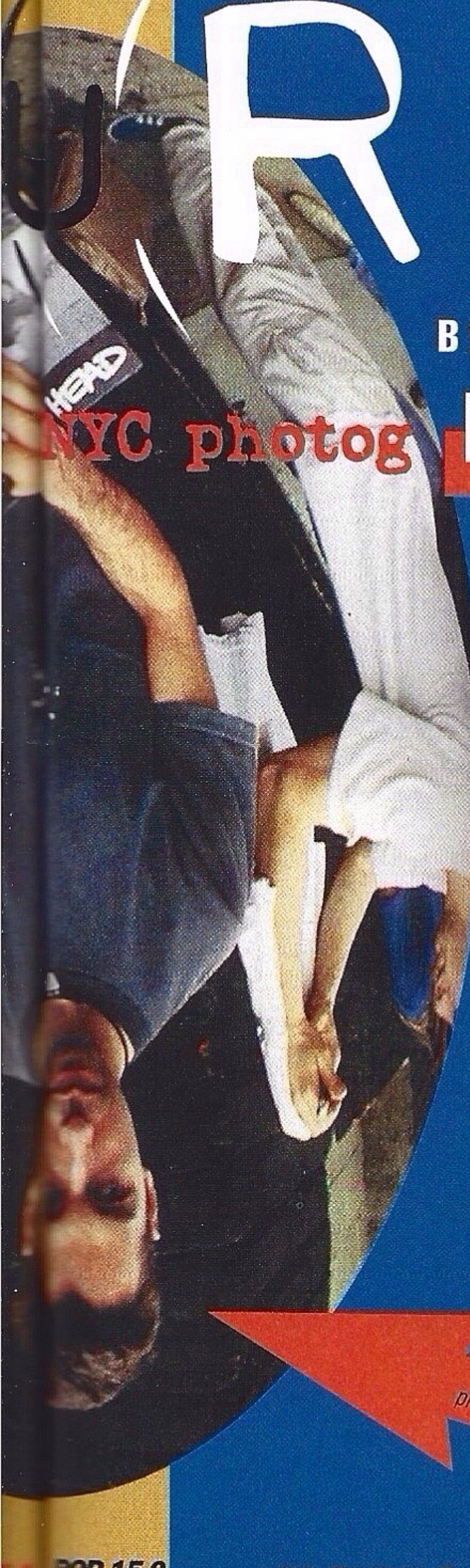
R HE@D

By Evan Bernard

NYC photog Ricky Powell



always a cool kid. Always nice, respectable.

PS: Did you say he looked up to you back then?

RP: I was just one of those older dudes you would see around. I don't know if he looked up to me. But he would always stop by on the street. I would see him growing up, like I remember once I saw him on a public access show in an interview, in a little forum and shit and I was like, this kid is turning into a fine young man. He was like 14.

PS: What was the show about?

RP: They were talking about cultural issues, he was wearing a sweater with a button down shirt underneath and pleated pants.

PS: Damn, she just threw me a smile…

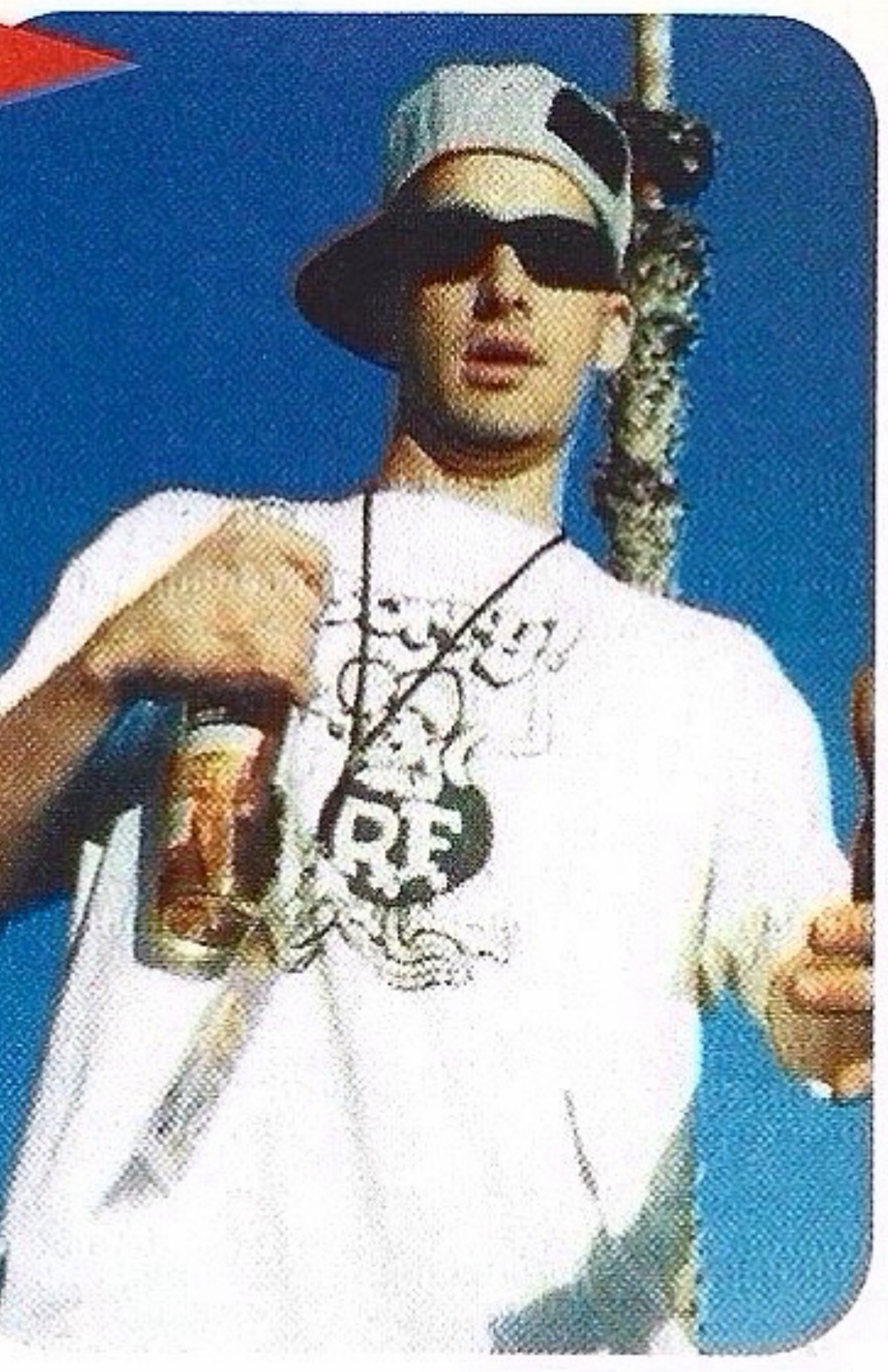
RP: She was cute!

PS: Is there something behind this?

RP: It would be nice if we could catch some rap while we're doing the interview.

PS: So then you just met them out?

RP: I don't really remember meeting Mike or Yauch for the first time, I might have just went backstage at the Cat Club, that first gig I saw of theirs. But we just hit it right off, I don't know. It was just one of those things, I was into what they were into and they did their own thing and they just blew up.



PS: But at this time were they hip-hop or hardcore?

RP: I think they were into hip-hop. They just finished doing the Virgin tour with Madonna. I had heard they were being booed off of the stage at almost every gig. 'Cause they would just be drunk and cursing so…I never got into the hardcore scene. I was more into the George Benson shows. Jazz. That's what I grew up on. Funk. I used to go see James Brown when I was a kid.

PS: So you met those guys at the show and…

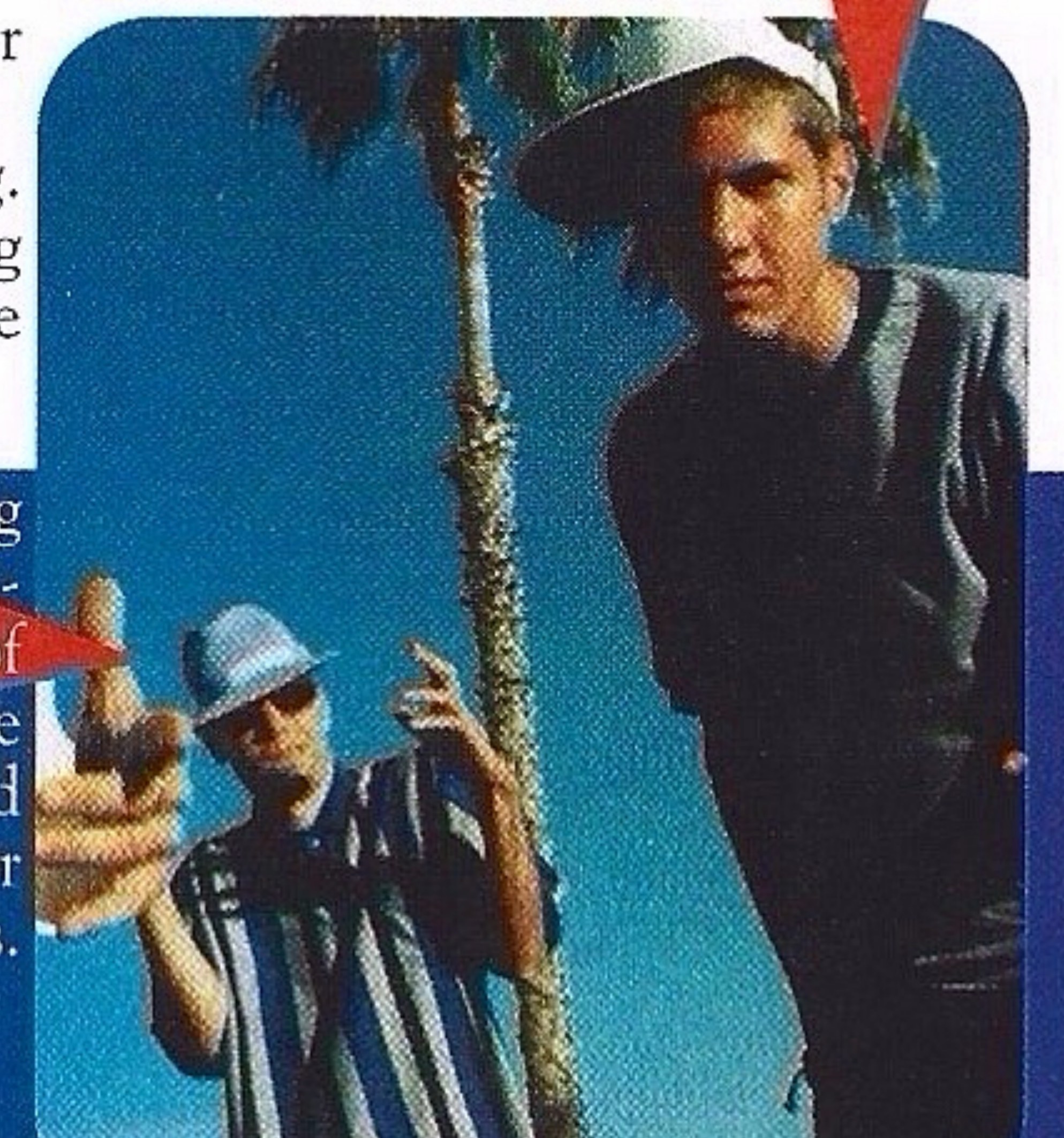
RP: Yeah, went backstage and just hung. We just started hanging out. Then in the spring of '86, my mom booted me out of the house after I graduated college. So I became a professional Frozade vendor. I was living with this older woman on Astor Place. She was this older woman that I tried to do the duty with, but then I just ended up living with her. I wasn't into the sex part.

PS: But it was sexual favors for rent?

RP: Sorta in the beginning. But then she was just looking out for me. I only lived there for two months.

PS: How did you meet her?

RP: She lived in my building where I grew up. She was a lingerie designer. I had a lot of sensual older women in the building. I was actually a good looking guy. I used to let older women seduce me. I'm serious. One of them got pregnant.



transcribed by Lori Denman

photos by Ricky Powell, except for those of Ricky Powell

PS: How old were you?

RP: I was 17, she was like 27. She was a lawyer.

PS: Did she get an abortion?

RP: Yes, I paid for it.

PS: What's the biggest age difference?

RP: When I was on Licensed to Ill I met some mom in the mall.

PS: A mom in the mall?

RP: This lady and her daughter kept trying to get an autograph signed by the Beasties in this mall in Michigan. I started kicking it with her on the side and she came to visit me after the tour. I was like 25 and she was like 40. She was hot, dude. I'm not going on about that anymore.

You know, I've had sex with about 200-plus women, but I don't want that to go onto the record.

PS: Are you sure?

RP: I will leave that up to the editors. It's an ill magazine, right?

PS: Yeah, yeah, they're into porn, they want it there.

RP: You know, I have had many interracial experiences also.

PS: Any amputees ever?

RP: Mentally or physically?

PS: Both.

RP: Definitely mentally. No, I never went through shit like that. Although, it wouldn't matter to me.

PS: You have got, like, Down's syndrome girls?

RP: Whoa, you are ill.

PS: No, you said mentally…you were just saying girls that are wacky?

RP: Yeah, wacked. No, I can't even get with that.

PS: OK, so paparazzi and then Licensed To Ill happened?

RP: Yeah, that was crazy. We were on tour and we went to Europe with Run-DMC. It was so much fun I couldn't believe it.

PS: What were you doing there?

RP: Just giving out free passes to girls, taking pictures. I was just the documentary guy. I didn't have to help with anything. I mean, I helped, but…you know, I wasn't designated anything. I think I was designated Luggage Guy on the Check Your Head tour.

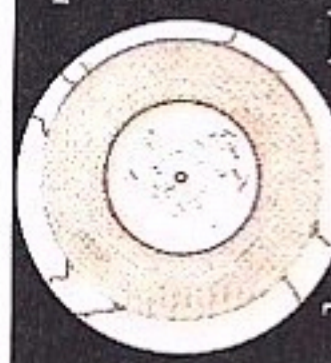
PS: Wait a minute, I want to hear about Licensed To Ill shit.

RP: Like the threesomes?

PS: Yeah.

RP: No. Since I was stoked with what I was doing with the guys at that point, we would get a lot of freaks.

PS: What was the story about some girls driving on a bus. You guys pulled over and picked them up.



RP: That happened to Mike.

PS: Let's not incriminate the boys here. That happened a lot though, girls coming up to the bus?

RP: Yeah, yeah.

PS: You wanna give me a couple good freak stories?

SIDE B

RP: Yeah, so in Kansas City I met a little chick in the theater, in the dressing room of Fishbone, which was vacant, we just kinda did it right there on the carpet. Cute little thing. And I fucked up. I left the condom that I did use on their food platter. That kind of PO'd them. Dirty Walt thought it was cool, he thought it was funny. But, whatever, I didn't do that again. All right, oh shit! Look at this girl. Oh shit! Damn, beautiful!!

PS: You don't go for the subtle stuff, do ya?

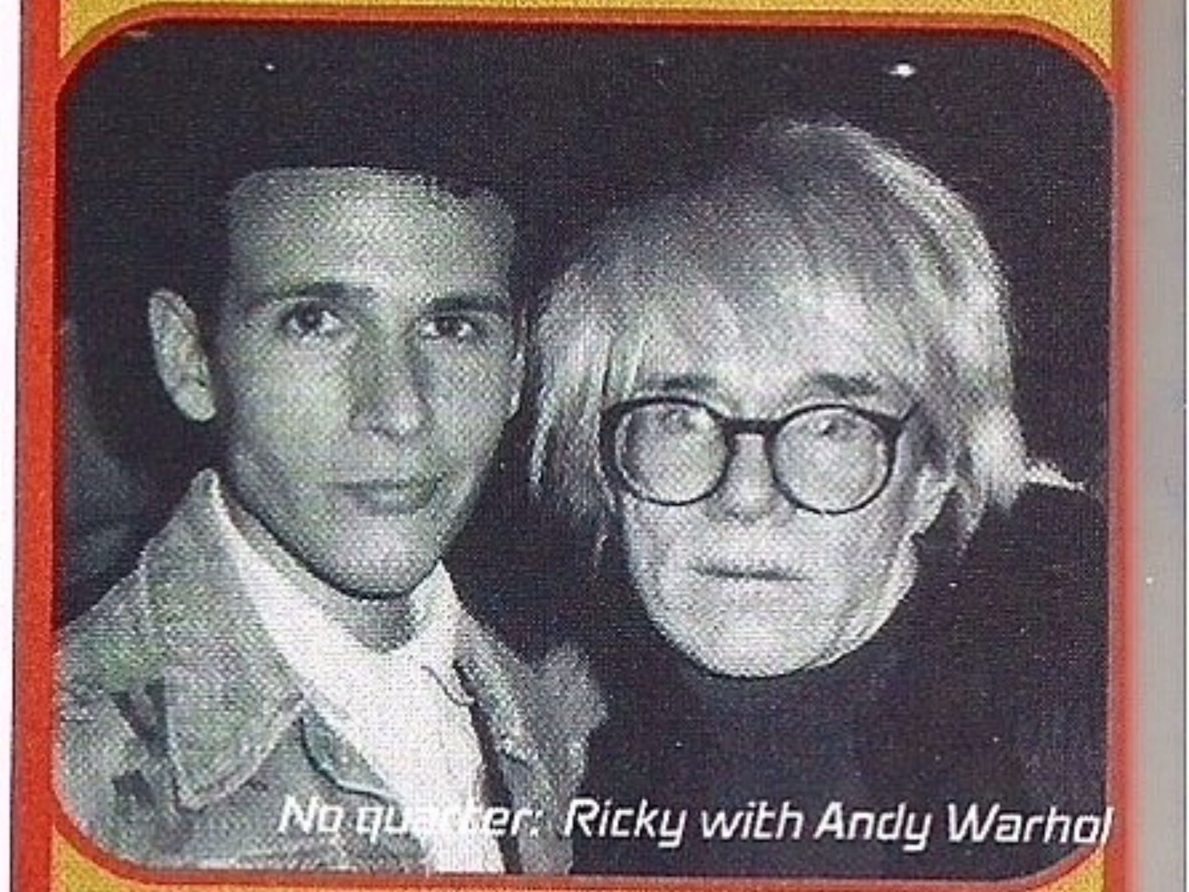
RP: How else is she gonna hear me? I gotta give her props.

PS: What were we talking about? Oh, what was the quickest lay you got?

RP: Well, one time I got three blow jobs in an hour. Two at the same time and one like 15 minutes later.

PS: How did that come about? Just plain luck?

RP: No, being inquisitive. My room was like the room that everyone dumps shit in. So everyone was in my room and some farm girl was sitting on my bed, she was bored, she was cool, so I just signed her White Castle box. So I said matter of factly, "Do you like to give head?" She was like, "Yeah." And I was like, "Really?" So we wentin the bathroom, there were like 20 dudes in the bedroom and I said, "I feel bad for your friend, do you want to not leave her out?" And she got her. I just stood there smoking a joint, looking out the window in the bathroom and those two girls just took turns. They were like battling over it. So that was cool. Another time, this girl popped up with her sister and she wanted to do it to me. So we went into this laundry room, her and her sister. And she did one of the guys, not one of the Beasties, but one of the guys in a band. We were getting head at the same time and giving each other high fives. The lights were off and shit, we were just cracking up. That was pretty crazy.



No quarter: Ricky with Andy Warhol

PS: When did you start sub teaching?

RP: In '87, right after Licensed To Ill.

PS: How did you get into that?

RP: Well, I had a degree, so I might as well have used it. I was a substitute teacher in Manhattan and I would always bring pictures with me just in case things would get rocky. So it all worked out.

PS: Did you ever break the rule and get freaky with a student?

RP: Let me think about that one. Well, I definitely flirted. She was 13. Her name was Yancy Butler. She's a big actress now, sorta. She's in that TV show Brooklyn South. She was a bad girl. She almost got me in trouble. Actually, I got with this one chick, she was a counselor at this school, at the Dalton school, a summer camp. I got her in the bathroom, busted on the toilet seat. She was cool with it.

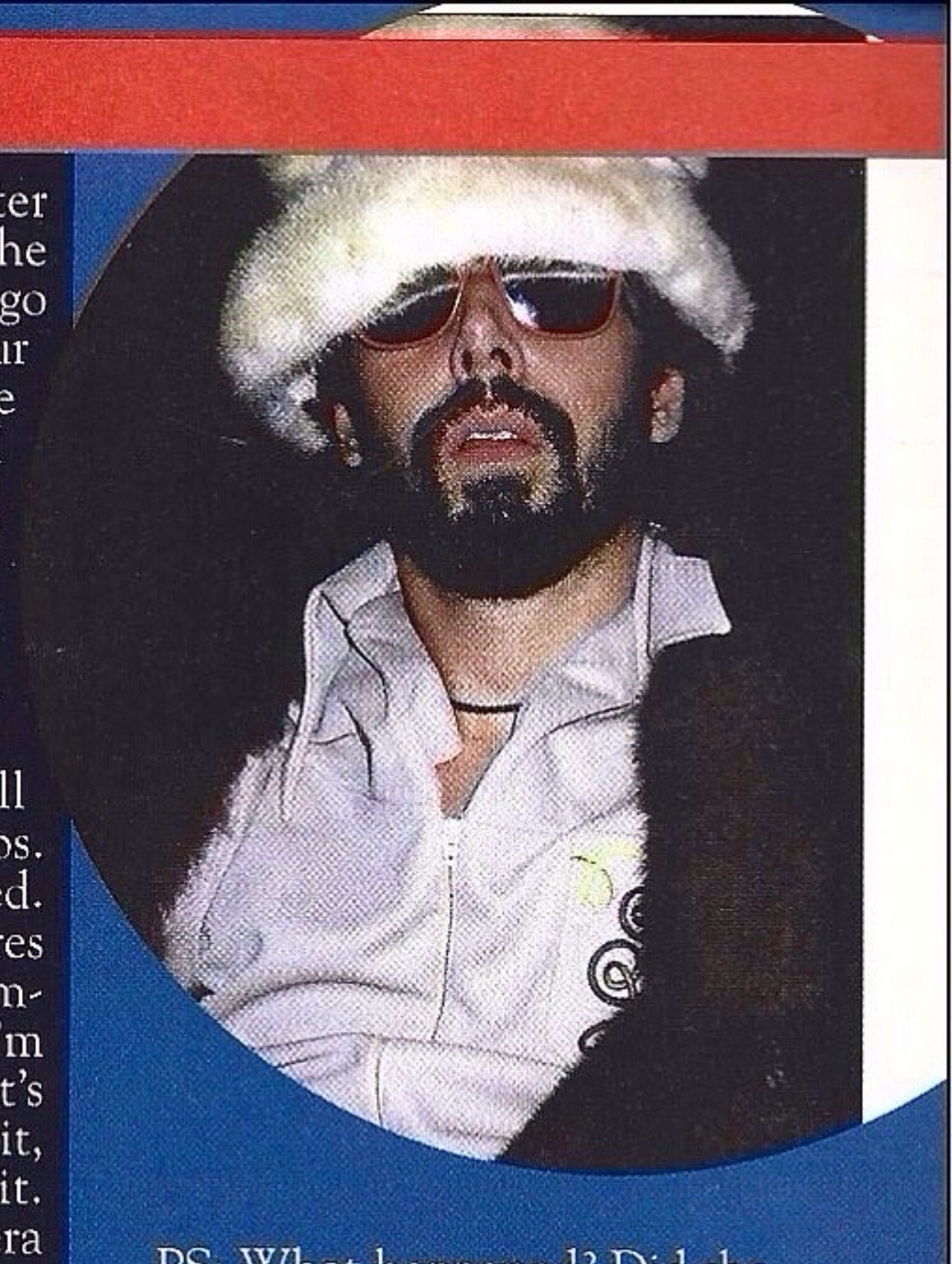
PS: So then after that, you were taking pictures. There were a lot of pictures in the book that came from that era?

RP: Yeah, exactly.

PS: So then Check Your Head comes out and you went on that tour?

PS: "You have got, like, Down's syndrome girls?"
RP: "Whoa, you are ill."

"She was 13. Her name was Yancy Butler. She's a big actress now, sorta. She's in that TV show Brooklyn South. She was a bad girl."



RP: The Check Your Head tour was so fun. That was even better sex than the Licensed to Ill tour. Bill Rahmey, the inhibitnator, would fuck shit up with me sometimes.

PS: So give me some more good stories.

RP: We did have a ménage à trois once in the back of the bus in South Carolina.

PS: This was before he was married?

RP: Married, not married, I don't give a fuck. Me and him had sex with a girl in South Carolina that was on the girls' wrestling team. She was ill, she had glasses too. That was ill and I took pictures of it later. I should publish it. Oh man, I had great sex in California, Washington, Seattle, L.A., San Francisco. Michigan was very good to me, Florida…

PS: Cute girls?

RP: Yeah. I know, you have seen me with some dinosaurs. Like the first night of Lollapalooza in Vegas. No, she wasn't that bad. I've been with worse.

PS: Let me look at your book. The last picture is of Beck. Is that your take on the future of hip-hop?

RP: He's just someone that is doing something really differently. I like his take on it.

PS: What do you think the Knicks chances are this year?

RP: I don't know, they are boring. I am watching LIU basketball now. Instead of the Knicks. That's what it has come down to.

PS: Do you think Mase is guilty?

RP: I hope not. I don't think he's that stupid. He's a cool guy, remember?

PS: Yeah, besides taking a shit on the bus.

RP: Oh! Why don't you tell that one? I believe he…

PS: See, that is a carnal no-no.

RP: Yeah, see, 'cause that shit doesn't leave the bus!

PS: Did anyone say anything to him?

RP: No. But it smelled like an atom bomb hit the bus. I wanted to see the expression on his face when he did it and there wasn't any toilet paper. I still to this day do not know how he did it without using any toilet paper.

PS: You used to walk dogs. Tell us about that.

RP: I used to walk Jane Curtain's poodle.

PS: Was Jane Curtain cool?

RP: Yeah, real funny. I used to walk Alan Arkin's afghan.

PS: What's this note here?

RP: Oh, it's a pink slip. That is when I got thrown out of band in 10th grade. I played brass instruments, baritone horn, a little trombone.

PS: Oh, in the beginning of Ricky's book is a copy of a pink slip.

RP: I got sent to the Dean. I was pretty good back in '70, but they had us playing "Mary Had A Little Lamb," the Irish Spring theme song. I fucking lost it. I had a shit fit. I picked up some kind of music case and just threw it across the room.

PS: At the teacher?

RP: In his vicinity, yeah. I just stood there possessed and he sent me out of the room and that was the end of my music playing career. I bet I could still play. I have been meaning to get back into it.

PS: So the funk was a side view, you needed to get out pretty much.

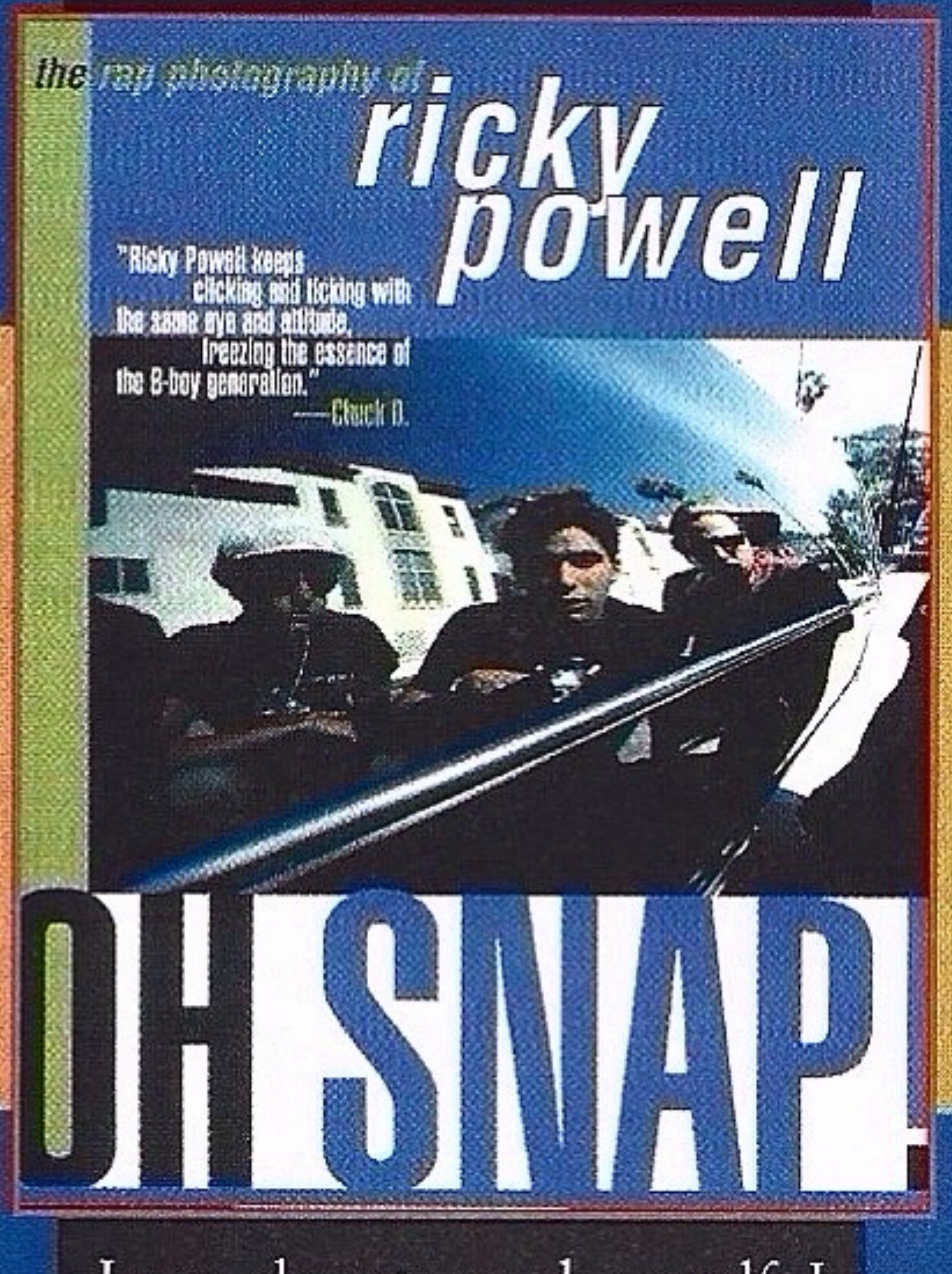
RP: I hate corny people, I don't give a fuck who they are. That is when it started, I guess. That was 1977 by the way.

PS: So you have lived here a long time. How has the city changed?

RP: It has gotten worse. It's gotten corny. It's been infested by cornballs. There were a lot of old places that are not around anymore and now you got these yuppie projects like on Washington Street. I'm kind of bitter about the way shit is. On the weekends, I don't even go out of my house until four in the morning and all the bozacks are outta here. I am glad I grew up when I did and I still have a lot of friends that I grew up with out here.

PS: You still shooting pictures?

RP: Yeah, all the time. Still shooting nightclubs. Nightclub shit is wacked. Everyday I'm taking pictures on the street. Bring my camera everywhere, when I'm running errands. That's where you get the best shit, you just come upon shit. When I don't have a camera I can almost punch myself. I have a shit fit on myself, I talk to myself.


the rap photography of
ricky powell
"Ricky Powell keeps clicking and ticking with the same eye and attitude, freezing the essence of the B-boy generation." —Chuck D.
OH SNAP!

PS: How do you get around?

RP: Ride my bike, walk. That's it. Life is just a bunch of errands, off of a checklist.

PS: You videotaped a lot of your exploits on the road. You ever thought about getting into porn?

RP: Yeah, but I don't think I'm as good as I used to be. I don't want to play myself on the screen. I still do it once in a while. It depends on the girl. I don't want to do it professionally. Just for my private archives. You know, an arty thing.

PS: How vast are the archives?

RP: About 10.

PS: Did they all know about it?

RP: Yeah.

PS: You never did it on the sneak tip?

RP: Once in Arizona. She saw the red light while she was like this…

PS: What happened? Did she get pissed off?

RP: Yeah, what a messed up night. She was upset and I thought I would never see her again, it was like in the middle of Arizona somewhere at my hotel room.

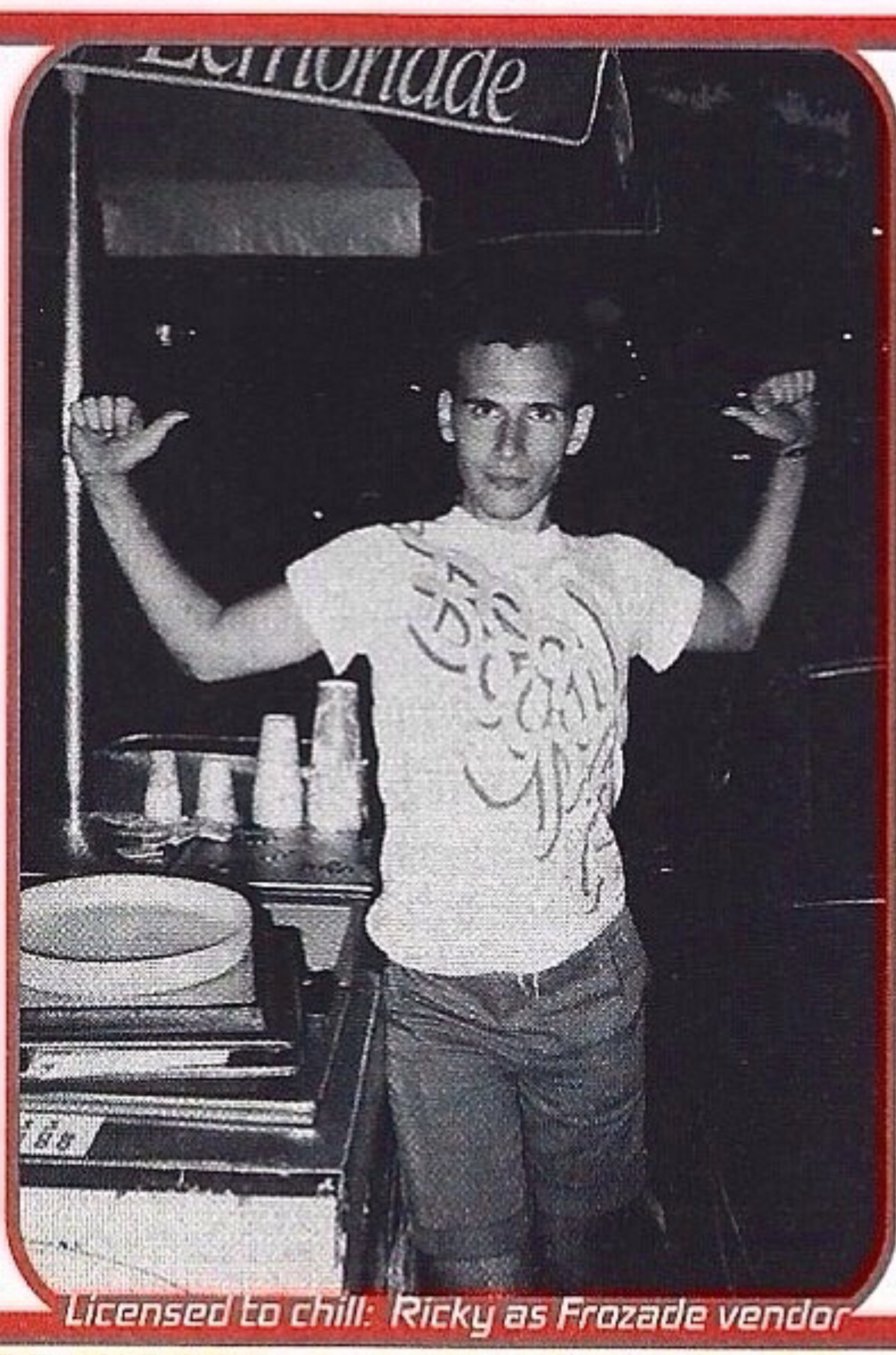
PS: Was that at Lollapalooza?

RP: Yeah, I felt bad. I erased it for her right in front of her. She was mad. She was upset.

PS: Did she leave?

RP: No, she stuck around and cried for hours. It was weak. Every other time, it was fun that way, you could direct it more. Whatever. Look at that old lady up there! Hey, let's wrap it up. Let's talk later.

Check out Ricky Powell's radio show on WKCR (FM 89.9) Saturday's 1-4 pm. His book is available at bookstores everywhere. It's published by St. Martin's Press.



Licensed to chill: Ricky as Frozade vendor

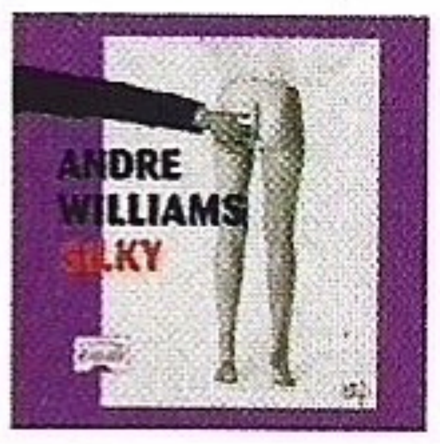
"I Know, you have seen me with some dinosaurs. Like the First night of Lollapalooza in Vegas. No, she wasn't bad. I've been with worse."

obligatory reviews

Andre Williams

Silky (In The Red)

Back in the '50s Andre Williams recorded some of the most greasy, sleazy R&B records imaginable for Fortune Records out of Detroit—songs such as "Bacon Fat, " "Jailbait" and "Greasy Chicken" are now considered cult classics. Now in the '90s we find Andre on his new album, *Silky*, doing the same thing he was doing 40 years ago, only rather than refining his approach he has taken it to new extremes. On *Silky*, Andre is backed by Mick Collins (Gories, Blacktop) and Dan Kroha (Gories, Demolition Doll Rods) to cook up a brew of rockin' stompin' R&B that is far rawer and much raunchier than anything he's ever done before. Song titles such as "Bonin'," "Pussy Stank" and "Let Me Put It In" should clue you in to what's going on here—this stuff is as rude as it comes. The music is as nasty as the lyrical content as well—some of it sounding as though it were recorded in a tin shed with all amplifiers ready to blow. At age 63 Andre Williams has made a record that kids would not be allowed to play in front of their parents—this is a good thing. RECOMMENDED! — ***Zack Wyrick***



B-Movie Rats

Killer Woman (Deadbeat)

Well, holy sheep shit! My theory that the '90s may be the worst decade in music yet is quickly being torn apart by a flood of killer punk bands that are releasing some of the best raw power-style, fuck shit up, rock and roll to hit me over the head in quite some time. Electric Frankenstein, the Hellacopters, Nashville Pussy, the Bellrays and now, The B-Movie Rats! Good lord, how can I keep up with all this sonic mayhem!

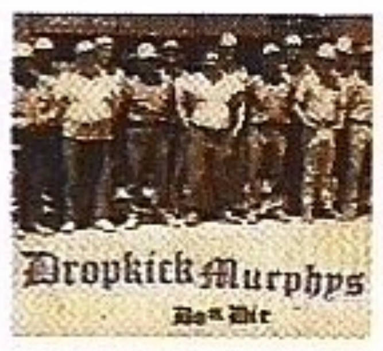
L.A.'s B-Movie Rats are the real deal: no holds barred, fast and furious, gutter level rock, and not one ballad in the bunch. *Killer Woman* is a relentless rollercoaster ride of an album that sounds like it was recorded in one take, live in the studio, with a case of dollar beer to fuel the already raging fire. Singer Derek Christensen has got a set of pipes on him so strong, you could build a sink right on his chest and have the best damn water distribution system in town! From start to finish this album kicks ass in a major way. Right outta the gate these guys rip your head clean off with "What I Need," a track reminiscent of the Lazy Cowgirls in their heyday. And damn, if the hook-laden, yet pummeling "Space Age Boy" isn't the most awesome slab of sleaze to grace my cheap car stereo, then I don't know what is! Try the smash it to pieces approach of "Nothing Special" on for size and see if you can escape the B-Movies' mighty wrath! Oh hell, just take the relentless "Dirty Dog" or the barn burning fury of "Hell On Wheels," hold it to the rest of your wimpy little record collection and see if it doesn't melt every bit of wax in the pile. These guys are the Rose Tattoo of the '90s. And if you don't know who Rose Tattoo is, then just think of them as the band AC/DC could have become if Bon Scott hadn't died. Yes kids, the B-Movie Rats have just moved up to the A-list as far as I'm concerned. Get it...A...B...the alphabet...oh c'mon, just buy the damn record!

— ***Frank Meyer***

The B-MOVIE RATS

Dropkick Murphys

Do Or Die (Hellcat)



Gather around the campfire children and allow me to tell you the tale of the Drunken Monkey Style of punk rock music. It was first founded and perfected by the Ninja Warrior of Drunken Monkey Hardcore, Murphy's Law. Now, out of the rugged lands of Shao Boston, comes a new member of that tribe and we should thank our lucky stars that they are here. The Dropkick Murphys are, without any doubt, one of the best bands in punk rock ever and currently one of the best bands making music. This is beer drinking, Irish brawling punk rock music. No pop punk idiocy, no high end can't play foolishness, just huge guitar riffs, breakneck speed and even some bag pipes to boot. The Dropkick Murphys debut album *Do Or Die* is filled with musical gems, huge production and the good time feelings of punk rock that bands like Murphy's Law made into an art form. Instead of a tinny guitar sound, Dropkick Murphys have a huge one, along with a rhythm section that rivals anyone in punk rock today. Produced by Lars Frederiksen of Rancid fame, Dropkick Murphys have managed to make a thick, rounded sound, punk rock record, with great lyrics and more energy than I've heard come out of a punk rock band in ages. All the songs on this record are great but pay particular attention to tracks like "Do Or Die," "Caught In A Jar" and the brilliant "Barroom Hero." This is how God intended punk rock to be! The Dropkick Murphys are a breath of fresh air in a world of mediocrity and just plain awful music. I highly recommend you buy this record whether you're a fan of punk rock or not. If you don't perhaps I'll show up at your house drunk to beat the piss out of you.

— ***Iann Robinson***

Drop Tommy's Private Stash

(Zane)

Starring: Jacklyn, Jenifer, Jasmine, Sarah, Brittany, Sarah, Drop Tommy

★★★★★

Drop Tommy, a part-time porn stud, part-time porn public relations messiah and full-on irrepressible sweetheart delivers us this, his "private" home smut stash featuring non-too-fuck-friendly girls who aren't really into porn, but willingly give it a shot for the first and last time. And God bless 'em.

The most noticeable thing about Sir Tommy, even more so than his various '90s skater-punk alterna piercings/tats, is his monster schlong which, when not erect, gravitates towards his left knee cap then sort of curves up at the head. When hard, that thing looks like it could be a mighty destructive force to be reckoned with which has me wondering what went through these girls' minds when they finally saw Drop's dong after agreeing to the singular fuck. Hmmm.

Invariably, the girls, who were picked up by Drop himself, are all colorful coffee house/rave type tarts minus any porn star pretense and each display varying degrees of video virgin apprehension and, yes, some pout, others snarl and a few even bend for some anal—but so do the girls your mama would want ya to bring home—which is basically the idea behind this wonderful tape.

— ***Art Rambo***

Evelyn Forever

Nightclub Jitters (The Airplay Label)

Like the majors, indie labels are certainly guilty of adding to the sub-human bin-glut at record stores around you, but indies also do something most majors don't: they empower the ones who write songs and make the records major labels won't touch. Precisely why a pop record as ace as this Evelyn Forever debut will never come near a major label appellation, 'cause something so bashy, simple, innocent and fun will infinitely stump record company suits.

Nightclub Jitters raises songs in three-to-four crunch-chord glory about girls, break-ups, and reminiscing about being 17. It's as close to the Undertones as it is Replacements (hence the title) and half the songs are sung in a lovely vocal treatment which resembles that of Translator chorister Steve Barton. "Bugjuice" and "Doorway" offer Revolveresque hat-tipping aplenty while "Rock'n'Girl" borrows its title from a famed power-pop dittie of yore but expounds on the matter with an extra well-placed minor chord and bratty push. The disc's stingiest spine-tingles are served up in "Never Once" in which the singer belabors his want of being somebody else whilst Everly Brothers harmonies chime in on the chorus.

Nightclub Jitters is heady stuff with no filler, surely and if ya can't find it in your local record store glut write to: The Airplay Label, POB 851, Asbury Park NJ 07712 or email gimchipop@aol.com — ***Verlaine***

The Fugitive #2

PRIVATE
Gold 23
The Fugitive

(Private Media)

Starring: Gabriella Bond, Nikky Anderson, Clarisse, Jeanette, Nora, Elsa, Helen, Andrea, Gyongy, Susanna, Fovea, Kristina, Lola, Vanda, Frank Versace, Philippe Soine, Alain Deloin, Hpg, Philippe Dean, and Richard Langin. Directed by Pierre Woodman

★★★★ 1/2

Private's Gold Line, of which this is number 23 and the sequel to the ace *The Fugitive*, is a colorful collage of non-repetitive international scenery, determined direction, and first rate fucking.

Exclusive Private Euro-dish (Gabriella Bond) is exploited expertly as a recipient of wife-abuse (a porno first) who flees Sydney and her enraged husband to the seemingly safe Australian Outback with a lover in tow. Hubby follows with murderous eyes and is sidetracked momentarily to hump the hiney of a hitch-hiking hussie. A bevy of man-eating crocodiles, guck-gurgling girls and men bearing sturdy stalks ensues.

In the end the story's trite arc is realized when the jealous breadwinner, upon catching his estranged spouse and her paramour, is hilariously inhaled by a thick-skinned reptile with a pointed stout. Relieved, the chesty child-bearer then rewards her Fosters swigging saviors (her lover and his pal) with all things anatomical.

— ***Art Rambo***

Hellacopters

Payin' The Dues (White Jazz Records)

Go fuckin' figure! How is it that the best album of American punk rock and roll was put out by a bunch of Swedes! Well, color me impressed because the debut full length album by Sweden's Hellacopters is the best slab of ass kickin', face meltin', piss and venom, blood and guts, underground/arena rock to make its way to my stereo in a long time! From the awesome hotrod-style purple flame album cover, to the tribute to the MC5 gatefold, to their

scorching cover of Sonic's Rendezvous Band's "City Slang," The Hellacopters have upped the ante in the world of trashy power punk. *Payin' The Dues* is the kind of record that makes you want to down a bottle of Thunderbird, head to a sleazy bar, pounce on the local tramp, and beat the shit out of some yuppie scum till your fists ache with pain and your eyes bleed with fury. Yes kids, the Hellacopters lay waste to anything by the Humpers, Guitar Wolf, or any of the other so called Motor City torch bearers. Just check out the arsenal of monster rock explosions imbedded in these fine black grooves! "You Are Nothing" leaps out of the speakers like a knife-wielding junkie on the hunt for a fix. "Looking At Me" takes it's cue from the 5's "Looking At You," but stands on its own as a true garage classic. "Soulseller" is a song the *Electric*-era Cult wish they had written, and "Psyched Out & Furious" is...well...just that...psyched out and furious! Jesus, I could go on forever. The production is raw yet big, thick and meaty. The songs are all teen anthems for the insane in a world gone wrong. The packaging, the look, the attitude...genius. If Electric Frankenstein are the '90s Deadboys, and the Streetwalkin' Cheetahs are being called the Dictators of the '90s, then the Hellacopters are the '90s equivalent to the MC5! But these guys are takin' it to the next millennium, baby! Kick out the jams, motherfucker!

— ***Frank Meyer***

Intense Perversions vol. 5

(Pleasure Productions/Heatseekers)
Starring: Nikki Lynn, Sabrina, Mila, Johnni Black, Stephanie Swift, Yvonne, Sledge Hammer, Peter North, Jeremy Steele, Kyle Stone, Jake Steed
Directed by Cheeks
★★★★

The recipe is clod easy: Couples flip a coin to decide who is to be the recipient of the other's dirtiest carnal pipedream. Of course, the downright unrighteous wins are male-favored by far in this set-up which is easy to figure seein' hows a man can never be receptive of a woman's dirty virtue without first a spiritual rebirth. Anyways....

That ain't to suggest this be without generous hoopla of fuckease, facial sprees and ungodly sodomies, no sir. In fact, Johnni Black shows us the testosterone level is not leveled just 'cause of girl-genes as she demands all of Jake Steed until he's shootin' nothin' but air, full-steam. Also contained is the take-it-or-leave-it charm/smarm of Mila (as seen in plenty of B quick-reel knock-offs) who differentiates vag and ass doinking by true heartfelt screams directed at the pole-bearer: the louder she yells the less he's doing and we're to believe she's screaming loudest with 10" of turgid tork plowing her rectum not because it may be just a tad painful, but because he ain't doin' her hard enough. She ain't for everyone. More reductive is the limp lump turn with black-quaffed Stephanie Swift and the otherwise hearty Yvonne; as is cover-boxed Nikki Lynn's forgetful frollop which goes lengths to turn XXXXX's to ZZZZZZ's. — ***Art Rambo***

Irwin
Self Titled (Sin Klub Entertainment)

I'm not usually a fan of this type of music, but, man, Irwin really fucking rock. Imagine the bastard son of Live and Quicksand and you'll have what I think is one of the best bands I've heard in a long time. The songs are catchy, but still sort of odd and each one has its own characteristics. The vocals are really well done. The melodies don't just follow the song and the vocalist himself sings just off enough to make it feel real. This is an emocore record, but it's done so well and has so much rock to it that it overshadows any band with this kind of sound that's around right now. The production is a little lacking, kind of thuddy and muddy but still good enough to be overlooked by the end product of how the songs fit together.

Peter Beckerman, who produced this record along with Irwin, was kind enough to let the live sound and the dynamics of the record stay. Irwin have the unique ability to write songs that sound different but they manage to keep some kind of cohesive ideals within the music. Basically an Irwin song sounds like an Irwin song, not like 50 other bands in the same genre. Don't get me wrong, the record is not perfect. Sometimes the songs get too repetitive, and often the need to play high endy notes outweighs what's best for the song. Still, though, Irwin is the best record in its field I've heard since Quicksand's last. The standout tracks here are "Semprini" and "Pummel Town." Irwin rock!

— ***Iann Robinson***

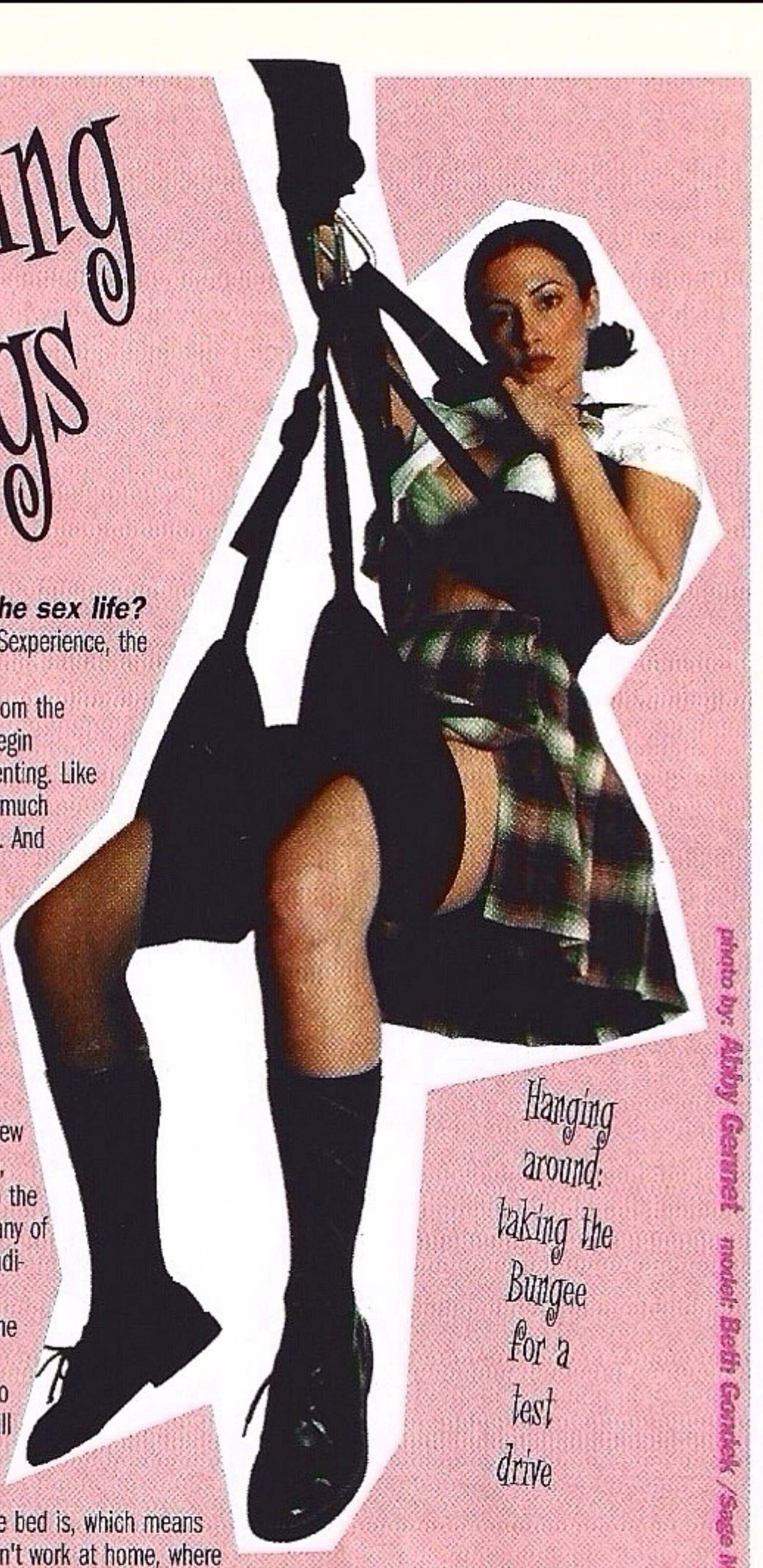
June of 44
Four Great Points

(Touch and Go/Quarterstick)

The first time I saw June of 44, I was asked by a friend of a friend if she could borrow eight dinner plates because she was cooking dinner for this band June of 44 before their show. I said hell fuckin' yeah. After we done ate we went to the concert. From the get-go, there's this guy up there about two feet from the microphone, just screaming at it. From then on I was stuck right there. It was awesome. The new CD keeps it going for me. It's low-keyed approach to what unravels into exploding moments of orchestration floored me. Don't get me wrong, it rocks. Plus for you fans out there that like to groove a bit, I found myself almost dancing, I haven't done that since Lynyrd Skynyrd. Buy it now, thank me later.

— ***Rodney Sinclair***

In the Swing of Things



Hanging around: taking the Bungee for a test drive

photo by: Abby Gernet model: Beth Gondek / Sage Models

Looking to add a little spice to the sex life? Maybe it's time you checked out the Bungee Sexperience, the latest in harness fun.

The concept is simple, hang the bungee from the ceiling, hook up the desired harnesses and begin experimenting. And it will take some experimenting. Like your favorite Christmas toy, the Bungee looks much easier to use in pictures than it is in practice. And the directions–that came with our Bungee, at least–were completely inadequate, meaning we had to look at pictures in the brochure to try to figure out where everything went. It took a while, meaning this isn't something you want to surprise your lover with if you don't have plenty of preparation time.

Once you have the set up figured out, the Bungee is the doorway to acrobatic sex that few have known. The positions are nearly limitless, and once the suspended partner gets used to the floating aspect, everything falls into place. Many of those positions that are difficult to pull off traditionally are easily mastered with the Bungee.

There, of course, were other problems, none of which were the fault of the manufacturer. First, you need to have ceilings high enough to use the Bungee. They suggest 8', though 7' will work. Well, in my apartment that's a bit of a problem. While the ceiling is high enough, the only place with enough space is where the bed is, which means there's a couple feet lost there. And if it doesn't work at home, where are you going to use it? Not like we have a backyard, and I'm not sure I want to set this up in my office. Great conversation piece, but it could get a little weird. They do, however, offer custom cords, so figure it out before you order.

Otherwise, once you have it hooked up in the room(s) of choice, it's easy enough to use as well as conceal. The entire package fits in a box roughly the size of a couple shoe boxes. So if you don't want to advertise your sexual endeavors, you can just store it quietly under the bed or in the closet. But don't pack it too far away, because you'll be digging it out in no time. — ***Fuss***

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Les Payne Project
Lush Budget Presents the Les Payne Product (Aviator)

"We are the Monster" is track one on this release, equal parts introduction to the Les Payne sound and advance apology for the semi-madness to come. "We don't have much to offer," sings guitarist/pianist Himes, against a somewhat chaotic yet somehow syncopated sonic backdrop. Drummer/singer/keyboardist Thoob does his rhythm thing, while keyboards, pianos, kazoos and lots of whirring, buzzing little noises help fill out the sound.

This album revels in the paradoxical. "At the Rodeo (Fireball)" and "Trippy Wicked Caffeine Buzz (Good Vibes)" pair romper room aural assaults with a dark, yet deceptively simple, lyrical voice. "It's Nice to Have You Here (5 Minutes Ago)" is an unlikely marriage of anxious double-time guitar and falsetto vocal harmonies. "Giving Up On Angels' Wings (Shiny Black Heart)" combines Stevie Wonder-esque organs with lyrical references to vital organs and battles with the devil. Each of the six songs refuse to do what you expect them to—and that's this album's greatest strength.

Words like "quirky" have been used to describe the overall presentation of Les Payne, known for on-stage

● ● ●

antics, indecipherable surnames and coordinated wardrobes. Yet to dismiss them as a novelty is to miss the point. This record may spur thoughts of Ween, Daniel Johnston, Half Japanese, Flaming Lips, bands whose borderline zaniness co-exists comfortably with solid, innovative musicianship. It's damn refreshing to see a band with a sense of humor and, more importantly, a sound that is undeniably their own. (Aviator, POB 40865, Mesa AZ, 85274.) — ***Laura Bond***

Militia
Militia

(Red Ant)

"Let's Burn/'Till The Sun Burns My *Eyes/Keep Burnin' Till It Sets On The West Side/Get High All Night"* — "Burn"

Man, if there's anything I love about rap music, it's their unabashed love for the weed. For all you dope smokin', gun toting, hip-hop heads out there, the West Coast crew called Militia has the anthem for you! "Burn" is a hip shakin', head bobbin', blunt rollin' anthem to twist a fatty to and hit the dance floor. The first single off their self-titled debut album, "Burn" is the best party song since Cypress Hill's "Insane In The Brain." This song has it all: a catchy beat, off the hook verses, mad skills, and a blast-if-I-have-to attitude. The rest of the album introduces the listener to a bevy of rappers, each with their own trademark style. While Diz and Devious, the guys featured on "Burn," have the thug life, don't fuck with me or I'll peel a cap in yo' ass vibe goin' on, Lord G comes at ya with a whole other approach. I've been waiting for this guy to reappear ever since hearing his song "Gotta Get My Money Right" from the *Above The Rim* soundtrack. His sporadic, bob, weave and duck style is reminiscent of Busta Rhymes, but without all the excess growling, monster on a rampage schtick. Mr. Tan and Ms. Toi are a tag team duo whose sexy, yet tough interplay put AZ and Foxy Brown to shame. They have style and sass, yet remain true to the streets all the way. If "Burn" is the main course of this album, then "Street Life" and "Eight Million Wayz" are the appetizers that wet your mouth and tempt your pallet. Combining Mobb Deep-style verses over a sparse, raw beat, Militia hits the listener over the head with their intense shoot 'em up dialogue. Other highlights include the funked out "Paper Chase," the Ms. Toi flavored "From The Gate," the freestyle "Fuck A Title," and the awesome "Who's The Next." This may not be the most original rap album this year (we've certainly heard raps about sex, money and gang bangin' before), but Militia brings a renewed vigor to the genre, injecting it with energy and charisma. Be all that you can be. Join the Militia! — ***Scott Chernoff***

NHL 98

EA Sports
Playstation

With Fox now covering the NHL you might find yourself with a jock itch to play some hockey. NHL '98 is the best game to take your pathetic ass into the rink. This game features all of the NHL teams along with the world teams. I like to put the USA team up against those commie bastards from Russia. The graphics are very well done, and if you stand a foot away from the tv you would swear that the shit is real. (A closer look reveals that all of the faces are the same non-shaved French lookin' scum, but we don't need to get that close.) You can also choose camera angles, along with playing an exhibition or a whole damn season. When two players with high energy levels collide, there is always a good fight. During the fight you can hit straight on or do an upper cut. How cool is that! The new additions from last year's model include the give and go pass, on the fly coaching strategies and shot deflections. This is a must for those who love hockey or a good fight. (Is there a difference?) — ***Brian Czarnik***

Neil Hamburger
Raw Hamburger

(Drag City)

I'd never heard of this wise-ass before, but his photograph on the cover reminded me so much of myself on a bad night that I decided to put it on the turntable. Half an hour later my eyesight cleared enough to see that I was covered in blood, sweat and tears (true!). But the blood, sweat and tears on my face were from laughter.

Since then it seems I see Neil's face in every mirror I pass, so for those of you out there with no reflections left (see article on the current malaise), I would say buy *Raw Hamburger*. — ***Tac Sinclair***

Royal Trux
Accelerator

(Drag City)

This is now my favorite rock group in America. *Accelerator*'s theme seems to be that of Heroism, and in this once-future time of dreadknots and humming dirigible races overhead that feels appropriate. Whether calling for "somebody to watch our backs" in "Yellow Kid" or paying homage to an unnamed Steven S. in "Stevie" (Spielberg, perhaps?), the Trux are recognizing that a change is coming, and that when it arrives it will be from the skies. This one gets a thumbs up, fervently, in my opinion, because it taught me (or re-taught, if you believe in the words of an earlier Trux, that "we've been here so many many times") that ROCK is really an acronym for Reflexive Ontological Cathartic Kick. I would have to say buy this record. — ***Tac Sinclair***

Sex American Style: An Illustrated Romp Through The Golden Age of Heterosexuality by Jack Boulware (Feral House)

Hindsight through pop filters would suggest the netherworld of '60s and '70s sexual decadence and its heady by-products seem little more than reductive nostalgia for a godless tv-weaned generation, especially if one is to discount the bra smoke and embryonic gay rights movement. Mass media and tv dictates that recent history is defined by way of pop culture icons and romantic sentimentality, and not from within the academy: a mental image of Greg Brady and one would happily conjure up the deceitful suburban existence, dress, dialect and tone of the time; but a mental note of Linda Lovelace and *Deep Throat*, and that rosy-colored trivia has a rather grey-toned hue.

Sex American Style is a dense pastiche of glorious '70s popsmut, mixing images with words in concise, easy-to-digest chapters, paper-backed in colorful, coffee-table form. Armed with truckloads of research and a too-young-to-have-been-there wistful take, author Jack Boulware subtly mocks the era's media-generated bias while offering up witty and informative snippets and anecdotes that go lengths to uphold his empathetic theories on the sexual revolution, and specifically, the Golden Age of Heterosexuality. And it's all managed without relying on romantic or maudlin devices while cleverly sidestepping religious dogma. It's a blast to read and even works well as party or toilet leaf-through fodder.

Any porn vid fan will get kicks from the educational history of porn films; from Linda Lovelace's infamous, gun-to-the-head humps, to the Mitchell brothers' famed burlesque and John Holmes' stretchy rubber wonder. Other chapters span the era's well-storied gamut of censorship from the rock'n'roll star-as-messiah aesthetic and its requisite groupie excesses (Pamela Des Barres, of course!) to wife-swapping, hot-tubs and macho-hetero advertising themes. (Does anyone recall the ass-happy jean attack of Jordache and Madison ave?) The birth of swing culture and death of its nudist colony predecessor is well documented as is the coming of airline stewardess as pedestal-placed sex dolls. Leftover hippie drug folklore and on and on.

Sensible sidebars add to the frolic and this text would be remiss without quick spins like: a Lenny Bruce microcosm extolling the importance of his being; a Stones *Sticky Finger* pant-bulge Warholism; a Xavier Hollander dig up; the Kama Sutra; *The Joy of Sex*, and even an excerpt from the Namath autobio in which Broadway Joe explains his hip-swagger promiscuity.

And what male didn't disguise his hard-on and ensuing whack over the butt of Daisy Duke and other TV harlotry? There's Gobs and gobs of other lusty factoids which cleanly display cause and effect and its often misinterpreted social and personal impact.

In the final chapter "The Return To the Flesh District," the author points out that the commercial potential for sex laid out in the sexomic '60s and '70s were the blueprints for the sex industry's current billion dollar self-satisfaction: millionaires were made and tv ratings ascended. Mansions were built, real estate, luxury cars and private jets were purchased. The arts and political campaigns were funded. Internet firms and cable channels have blossomed. Where beneath the gaudy trappings and superfluous surface of contemporary smut there lies a humorless plane on which fun and inner discovery have been replaced with a sterile and commerce-driven industry adrift in mall mentality and a constant AIDS fear.

In the end he notes that the renowned Times Square ambience of depravity, fringe-dwelling pervs and colorful whores—basic requirements for cultural balance—are but memories. Fitting then, that it was mainly Disney and a corporation called Virgin which white-washed the scene.

And nostalgia marches on. — ***Art Rambo***

TEST DRIVE OFF ROAD

Playstation

What better way to give yourself a Hummer than to play Test Drive. This racing game is fun and a bit challenging. You have a choice of difficulty levels as well as vehicles. The Hummer, Jeep Wrangler, Land Rover or the Chevy k1500 z71 will take you across the different terrains in this game. You can change the view to put you right up on the wheel or view from a distance. It features a two player option so you can race with one of those losers down at the quicky oil change place. The forest, desert or snow tracks are all a very bumpy ride. The sounds and graphics are top notch. The only downfall is the music soundtrack done by lame ass Gravity Kills. Turn the sound off and crank some Gwar through your turntables.

— ***Brian Czarnik***

Various
What The World Needs Now

(Big Deal Records)

This is a record of punk and indie bands singing the songs of legendary songwriter Burt Bacharach. I was so ready to rip this thing to shreds, if for no other reason than the kitsch factor. I could just see a bunch of wacky record idiots getting together with a bunch of wacky bands to record something wacky. The thought alone made my blood boil. Then something happened, I really, really enjoyed this record. Despite my greatest efforts to be jaded, I melted at the sound of Shonen Knife doing "Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head." Shonen Knife are like a musical basset hound, you just can't not like them or not think they're cute. This whole record rocks, even down to some really nice, tight pop production in the vein of Rick Ocasek's work with Weezer. All the tracks

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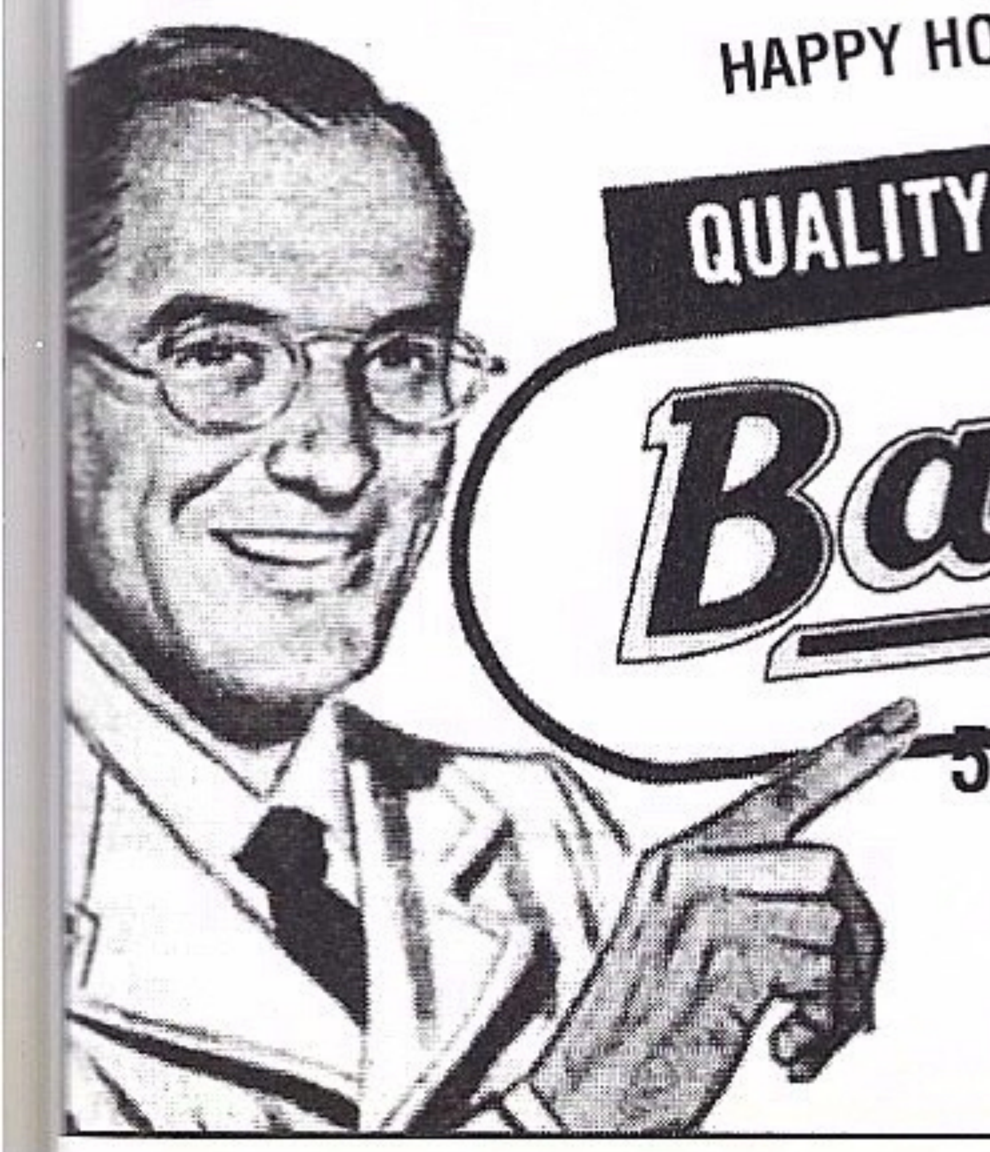

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here are fun to listen to, and it's great at parties. The standouts, besides Shonen Knife, are the Absolute Zeros doing "Always Something There To Remind Me" and the Vandalias doing "Wishin And Hopin." What's great is that even though each band does their own thing with each song, they keep the swing-style somewhere wrapped inside. I love this record and so will you. It's great at any smart dinner parties you might be having, or if you're trying to seduce that special somebody in your life or if you're just a big Burt Bacharach fan. Buy this now or suffer my wrath!

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW
BURT BACHARACH

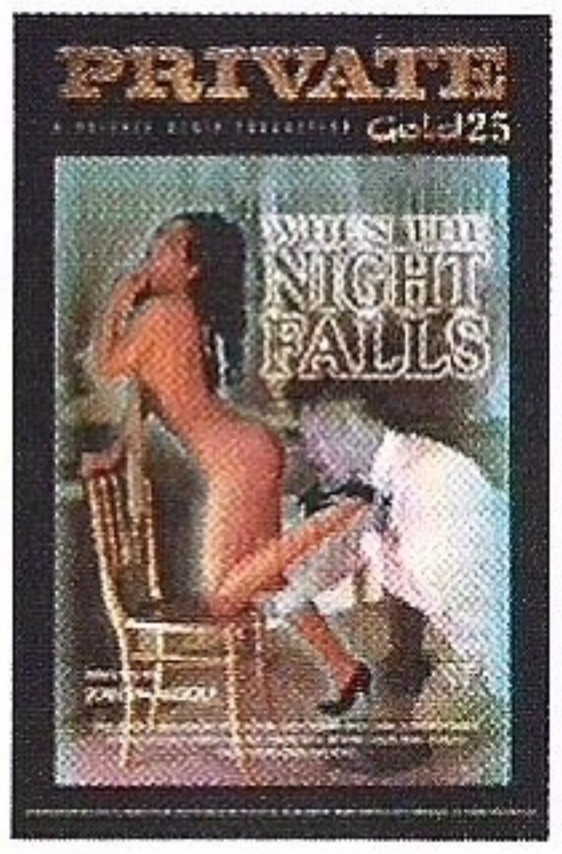
—*Iann Robinson*

When The Night Falls

(Private Media)
Starring: Dolly Golden, Eva Tyson, Florence Marlay, Jade, Jessica Flame, Karen Lancaume, Kelly, Laura, Lennox, Swanny, Harvey Young, Richard Langin, Kris Newz, others. Directed by Jorcen Woolf
★★★★ 1/2

A French number with bits of English narration and broken dialogue set to standard Private fare of feigned luxury and lovely global backdrops. This installment of the "Gold" series is an attestation to ace porn born of top-tiered tarts and quality-controlled fuck film mannerisms regardless that some of Private's uniform schtupps have become formulaic of late.

Here we have a "story" in which a successful stockbroker (Edmond) beset by middle age and a raging jealous gene rearing over his lovely assistant (Jade) and her hined-up-harlot actions. Edmond hires a private eye. We soon learn of the Golden Phallus brothel inhabited by ass-spreading and jizz-gurgling stunners run by a bitchy and manipulative powermonger (limey snarl queenie Laura) with an apparent dislike of all things boy.



The slutology contained is anything but sterile and the show-stealer comes midway when the aforementioned PI loses his wife (Kelly) to the whorehouse goddess after she becomes suspect of the bridegroom's peepee-in-slut foulplay. The unlucky nuptial's agony is then magnified when he bears witness to his wife's just-turned-pro antics as she goes ass-only for the aging but able stockbroker. The film-ending climatic orgy rage leaves little but dilated derriere's and goo-creamed grins of lovely brunette and blonde Hungarian, Swedish, French and Belgian babes.

— *Art Rambo*

15.0 CD Count: 511
Fuss

Eruption: First night in Austin for SXSW we went to Emo's to check out **Frank Meyer**'s band, **The Streetwalkin' Cheetahs**. Frank is the guy who did the **David Lee Roth** interview in the last issue and none of us had met him in person, let alone seen his band. We had no idea what we'd been missing.

Frank told me the week before that their agenda was simple: to go to SXSW and fuck shit up. The man is true to his word. Beside being a damn good band, these guys were completely out of control. Frank, guitar in hand, was on tables, kicking over garbage cans, smashing bottles and equipment and all over the place. While playing the entire time. The crowd went wild, the band ruled and it was a damn fine way to start the festivities. If you can't find their new CD, *Overdrive*, in your favorite CD store, write to Alive Records, POB 7112, Burbank CA 91510.

When the Levy Breaks: Caught **Gloritone** in their first two NYC shows and not only were they both packed, but at the second show half the crowd seemed to know the words. This didn't make sense, because the album wasn't even out yet and these didn't appear to be industry weasels. Either way, both were really good shows and the album is a keeper. Along the lines of the Foo Fighters. There are plenty of worthy singles here and watch for them to score big. Congratulations, boys.

AC/DC
Songs from the Silva Gallery

High Voltage: I don't know where these things come from, but this one was much appreciated. Since I couldn't seem to score a copy of the **AC/DC** box set (and not without some effort), this suspicious package, *Songs from the Silva Gallery*, hit the spot. The 14 songs, from "Gimme a Bullet" to "You Shook Me," were just what I needed. Thank you, whoever you are.

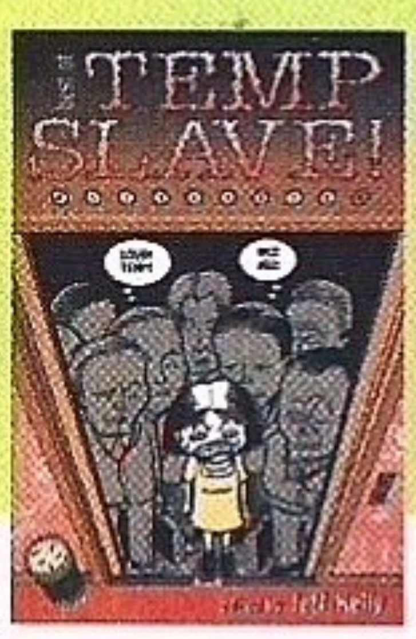
Fools: Another oddity making the rounds is two tracks by a band called **Dan Halen**. The story, as told to me, goes like this: "Formed in the mid-'70s by super-guitarist Dan Halen and his drummer brother **Sam**, Dan Halen the group was the only Southern California rival to the now-legendary Pasadena outfit with a similar name. As Van Halen rocketed to success, the band has wallowed in obscurity until now. Their original single has been uncovered and is set to be released. 'Look At All The People Here Tonight!' is a classic Dan Halen anthem for the kids that document the bands pseudo rise to semi-success. Lead by flashy vocalist **Jamie Lee Roth-Child**, and featuring **Anthony Michaels** on bass, Dan Halen was much more than a rock group: "they were a way life." All I will say is this: Beats Van Halen III.

Man in the Hat: The hardest working man in poetry, **Bob Holman**, has published a new book of poetry, *Beach Simplifies Horizon*, as well as released his first CD, *In With the Out Crowd*. The CD is produced by **Hal Willner**, who did such brilliant work with William Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg, as well as too many other projects to name, and he does Holman justice. A great combination and a must for spoken word fans as well as the whole family.

Series Champs: Thank god for Rhino. The package of Atlantic/Rhino CDs–including **Ornette Coleman**, **Charles Mingus**, **Roland Kirk** and two by **John Coltrane**–was absolutely the most welcome package (that didn't have a Burroughs box set in it) I've received in months. A sight and sound to behold. If you're bored with the radio and looking to pick up something that will really blow your mind, this is a great place to start.

Here Today: At this point I assume you've all checked out *Temp Slave*, the zine. But how about *The Best of Temp Slave!*, the book that compiles–what else?–the best stories from the first 10 issues of *TS*. For those of you who think reading about temp jobs could get a little tedious after awhile, you're right, it could. But it doesn't. I polished off the book in two sittings and thoroughly enjoyed it. Editor **Jeff Kelly** (or "Keffo," the byline he's used to protect himself from prospective and past employers) does a fantastic job compiling stories from one of the most interesting zines going. (Garrett County Press, POB 896, Madison WI 53701)

Tattoo You: Another book you should check out is *Bodies of Subversion* (Juno Books) by Margot Mifflin. It's the extensive history of women and their tattoos, which is both beautiful and interesting. Photos date back to the 1800s–if you can imagine the girls subjecting themselves to the needle and ink 100 years ago. Take that, hipster girls!



POP ten

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- *The Best of William Burroughs* (Mouth Almighty/Mercury)
- **John Coltrane** *My Favorite Things* (Rhino)
- **Muckafurgason** *Tossing a Friend* (Deep Elm)
- **Chocolate Weasel** *Spaghettification* (Ninja Tune)
- **Buffalo Daughter** *New Rock* (Grand Royal)
- **Mogwai** *Young Team* (Jetset)
- **Sukia** *GSM* (Nickel Bag Records)
- **Autour de Lucie** *Immobile* (Nettwerk)
- **James Kochalka** *Superstar Monkey vs Robot* (Tarquin)
- **Dropkick Murphys** *Do or Die* (Hellcat)

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Sex Toys

by Tango Claire

slim-line vibrator

turn-ons: size, easy to manipulate, relatively quiet
turn-offs: vibrations hard to control, battery connection misfires
score: ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻
pillow talk: Feels gooood!

deep stroker

turn-ons: size, shape
turn-offs: reeks of rubber (even after repeated cleaning), color (green)
score: ✻ ✻ ✻
pillow talk: Spends most of its time under bed in favor of Super Stretch Vibro Sleeve

butt plug sleeve

turn-ons: shape, thickness, texture
turn-offs: color (green)
score: ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻
pillow talk: Deep grooves are a definite advantage

Twin Engine Rippler

PRIVATE
Rippler

turn-ons: perverse appearance, big is good sometimes!
turn-offs: color (purple) texture, looks like light saber, vibration control is worthless
score: ✻ ✻ ✻
pillow talk: I couldn't possibly take anyone seriously who pulled this out and tried to use it on me

Super Stretch Vibro Sleeve

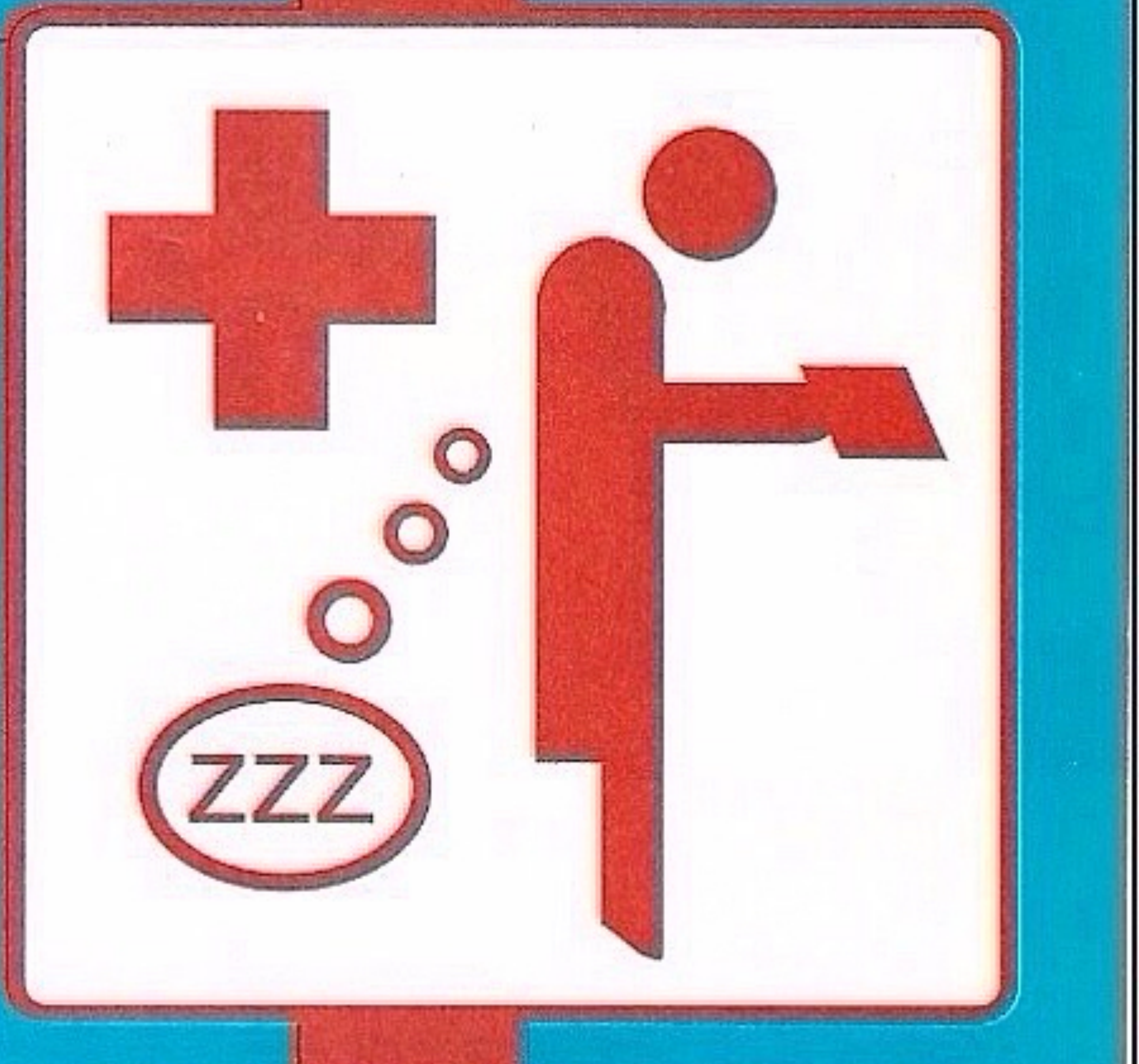
turn-ons: texture (feels like skin!), warms quickly, shape, size
turn-offs: hard to slide off and on vibrator
score: ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻
pillow talk: The most realistic fake thing I've ever had in me!

ratings out of a possible ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻

All products from Private USA; slim-line vibrator, deep stroker and butt plug sleeve were part of Private All In One kit

Dr. Cynic's Monthly Moan

"Where Rudeness is the Key to Friendlessness"



Ain't ya tired of buying into record company mechanical marketing muck which insists they're hawking the real deal, but when you lay out the $$$ and get it to yer room and let her spin yer hopes of goose-bumped heaven are deflated by some crap-fisted shit merchant, a diametric opposite of what they had originally claimed?

What about the current state of rock n' roll and the myriad of bins full of mucus which make a record store visit an intolerable experience? What about the deletion of the rock 'n' roll star? What happened to them? I'll tell ya: rock stars were replaced by insufferable throwaways like Better Than Ezra, Smash Mouth, Sugar Ray, Matchbox 20 and countless other face-free Freddies whose mediocre musings appeal to the sub-average mall mole, record company A&R ingrate and tasteless up-for-sale radio programmer.

A rock 'n' roll star was never supposed to be average, ordinary or stable. Normal standards are not supposed to be relevant to them. Those qualities make up the working stiffs of the world, and working stiffs shouldn't be allowed to make records. Real rock stars, like any real boho dweller, simply had nothing else in life for them; misanthropic social misfits with a complete and necessary disregard for establishment and social values; someone who defined rebellion against parents, teachers, and church and made a kid believe through pure vitality and spirit. They were interesting in all aspects: looks, intelligence, character and—most importantly—had loads of sexual tension. They were not the puffy peripheral poseurs recycling pop pretensions that we find on radio, TV and in print now. Think, kids, what else would Keith Richards or David Bowie or Patti Smith or Johnny Rotten or Gene Vincent or Little Richard or any of 'em done with their lives had not rock 'n' roll come along?

Rock 'n' roll's bullet-hole in-the-head status quo is born of nothing interesting, fun or essential going on any longer. There's no staying power. There's no world-weary believability. And there's simply too many mediocre records being made by average people.

What's an average person have to say? Does Fiona Apple really schematically matter in a way Patti Smith did? And if it weren't for her lips, hips and tits, would Fiona have any kind of pop culture relevance? Kurt Cobain was necessary to show that rock 'n' roll is not for everybody, but isn't it true nobody listened and we still had to suffer the countless clones with zilch to put forth who were made relevant nonetheless by video directors, publicists, producers and other music biz zeros? It's all an illusion, friends.

Me, I'll just wave the white flag, down the requisite 40s of malt liquor and appease my trailer park life by lying on the couch and dozing whilst the Clash blasts loud enough to insult my government-subsidized neighbors. Tra la la.

Lionel Richie
Truly—The Love Songs
(Motown)

Sleepy sonics, drizzly sonnets and days dedicated to ones we love; flowers in the spring, "sensitive" males and...zzzzzzz.

The '70s & early '80s Adult Contemporary radio idiom of all things mellow was but bad ballads, big commerce and bogus romanticism born abandoned hippie ideals and yuppie dreams.

Next to pity, romanticism and the pointless wistfulness it breeds are the most overrated human tendencies and, of course, it was Sir Lionel's stock-in-trade. (As per the general cognition of millions of swindled record buyers, anyway.) For those morons in want of relief from that horrible period of denial. Motown Records burped up this single disc hits collection of hackneyed songsmithing just for them.

Within this anachronistic platter of pungent poop are 14 songs aching for inclusion on year end worst-of lists. There's the excruciating duet with good-as-dead-youth-worshipper Diana Ross, "Endless Love;" the sap-fest, chart-top "Hello;" the helpless "Truly;" and the ladies' man deceit of "Easy," which dates back to the Sir Richie's demoral days with the Commodores and easily offers up the most stomach churns of all here. (It also brings to mind the episode a handful of years ago when The Wife of Sir Lionel kicked the shit outta both him and his little dancer chiquita after catching them mid-fuck in the Richie bed of nuptial bliss.)

If you want feigned romance, there's always an old man bar with cut-rate booze and the Chairman on the juke where you can pretend—don't be taken by the record company doublecross.

The Tories
Wonderful Life
(N2K Encoded Music)

Pop pretensions and annoying affected vocals abound in what would be otherwise not-quite-mediocre set of power pop dittos. Problems arise early when the opener, "Flying Solo," set the standards for singer/songwriter Stev Bertrand to ape the vox and song strains of Material Issue's Jim Ellison (RIP) without so much the social graces as a tip of the hat. Wherein Ellison exorcised his cliches from a personal source where a heart was a beating—thus giving it the believability necessary—the Tories' head scribe instead prefers the less effective and simpler route to have others do the work whilst he mines their motherlode.

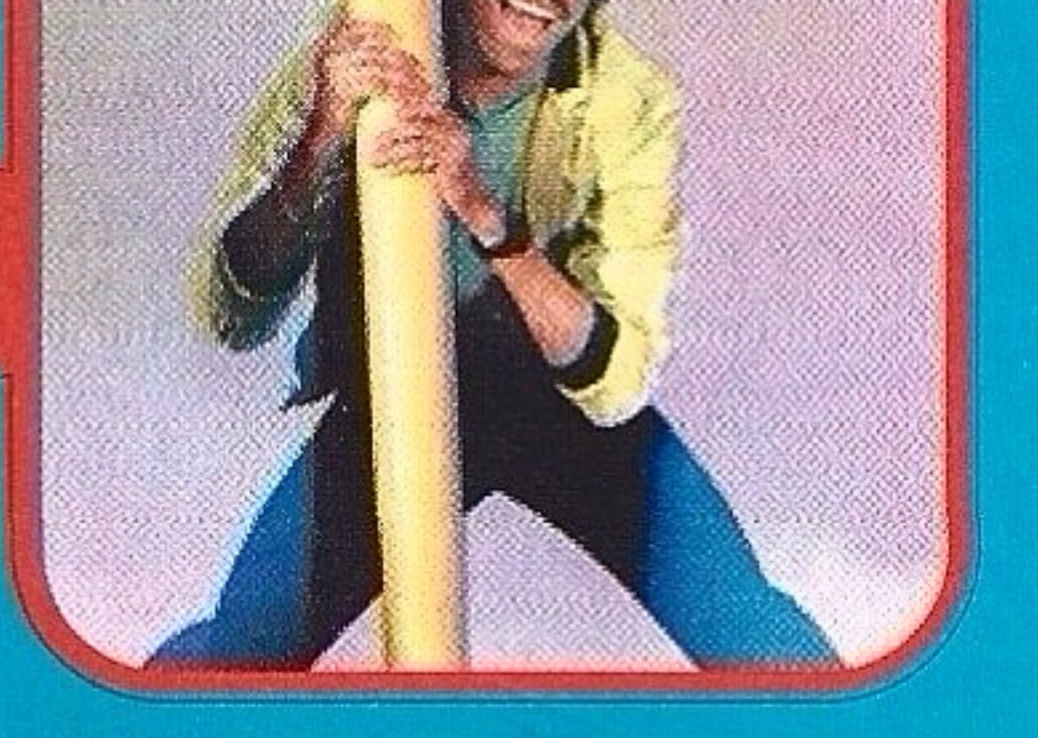
It's crap songwriting 101 even if they do get all the chords, harmonies and beats right. And it's precisely the kind of sense prone to the powers that be whose design it is to fill record bins with this type of tripe and pass it off as "great."

Other songs suffer the same injustices: "Glady's Kravitz" is an idea worthy of a thumbs up, and in the hands of a true writer one which may have blossomed; the unironic use of a Bewitched character and an unforgivable hackneyed phrase—"Narrow the mind/The wider the tongue"—make a listen unworthy. Right wing, Pro-life platitudes mar "Wonderful Life," in which said movie's imagery is set against standard Jellyfish fair of redundancy and delivered in Bertrand's faux-emotion vocalese; it's where the singer bores us with his longing of the suburban myth of wife, kids and yearly Xmas angels getting their wings. Blah!

> **"IT'S CRAP SONGWRITING 101 EVEN IF THEY DO GET ALL THE CHORDS, HARMONIES AND BEATS RIGHT"**

The production is of sterile confine, allowing little to slip through but the singers smuggish glib observations. The guitars are all about restraint not explosion, the harmonies offer more Squeeze than Tories, and everything is so well rehearsed and placed that it's complacent.

It's a songwriters duty to report, distill and even steal from the world around him and offer it up, whether good or bad, for the taking. The Tories are like the myriad of current combos who do none of the latter: they steal, yes, but they fail to separate text from context in their thievery.



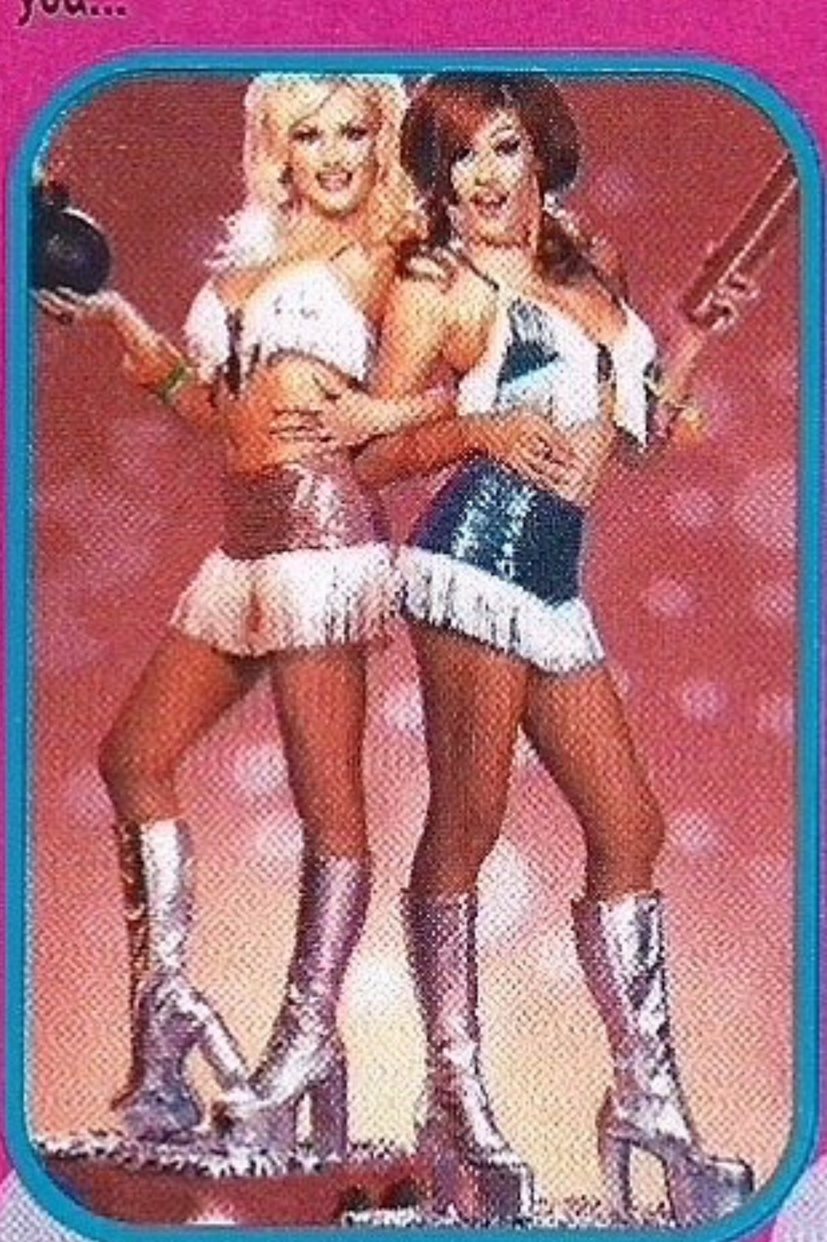
the tories
wonderful life

7" of pleasure an interview with Raylene

by max gunner

I was down at CBGB last weekend with a hot little friend of mine to see Muckafurgason. A guy at the bar overheard my name as someone else said hello, and proceeded to tell me how cool my job is—you know, interviewing porn stars and all. Is that cool, interviewing porn stars? Having complete access to all the porno babes and calling them right after I watch them suck down a mean hog or two or three or four. Is that cool? On a monthly basis, I receive free of charge all of the new adult releases from the hottest sex film companies, along with color glossies and slides. Is that cool? I have to sit and watch all of these movies from beginning to end, sometimes up to four or five times for each movie. Is that cool? I get invited to the actual set of pornos being filmed. Is that cool? I can name almost every porn star on sight and only need to see a porn dude's cock to recognize who he is. Rahib at my local video shop is starting to ask me what's hot and what's not. Is that cool? My female friends are coming over my place to check out what's new in porn. Is that cool? You bet your sweet ass it is!

Raylene has been on the adult circuit since September of 1996. She's never granted an interview and recently even turned down *Hustler*. Hearing that, I felt it was my duty to you, the fucked-up *POPsmear* readers, to talk with with Raylene. How could I resist? Just look at her. At only 20 years old, Raylene measures in at 36DD-24-35. She's smarter than you too! She skipped three grades and graduated high school at 16. She has tattoos on the small of her back (unquestionably the hottest spot to get a tattoo), her left ass cheek and her ankle. Raylene also has clit, belly button and double tongue piercings. Tell me, does that make you horny? I have her home phone number and I'm not giving it to you...



Raylene, what was your first sexual experience?

When I was 15, a couple of guys picked me up at a liquor store and took me back to a house party. As we arrived, I saw naked girls coming out of the house. When I came in the front room, there were like eight early twentysomething girls all eating pussy in a daisy chain on the floor. I was so young, my friend Shane had to explain to me that it was a sex party.

What were the circumstances surrounding your first porn film?

I went on a houseboat trip with a lot of my friends who I was having sex with off-camera. It was a weekend trip where you basically try to have sex with everyone as often as possible. A film crew was there to catch it all on tape. I knew all of the people, so I was very comfortable. It was not the first time I was fucking these people, but it was the first time on film. I love houseboat parties.

Do you prefer having sex on film with men or women?

I would have to say men. I love women, make no mistake about it, but I like it best in my private life. I gotta mention my girl Charlie, because she can eat pussy like you would not believe. She is amazing, so keep an eye out for her. She kind of has a Chasey Lain thing going on. There is a short list of about five guys I fuck all the time on camera. We all know each other well. Most girls have a short list of people they work with.

How often do you masturbate, Raylene? Do you watch your own films?

I masturbate almost every day! I mean you have to keep yourself going, right Max? I really don't like to watch myself on film. I usually get through about half of the movie and then begin to pick myself apart. I think I could have done this better or my hair is out of place or that my pussy looks strange. I am very picky.

What is the sickest thing you have ever done on film?

Oh god, I was working on an Elegant Angel video for this sick-ass director. He made me keep a dildo in my ass for 20 minutes! That was ridiculous. You should never have anything in your ass for more than, at most, like seven minutes. I mean, that's tissue down there. Then he made me say "I'm such a whore" like a thousand times over. What a sick fuck that guy was.

What won't you do on film? Do you swallow?

I won't do double penetration, gang bangs or have someone slap me a lot. And I rarely do anal. You get paid more for anal scenes, but it's not my favorite—at least not right now. I don't swallow that often because I really don't like the taste. I mean, I have, but I don't really like it. I like it best when guys cum on my tits.

What else should the world know about Raylene?

I'm not a selfish bitch. It's funny to see some of these girls on the set. They are so into themselves, total ego maniacs. They get rude in between sex scenes. They have to fix their lipstick between kisses and take a piece of hair out of their ass because it's not perfect. I'm not like that. I think I can be raw, good looking and hot all at the same time. I make you hot, right Max? Also, I was on the TV show *Hunter* once.

One last question, have you ever heard of Muckafurgason?

No.

You should never have anything in your ass for more than, at most, like seven minutes.

The combination of music and artwork is rated on a FIVE STAR SCALE.

ONE star means it blows, THREE stars is cool and FIVE means required listening.

Send us your 7 inches. Porn stars love 'em!

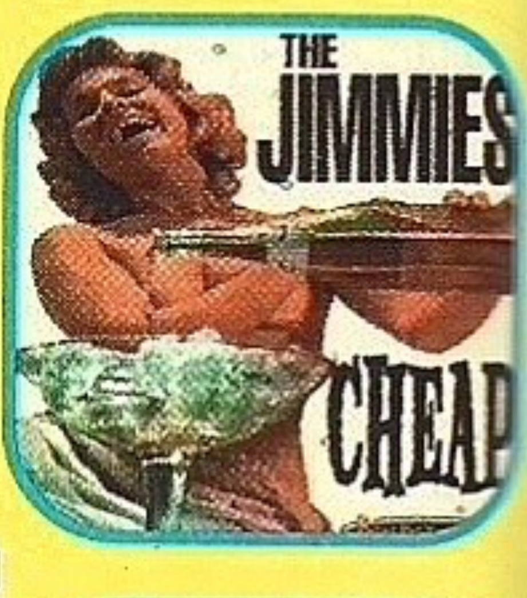
The Blue Ontario/Uphollow • Give Up your Ghost/Imaginary Life
★★★★ 1/2
Some of the best emo from Colorado (two ex-Christie Front Drivers are in TBO).
(Twin Flame, 4010 W 103 Ave,
Westminster CO 80030)

Maggat • Quarry (EP)
★★★★
Intense screamo from overseas. I like this a lot. With handmade artwork.
(Swing Deluxe c/o M. Wendl,
Obere Hagenstr. 20, 91217
Hersbruck, Germany)

The Jimmies • Cheap
★★★
Punk rock with hooks you can listen to over and over and over.
(Blood Red Vinyl, 2134 NE 25th,
Portland OR 97212)

Kleenex Girl • Wonder The Bostonians
★★★ 1/2
Halfway through it, I really started liking this. Memorable pop.
(MOC, 4932 Linscott Ave,
Downers Grove IL 60515)

Luck Me • Spoon
★★★
Huge guitars and big rock noises destined for MTV. Why is this on a 7-inch?
(Collective Fruit, PO Box 4415,
Seattle WA 98104)



Cookie Galore • Communion
★★★★
Droning, electronic indie rock. A damn fine first release by Heat Beat. Get it.
(Heat Beat, 35 Iroquois Rd, Yonkers NY 10710)

Compound Red • Peter Pan's Shadow
★★★★ 1/2
These boys can do no wrong and they rock live. This is a must have.
(DeSoto, PO Box 60335,
Washington DC 20039)

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PLACE

Betty Good/Cleveland • Rio/The Chauffeur
★★★★
Boston pop rockers deliver their take on two Duran Duran favorites.
(Reverse Curve, PO Box 2224,
Woburn MA 01888)

Muckafurgason/Major Matt Mason • Farmers Market/Dog Song
★★★★★
If you've never seen Muckafurgason live, you may die unfulfilled. Matt is cool too.
(Edelstein, 323 E 8th St #2A,
New York NY 10009)

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Trimming Your Hedges

De-Bush

by: Shivon Vanessa

There is nothing sexier than seeing a girl in a bathing suit, with her excess bush hanging out the sides. Girls, you need some help. What are you thinking? You (hopefully) shave your legs, but you don't care if it looks like there's a mop shoved in your crotch? Maybe you're like me and your Momma used to tell you "Don't shave above your knees!" Maybe you think shaving is just for dirty girls in porn movies. Maybe you were scared to do it because none of your friends ever talked about it and you were worried they might think you have cooties if you brought it up to them. Wake up. Please. I beg of you. When your bushes are overgrown, you trim them. When the branches of your tree are hanging over into your neighbor's yard, you clip them. Please, show the same respect for your crotch. And for those who see you naked. Stop hiding that pussy and let it come out to play.

Now, I'm not as lucky as those blond girls whose hair is barely noticeable. I have dark hair. I am half Puerto Rican and half Italian. You know what that means, don't you? Growing up, I heard jokes about Italian men growing moustaches to look like their mothers and I saw all the old Puerto Rican Mommas with their thick moustaches. If it's growing thick and dark on the face, you know it's just plain out of control in other places.

"Don't Shave Above Your Knees," Momma said

I used to be so scared when my mom told me that. What would happen? Would the hair grow back in some weird way? Would I do some permanent damage? Gracias a Dios, I got fed up and disgusted with the hair above my knees. I ventured into that area with my razor and had never felt better. So what if I'd have to shave it for the rest of my life—I'd rather do that than stare at that hair for the rest of my life. Nice and clean. That's how I like it. It's all about practicing good grooming habits, girls.

Dirty Girls in Porn

What the hell is wrong with you? Maybe your man would get off that couch and take his hand out of his own pants if you did something like this. It doesn't mean everyone has to see it (although you may be tempted to show everyone). Hell, who cares about him, do it for you. It'll make you feel good. I promise.

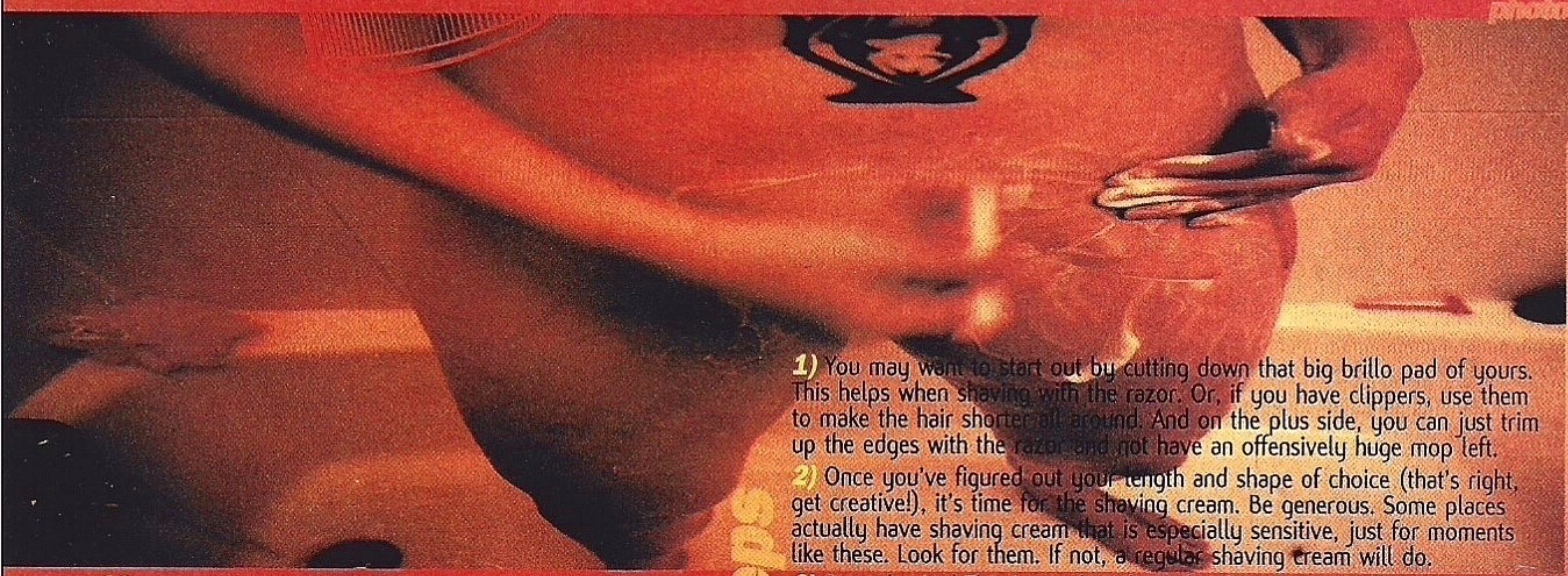
My Friends Will Think I Have Cooties

Please. Your friends are doing it, they're just not telling you because they think you're too much of a prude to handle it. And if they're not doing it, you need to make like Moses and bring them the message. Shave!

Even Nike says, "Just Do It"!

There you go, everyone wants you to shave that huge offensive mop. Now remember, this can be done alone or with a friend. Either way is just as enjoyable. You don't even have to go to the hairdresser to get your bush trimmed (and if it looks like you should, then you really do need this). Experiment. Find out what's good for you. You can just trim it up a bit or you can go for that bald beaver look. Just remember—the more exposed skin there is, the more fun it is! Just do it before you end up going home with some guy one night and he is so disgusted by what he sees that he takes it upon himself to clean you up. Or he puts your clothes back on for you.

photos: Abby Gennet



Tools

- Scissors (optional, but you'll probably need them the first time)
- Clippers (optional)
- Hand mirror (optional)
- Razor (um, this is your crotch we're talking about, so get something decent, OK?)
- Shaving Cream (like I said, this is your crotch we're talking about...)
- Some kind of exfoliate
- Cocoa butter (you'll thank me later)

The Steps

1) You may want to start out by cutting down that big brillo pad of yours. This helps when shaving with the razor. Or, if you have clippers, use them to make the hair shorter all around. And on the plus side, you can just trim up the edges with the razor and not have an offensively huge mop left.

2) Once you've figured out your length and shape of choice (that's right, get creative!), it's time for the shaving cream. Be generous. Some places actually have shaving cream that is especially sensitive, just for moments like these. Look for them. If not, a regular shaving cream will do.

3) Start shaving! This is good to do in the shower or tub. The water is right there cleaning you up and cleaning that mess off of your razor as well. Be careful in some areas (this mostly applies if you are going for the bald beaver look). If you don't have a friend helping you, check out your goods in the hand mirror—just to make sure you're getting everything.

4) Exfoliate. This prevents ingrown hairs and keeps the area smooth.

5) Wash up. Or get dirty. It's all up to you.

6) Cocoa butter! Put it on. Be generous. Trust me, this will soothe your skin and keep away bumps and the itchies. You may also try aloe vera gel or another kind of cream, but I will swear by this stuff. I also hear that some strippers use deodorant (roll-on) to keep it smooth, but I haven't tried it myself. Let me know if it works for you.

7) Enjoy.

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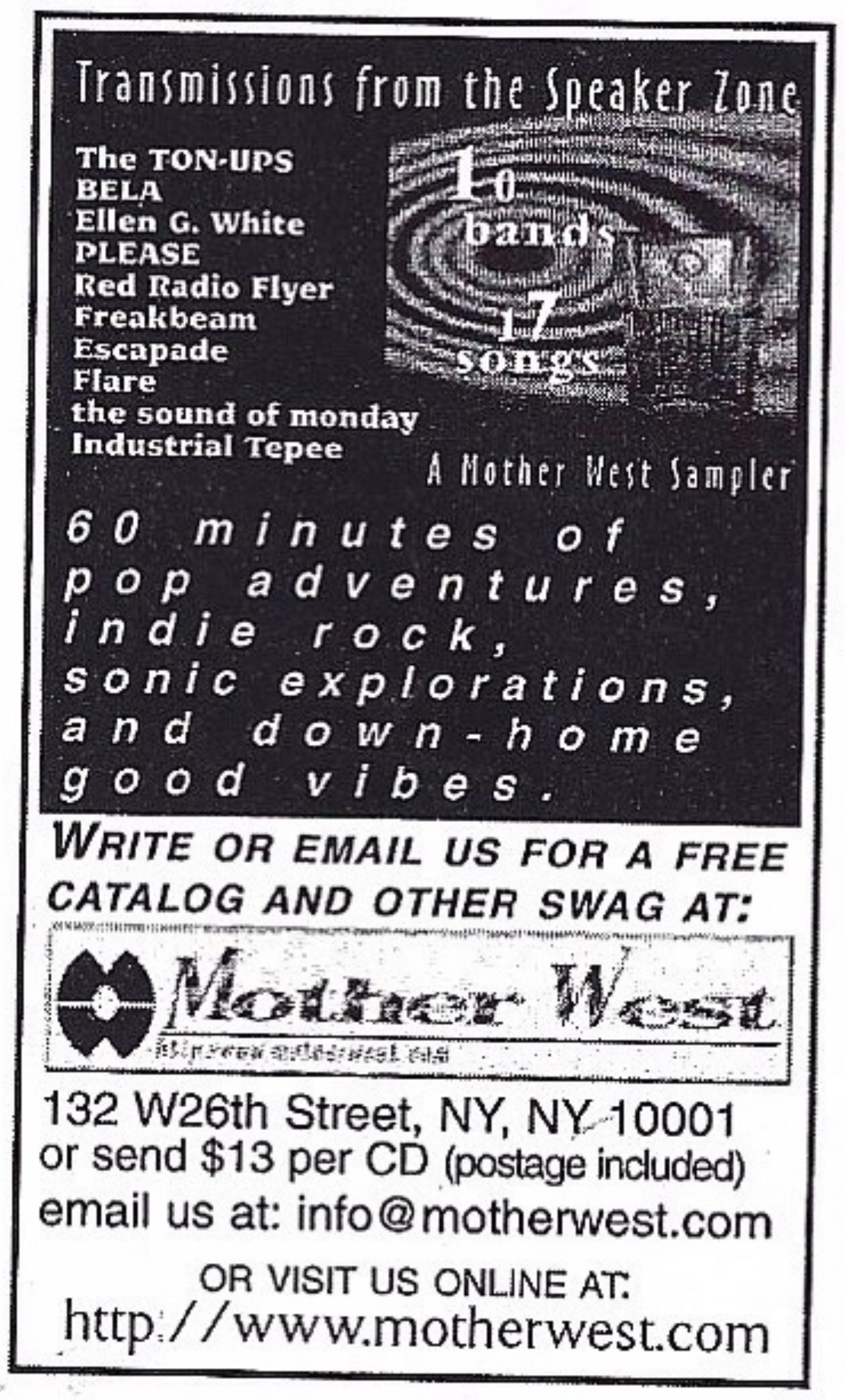
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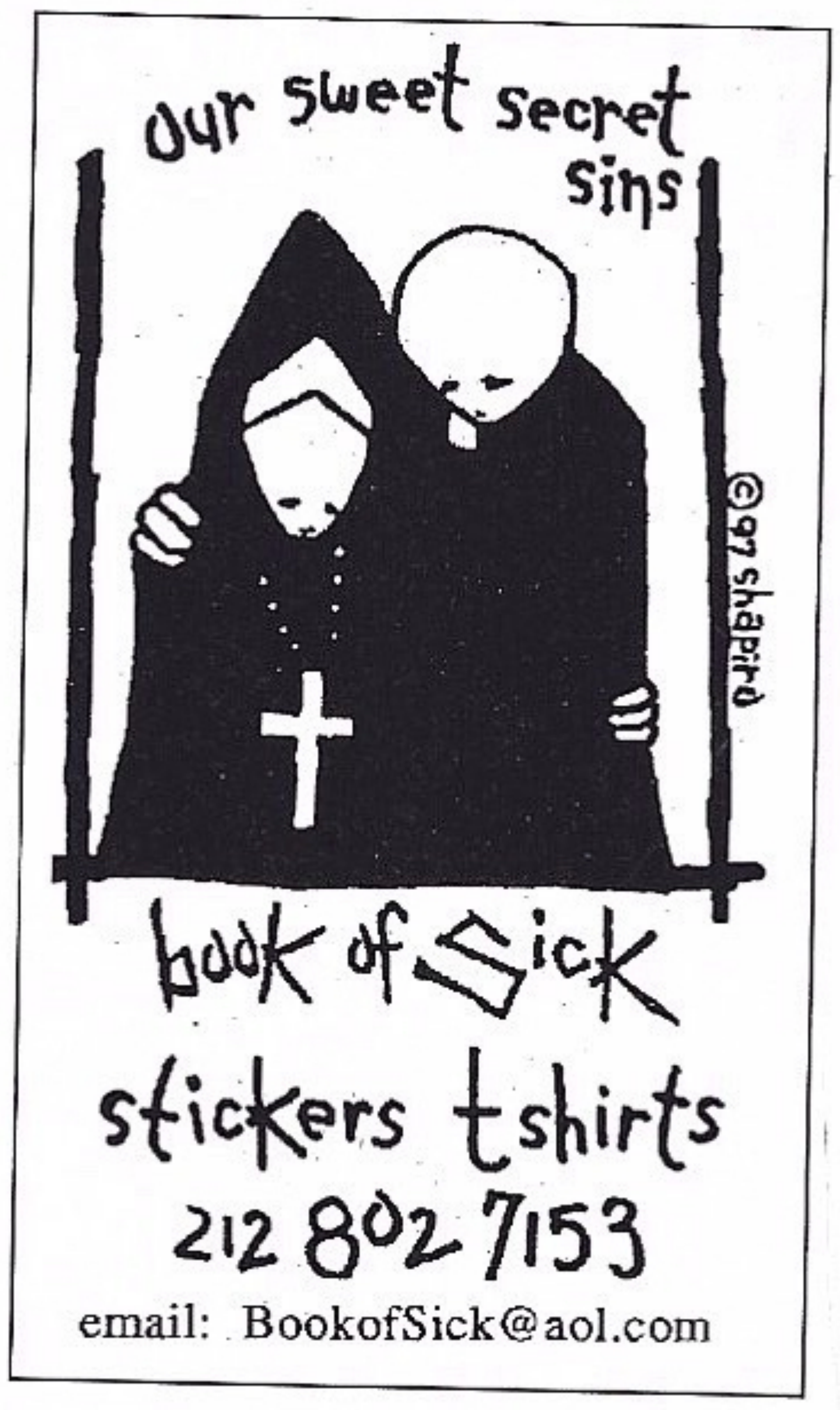

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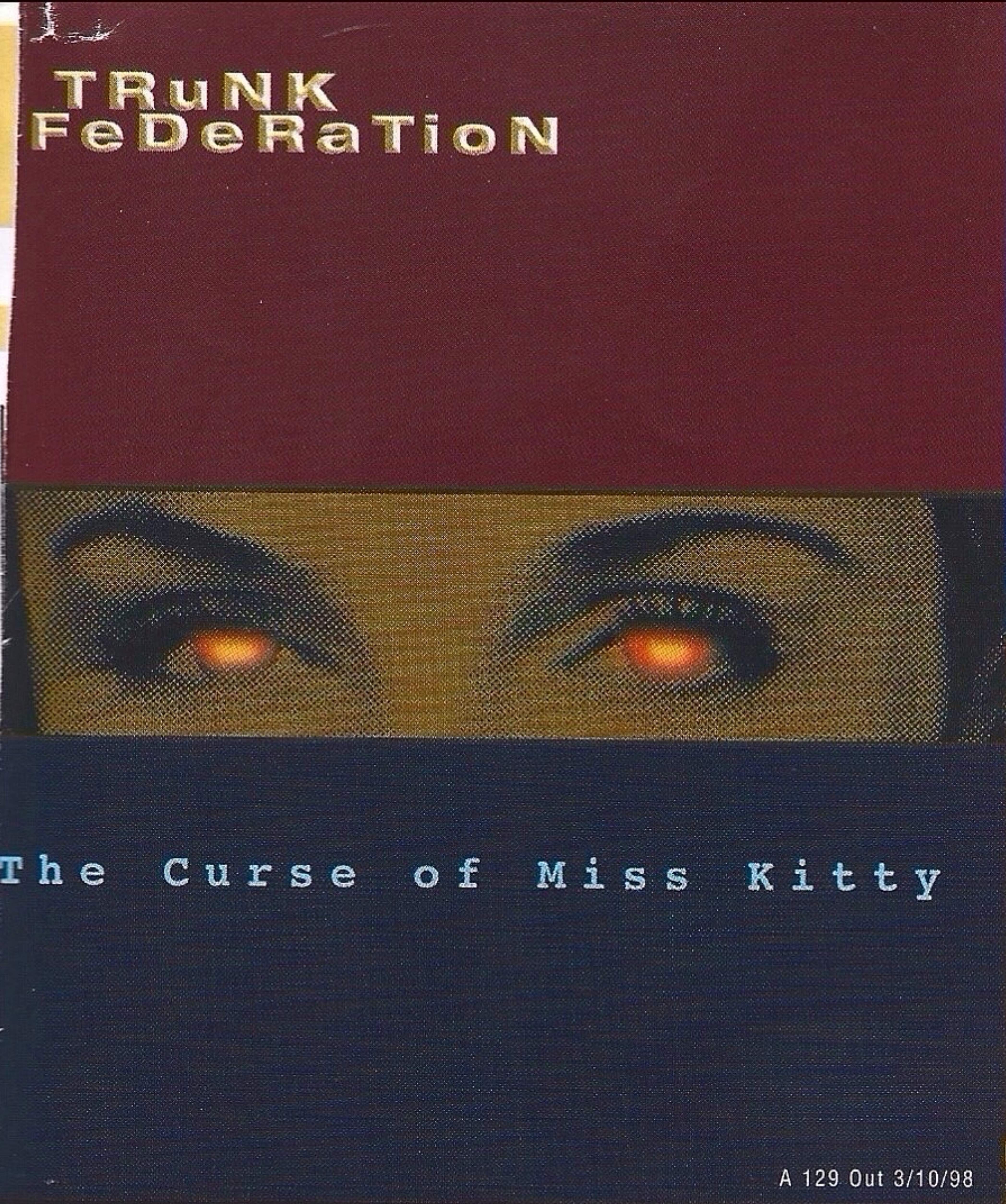
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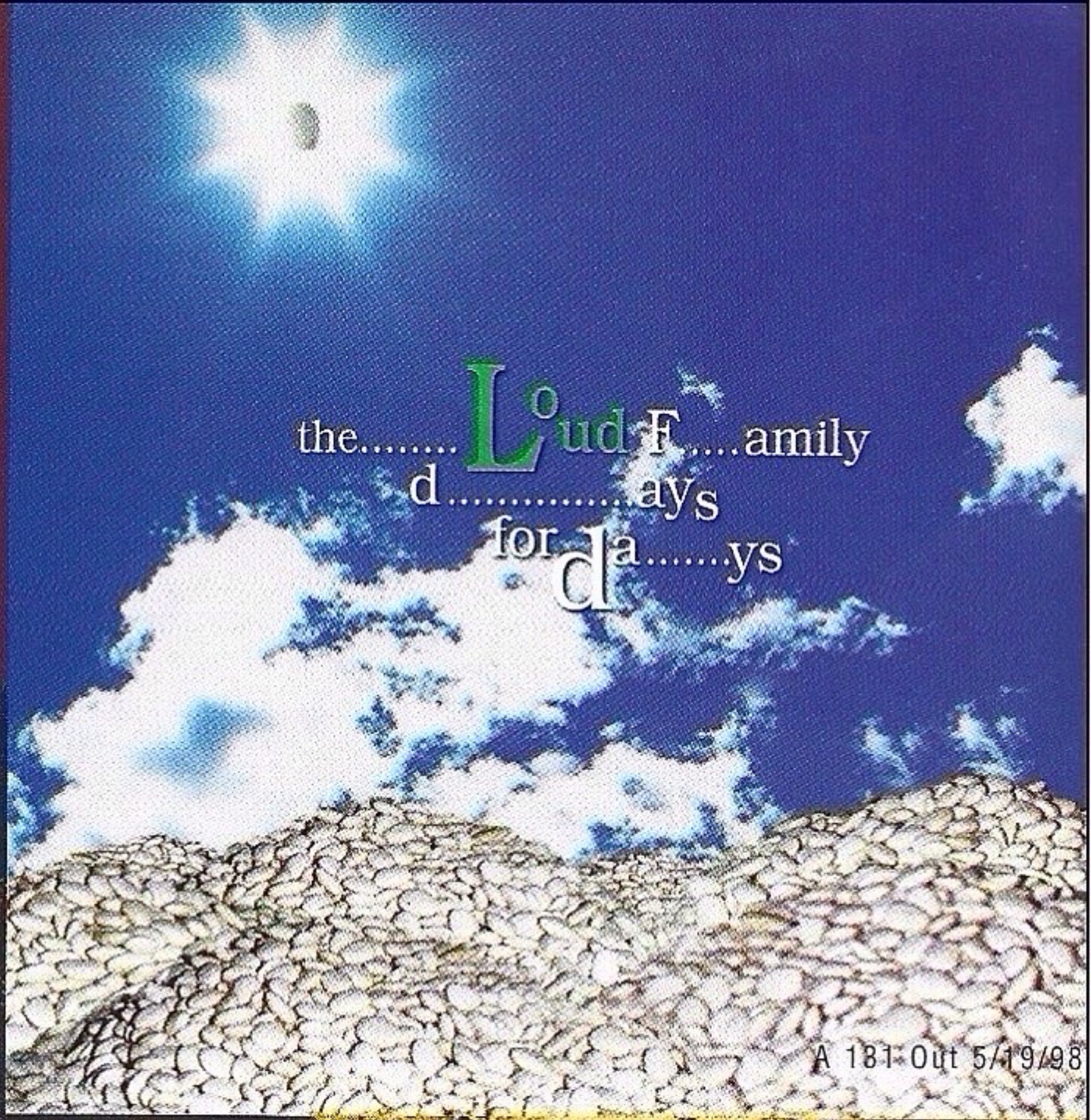
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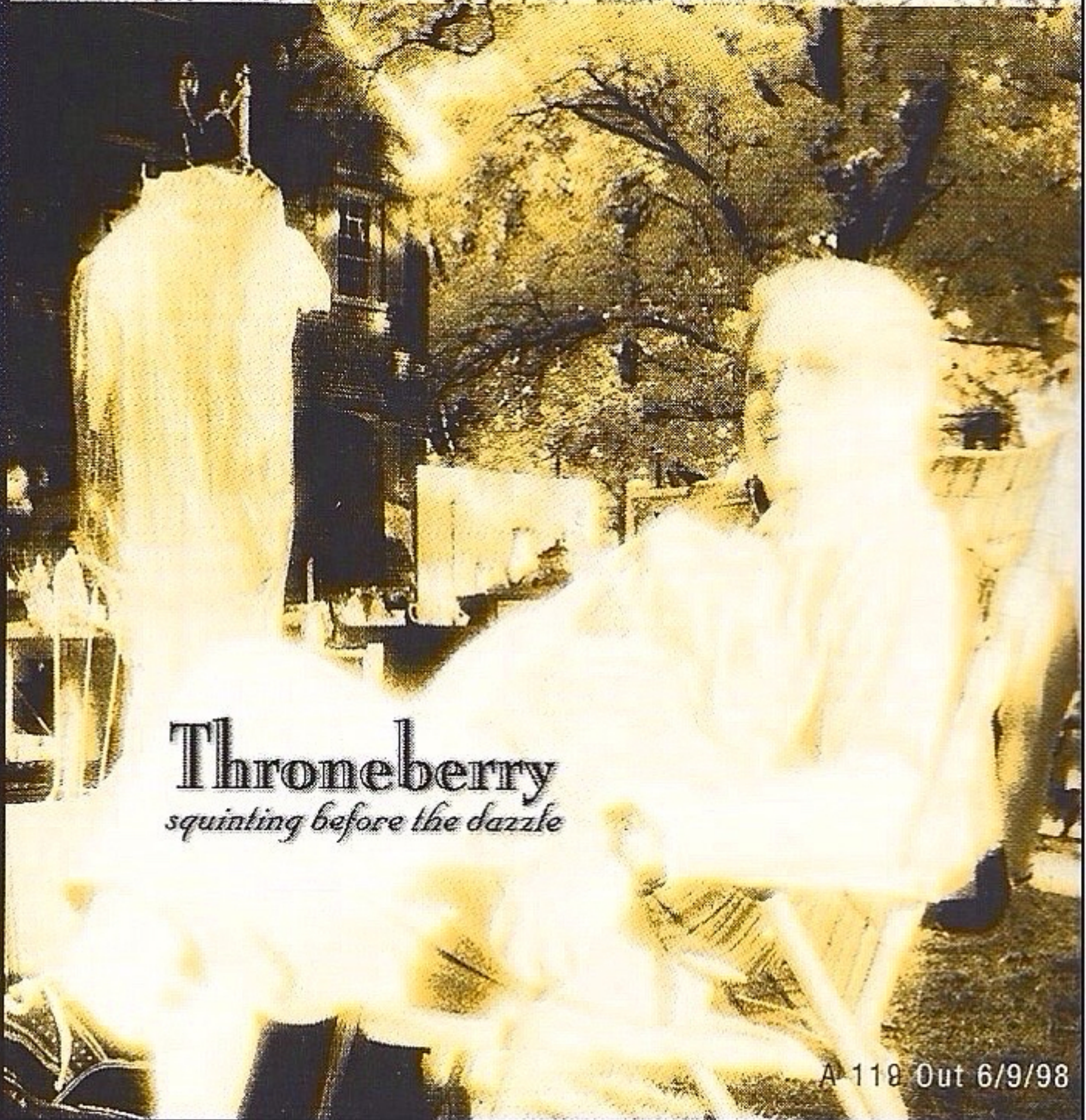
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squinting before the dazzle

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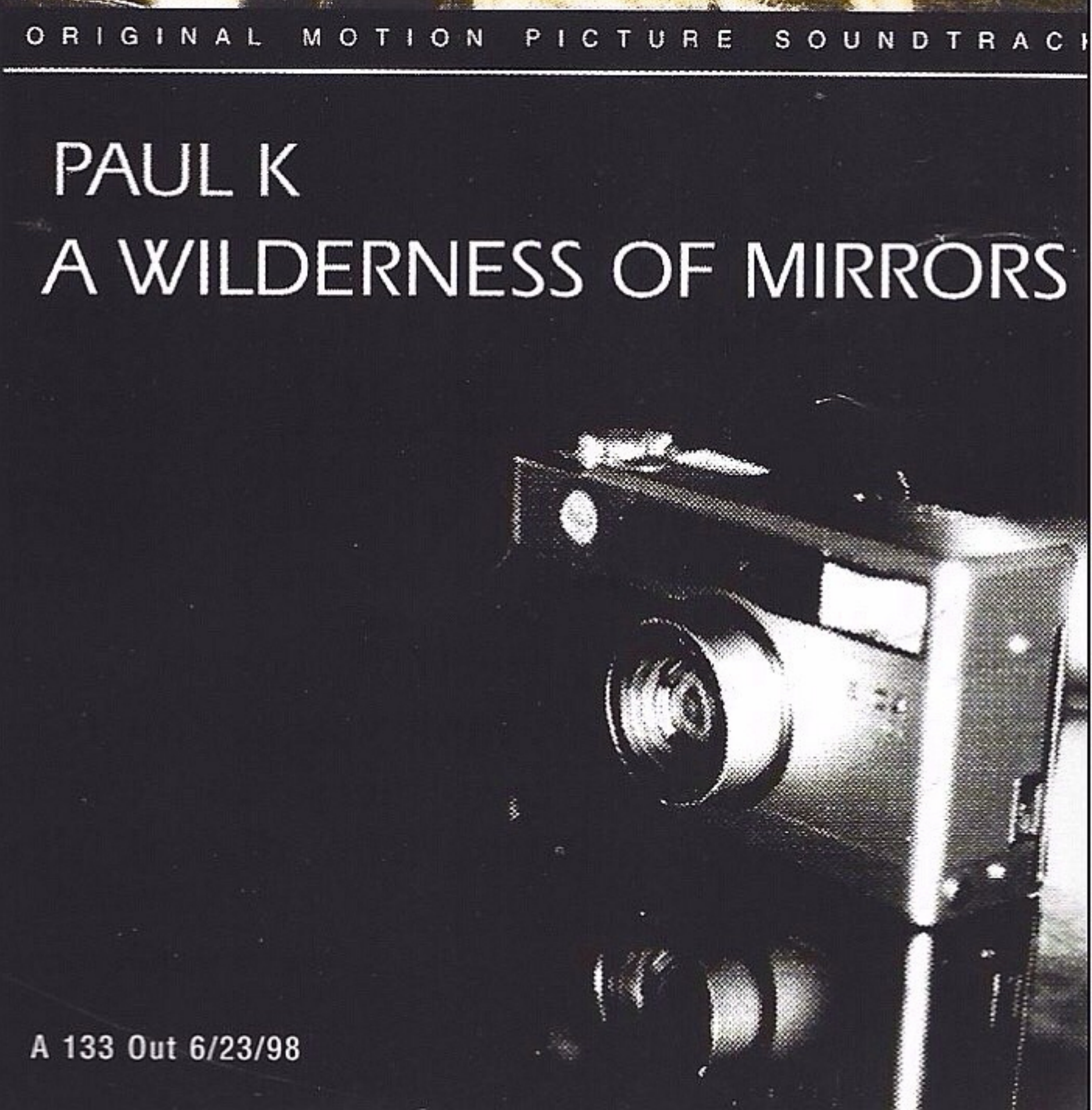
CAUSTIC RESIN
THE MEDICINE IS ALL GONE

A 126 Out 5/5/98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